

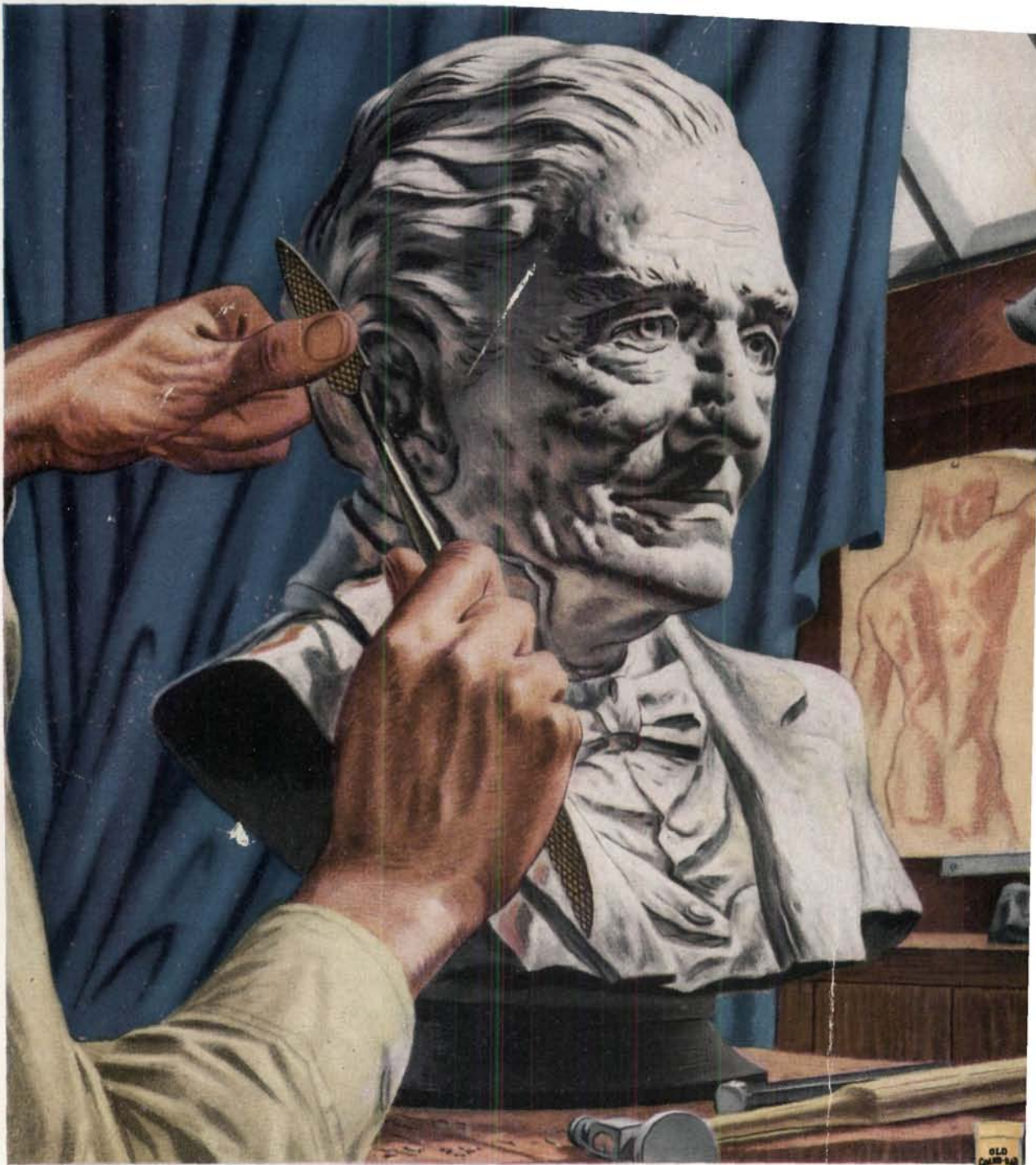
THE

Atlantic



THE ATLANTIC REPORT — ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Germans in Argentina	SPRUILLE BRADEN	37
Small Business Fights for Life	ROBERT E. OUTMAN	44
Night Watch. <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	THOMAS HEGGEN	49
The Spark Gap — Trieste	GEORGE DE SANTILLANA	56
<u>Nuremberg — A Fair Trial?</u>		
Dynamic Law	HERMAN PHLEGER	60
Dangerous Precedent	CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.	66
Don't Believe All You Hear	BERGEN EVANS	71
Free News and Russia	RALPH MCGILL	76
The Death of Buchan Walsh. <i>A Story</i>	JOHN HERSEY	80
The Japs Look at the Yanks	LT. JOHN ASHMEAD, USNR	86
The Happiest Time of One's Life	SIR OSBERT SITWELL	92
On Believing in God	HARRY C. MESERVE	98
UNRRA on Balance	CHRISTIAN A. HERTER	101
Man from the Sea. <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	ALISTAIR MACCRAE	107
Little Ballad for Holy Week. <i>A Poem</i>	LEONORA SPEYER	111
Pigeons and People	T. MCKEAN DOWNS	112
<u>Books and Men</u>		
Siegfried's Journey	SIEGFRIED SASSOON	115
They Knew Not Joseph	HOWARD MUMFORD JONES	120
Meet the Modern Ego	JACQUES BARZUN	123
The Start of a Collection	WILMARTH S. LEWIS	128
Epistle to Horace. <i>A Poem</i>	HELEN BEVINGTON	132
Accent on Living: Russell Maloney — Crosby Gaige — Walter O'Meara — W. L. Copithorne — A. P. Herbert — Frances Frost — Shepard Kimberly, 2nd — Edwin Bateman — Morris — Gordon Kahn — Priscilla Hovey Wright — Lorus J. Milne		
Atlantic Bookshelf: Edward Weeks — Richard E. Danielson — Reviews		
Delta Wedding. <i>The Atlantic Serial</i>	EUDORA WELTY	179



THE ART THAT CONCEALS ART

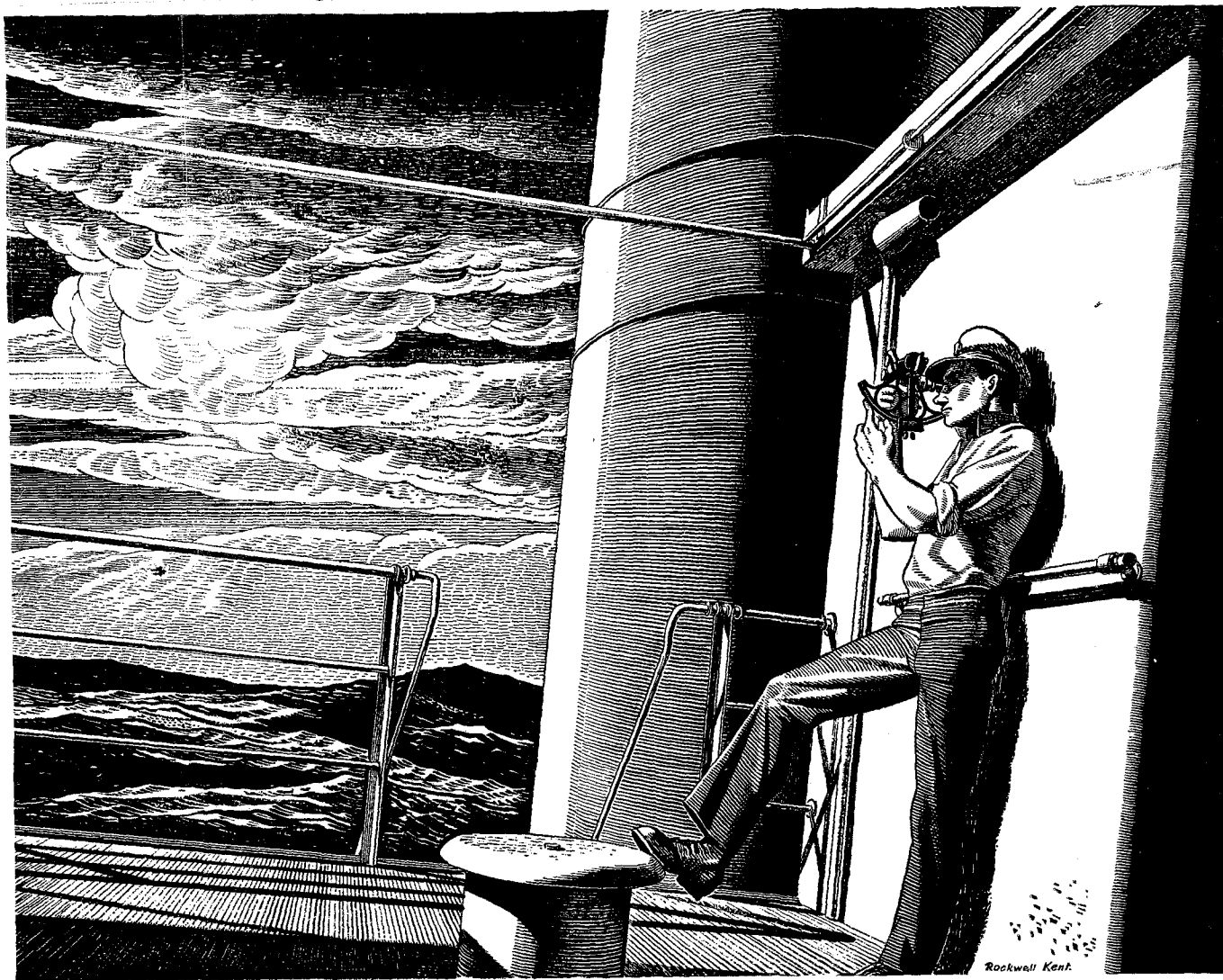
When you drink a glass of Old Grand-Dad, the sum total of your impressions is a wonderful mellowness coupled to a rich Kentucky flavor. As with any work of art, you have no awareness of the effort that has gone into this fine bourbon—anything so smooth seems a long way away from effort. Which is as it should be, for Old Grand-Dad has but one mission on this earth—to bring an unmixed pleasure to all who make his acquaintance. Why not get together with the Head of the Bourbon Family for a pleasant hour now and then?

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
NATIONAL DISTILLERS' PRODUCTS CORP. NEW YORK
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





"SHOOTING THE SUN," BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

COURSE FOR THE FUTURE

Feet braced . . . every muscle tense . . . he "fixes" the ship's position in the endless sameness of the sea. The safety of an American ship and cargo depends upon his skill.

As a navigator relies upon the sun and stars, so America has taken an Act of Congress as a landmark in the sea of foreign trade. The Merchant Marine Act of 1936* sets the nation's course for its security in war and peace.

This great Act points out that a sizable, modern, privately owned merchant marine is essential to transport

men and supplies for our Navy and Army. War has proved this. And that our security . . . and that of our allies . . . depends upon strong U. S. merchant shipping . . . the same shipping we must have to control our vital foreign trade!

Today, American Export Lines vessels are bringing home victorious armies . . . carrying food and medicine—America's outstretched hands of mercy—to prostrate nations. With them sail U. S. ideals and good-will. But soon fast, modern American

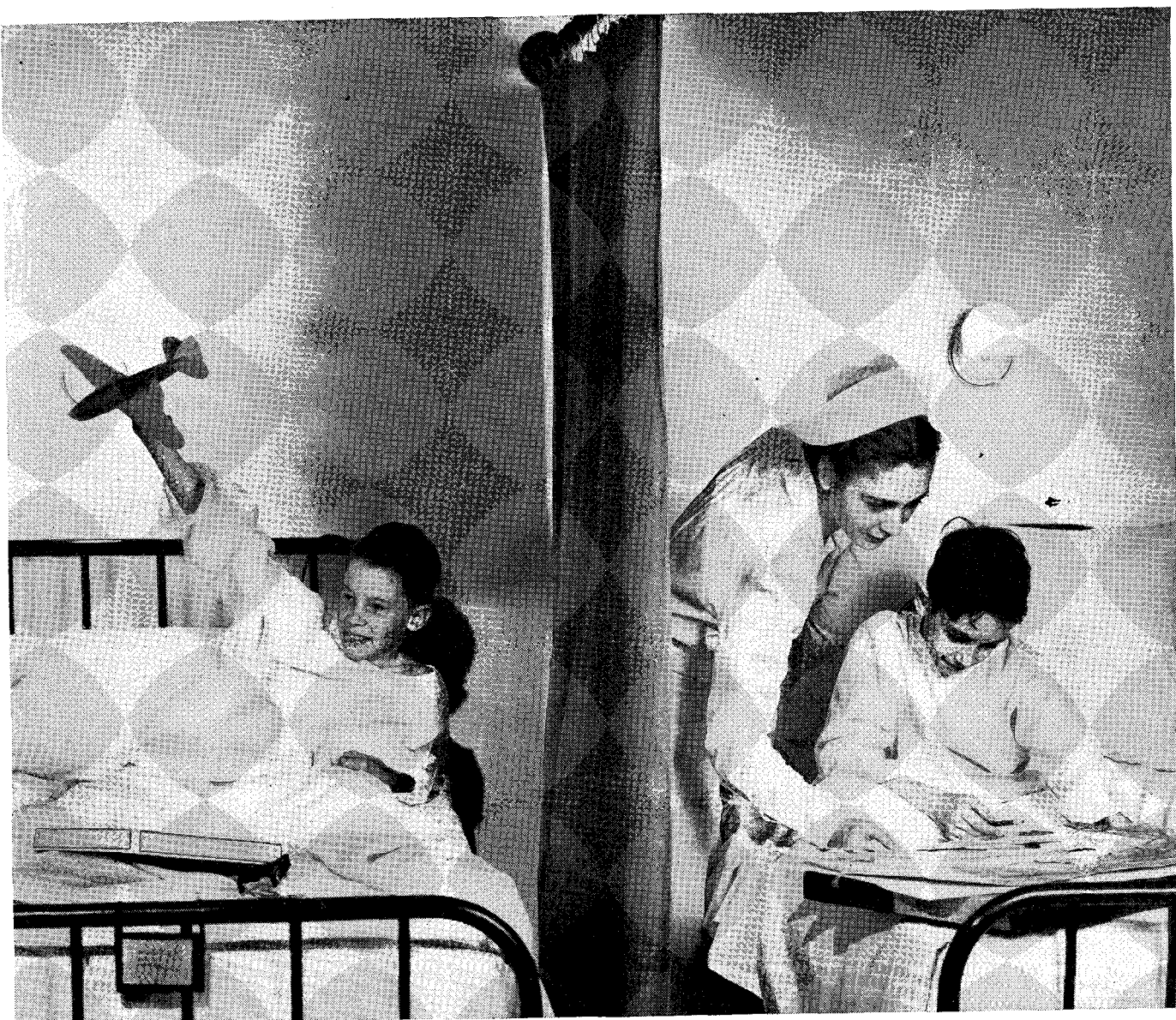
Export Lines ships will once more sail on their regular time-table schedules to the lands of the Mediterranean, Black Sea and Indian Ocean . . . *their cargoes and ports of call determined by what you want to buy and sell abroad.*

*FROM THE MERCHANT MARINE ACT OF 1936: "Necessary for the national defense and (our) foreign and domestic commerce," is a merchant fleet "constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens."

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPS!

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES





There are two sides to this picture!

Each boy in each bed is being helped back to health by a new medical development. Each of these developments owes much, surprisingly enough, to milk — *and each does a completely different job!*

Billy, on one side, will soon be on his feet, thanks to the antibiotics. Their job is to attack infection, destroy "bugs." In short — *kill*. One of these is today's miracle-working penicillin, which is derived from a mold nourished by milk sugar.

Jimmy, on the other side, is gaining strength from a group of "builder-uppers." Their job is to restore tissues, replenish organs. Concisely, to *give life*. These are the aminos—basic

elements of protein, furnished in abundance by milk.

Both sides of this picture illustrate a story of extensive milk research. At National Dairy plants, proteins, sugars and aminos are produced from milk and supplied for pharmaceuticals which are making great contributions to the nation's health and knowledge of nutrition.

Similar research has resulted in a brand-new kind of baby food—in a smart textile fiber—in a delicious flavoring agent. By this means, National Dairy constantly works to extend the usefulness of milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—so that it may perform an even fuller service to you.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



India

INDIA," said Jawaharlal Nehru recently, "is on the brink of a mighty revolution." The mutiny and rioting in Bombay have underscored his warning. The showdown is coming.

From January 7 to April 12, 1946, the Indian provinces are voting in the last elections to be held under the Constitution of 1935. When the results are known, the lower houses of the Provincial Legislatures will elect from their members a constitution-making body to frame the Constitution of Independent India. India will then take her place on an equal footing with the other self-governing Dominions of the Empire. That is Britain's offer. It all sounds so simple. Then why the revolution?

The most powerful figure in Indian politics today is not the Viceroy, nor Mahatma Gandhi, nor Jawaharlal Nehru. It is a lean, gray-haired, impeccably dressed Karachi lawyer, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the leader of the All-India Moslem League. Upon his attitude depends the success or failure of the present attempt to solve the Indian problem.

Ten or twelve years ago, Jinnah was an obscure but wealthy lawyer. He is a former member of the All-India Congress, which he now vehemently attacks. By astute political maneuvering, he has made himself the leader of a political party which commands the support of the majority of Indian Moslems, and can block any move by the British government to confer self-government on India.

Britain has often been taunted with employing "divide and rule" tactics in India, but the cleverest attempt at dividing and ruling is that of Jinnah. Moslems number only 94.5 millions according to the census of 1941. Compared with the 255 million Hindus, they will always be in a minority in any system of democratically elected bodies.

To counter this disability the Moslems, as long ago as 1909, pressed for and secured the electoral device of separate Hindu and Moslem electorates, with seats "reserved" in the legislature on a communal basis. This procedure ensured to Moslems a political representation in excess of their numerical proportions. But it did not satisfy them for long.

When Congress ministries took office in seven out of eleven provinces in 1937, Moslem Leaguers (who had polled only 4.6 per cent of the total Moslem vote) were denied any share in the spoils of office. Moslem League propagandists have represented this situation as a denial of their legitimate rights, and as proof of a Hindu determination to dominate India. Tactically, it may have been unwise of Congress, but under a party system of government it is difficult to see how it could have done otherwise. Congress did not refuse office to Moslems as such, but to Moslems who were not members of Congress.

For Congress is not, as League followers claim, a Hindu organization. The Hindu Mahasabha is the party of orthodox Hindus. Congress is, and always has been, open to Moslems, and has a notable Moslem president, the Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. Mr. Asaf Ali is another Moslem member of the Working Committee. To expect Congress to present ministerial offices to its political rivals is as if the British Labor Party, after its recent overwhelming victory, should be invited to give Cabinet posts to members of the insignificant Independent Labor Party, which had opposed it at the polls.

How many nations in India?

The experience of one election convinced Jinnah that his party could never hope to enjoy a ruling majority. In 1940 he accordingly resurrected the theory of Pakistan, claiming that Hindus and Moslems are two separate nations.

\$64 QUESTION BRINGS A Billion Dollar Answer

Coming out of the war—in which they were called upon to carry more than 90 per cent of the military transportation load—the railroads are being asked this question:

“What are you going to do about peacetime equipment and services?”

And here’s the answer for 1946:

A billion dollars’ worth of new passenger and freight cars, new locomotives, new and heavier steel rail, new operating facilities, new equipment, materials and supplies of all sorts.

This means new ideas in cars—whole new trains—providing the utmost in safety, comfort, and luxury. New motive power. Better tracks and roadbeds. New standards of dependable, all-season freight service.

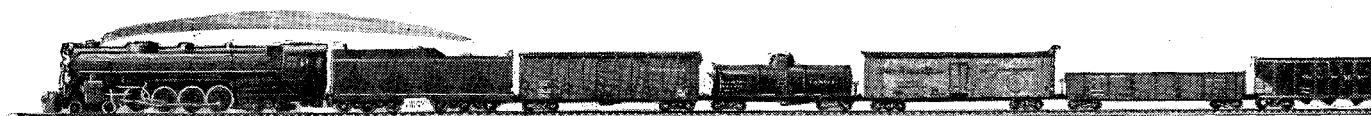
For the future, the answer is to be found in a continuation of railroad research for better transportation service, carried on more actively and on a broader front than ever before.

And all of it—not just the cars and engines, but the roadbeds upon which

they run and the fixed facilities they use—is paid for with railroad money—no government subsidy—no federal, state, or municipal aid—no money from the taxpayers. Yes, the railroads pay their own way.

Operating on this self-supporting business basis, the railroads provide America with the greater part of the transportation upon which its future prosperity depends—at a cost averaging well below that of any comparable service anywhere in the world.

AMERICAN RAILROADS



IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before 1940 no one outside the Moslems, and few among them, took Pakistan seriously, but by persistent advocacy in season and out, Jinnah has made of it the central issue before India today. He has made of the League a real political party, and in the recent elections to the Central Legislative Assembly it won all the Mohammedan seats (30), polling 86.6 per cent of the total Moslem votes. These elections were based on the extremely restricted franchise of the 1919 Act, and the total number of votes cast was only 586,647, representing almost exclusively the propertied classes.

In the provincial elections now taking place, with an electorate of over 30 millions, the League is unlikely to repeat its 100 per cent success, but there is little doubt that it will gain a decisive majority of Moslem votes for a policy of Pakistan.

The real problem starts from this point: the League is pledged not to make the new Constitution work unless it starts from the basic assumption of Pakistan. There must be not one but two constitution-making bodies, says Jinnah — one for Hindustan and one for Pakistan. Hindus naturally are not willing to submit, in advance of the elections, to the dictation of a minority.

Allegations of corrupt practices and official interference have been made by the League and Congress in the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province. Doubtless many are true. The greatest curse of Indian political and administrative life is corruption running like a putrefying streak from top to bottom. Election returns from the North-West Frontier Province show, however, that the majority of Moslems in their traditional home are opposed to the vivisection of India.

Jinnah wrecked the Simla Conference — called by the Viceroy, Lord Wavell — in July, 1945. He can wreck the elections. All he has to do is to stall, and the longer he stalls, the stronger he grows.

The British government, which most Indians are now convinced is genuinely anxious to hand over power, is thus faced with a quandary. Britain's offer of August, 1940, guaranteed minorities against forcible inclusion in any future Indian Union or Federation; the undertaking was reiterated in the Cripps offer of March-April, 1942, and at the Simla Conference.

Jinnah asks the British government to guarantee his Pakistan scheme; he does not ask the people of India, and is quite oblivious to the 30 millions who would be a Hindu minority in the six provinces which he claims: Sind, Baluchistan, the North-West Frontier Province, the Punjab, Bengal, and Assam. Of these, only the first three have a decisively Moslem population. In the Punjab, Moslems number 57

per cent; in Bengal 54 per cent; while in Assam they are actually in a minority. Even under this plan, about one fifth of the Indian Moslems would remain outside Pakistan.

Theory versus fact

Nevertheless Jinnah insists on acceptance of the present boundaries of those provinces for the hypothetical state of Pakistan. Exchange of populations and frontier adjustments, he says, could follow. No one with the least knowledge of India could suppose that these provincial boundaries correspond to any national, ethnic, or linguistic delineation. The principle of self-determination, which is of the essence of democracy, applies to *nations*, not to the fortuitous divisions of a subcontinent conquered by an alien power.

The Pathan of the North-West Frontier Province and the Bengali Moslem are both, according to Jinnah, potential members of Pakistan. What have they in common? They have the same religion, but racially they are totally different; they cannot understand each other's language; they dress differently, eat differently, and by reason of great differences in climate and geography are engaged in different occupations and forms of agriculture.

The rice-eating Moslem mopla of Malabar has far more in common with his Hindu neighbors than he has with the wheat-eating Punjabi Moslem. Only the most confused thinking could produce a two-nation theory in India, where there are dozens of distinct races and languages.

Jinnah, who is far from being confused in his thinking, knows all this. It is plain, therefore, that the Hindu-Moslem conflict should be seen, not as a religious one, but as a straightforward political and economic struggle for power, with the spoils of office as prizes.

Moslem rule

Moslem intransigence has perfectly comprehensible historical roots. For centuries before the British came, Moslems were the conquerors and rulers of India. Mahmud of Ghazni, Tamerlane, Baber, each in turn swept through the passes of the North-West, to sack and pillage the fertile plains of India, leaving behind them great pyramids of Indian skulls to bear witness to their military prowess. The lost splendors of the Mogul courts are not forgotten by Moslems. Although the Emperor Akbar, one of the ablest India ever had, was an eclectic in religion, it was in the main a Moslem administration that ruled the greater part of India for nearly 800 years.

Up to a century ago, Persian was the official language, and Moslems filled most of the minor official posts. Then, in 1835, Lord Macaulay's proposal to make



FM radio receivers are more static-free and less costly—thanks to research at RCA Laboratories.

NEW FM - noiseless as the inside of a vacuum tube!

Now, FM, or Frequency Modulation reception, provides still greater freedom from static and interference caused by storms, ignition systems, oil burners, and domestic appliances.

It's radio at its finest—making your living room a part of the concert hall itself. You've no idea of how marvelous music can sound over the radio until you hear the golden perfection of FM reception developed by RCA.

Moreover, through this new RCA development, FM receivers can be made at a cost comparable to that of standard-band broadcast receivers. FM

is no longer expensive! "Better things at lower cost" is one of the purposes of RCA Laboratories—where similar research is constantly going into *all* RCA products.

And when you buy anything bearing the RCA Victor name—from a television receiver to a radio tube replacement—you know you are getting one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has yet achieved.

Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20. Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 4:30 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, over the NBC Network.



Stuart William Seeley, Manager of the Industry Service Laboratory, RCA Laboratories Division, perfected this new FM circuit. It not only operates equally effectively with strong or weak stations, but lowers the cost of receivers by eliminating additional tubes and parts that were formerly considered necessary in Frequency Modulation receivers.



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

English the official language was adopted. Moslems resented this choice, and withdrew from competition for public positions and the professions. Not until 1875, when Sir Syed Ahmed Khan founded the Aligarh College for Moslems, was their attitude of boycott reversed; but by that time they had lost ground irretrievably to the Hindus.

Moslems to this day are the weaker community financially and educationally. Of male Hindus, 14.7 per cent are literate, compared with 10.7 per cent of the Moslems; for women the percentages are 2.1 and 1.5 (1931 census). Separate electorates have merely accentuated communal differences.

Deadlock in Congress

Congress, and many of the influential moderate leaders outside it (such as Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and C. R. Rajagopalachariar) have for long endeavored to secure Congress-League agreement. Congress leaders realize that to obtain the unity of India which they desire, they will have to make considerable concessions to the Moslems. They point out that the federal form of government envisaged would afford opportunities for local autonomy in predominantly Moslem areas; but they refuse to hand over the Hindu minorities in those areas to the unfettered control of Jinnah and his followers.

Jinnah's growing power and prestige have only made him more obdurate. Would he have dared to go so far if he had not felt assured of outside backing — that is, from Britain? At all events, his attitude has caused Jawaharlal Nehru, the most modern and internationally-minded Congress leader, to declare that Congress will negotiate no further with the League under its present leadership.

Deadlock is complete; and if history repeats itself, the appropriate gesture for the British government would be to say that without agreement among the Indian communities, power cannot be handed over. But Britain cannot afford to repeat that time-worn bit of history now. Not only is the prestige of the Labor Government committed to the solution of the Indian dilemma, but the Indians themselves are in no mood to brook further delay.

The troubles in Indonesia (where the use of Indian troops to restore Dutch rule has greatly incensed Indian opinion) have lit a spark which Pandit Nehru has forecast will inflame the revolt of millions of colonial peoples against imperial domination.

The mutinies in the Royal Indian Navy and Royal Indian Air Force are no mere protests against pay or conditions but are political mutinies directed against foreign rule. It is significant that they started in the two junior services drawn from politically conscious sections. Unlike the Army, which is recruited largely

from illiterate peasants of the so-called martial races, volunteers for the Navy and the Air Force have to be literate in English, a rare accomplishment limited to a mere one per cent of the population. The youths are mainly townsmen and acutely conscious nationalists. Whatever the attitude of her political leaders, the people of India are united as never before in vehement opposition to foreign rule.

What will Britain do?

If Britain backs Jinnah in his intransigence, she will be accused once more of utilizing the communal divisions to delay a settlement and final handing over of power. The conservative *Pioneer* of Lucknow says that if freedom for India is withheld for long, a revolution is inevitable. But what if Britain calls Jinnah's bluff? What if he is bluntly told that the question of Pakistan is not for Britain or Moslems alone to decide, but must be settled by the whole Indian people through their elected assemblies?

Britain's Labor Party, which championed India's freedom, has, since it came to power, gone little further than the Tories. Current pronouncements, while undoubtedly sincere, have been confined to the old formulas, with emphasis on the necessity for prior agreement among Indians, and warnings against attempts to secure results by violence. They have not dealt with the fundamental question of what the British government will do to break the stalemate.

Failure to grasp this nettle firmly has already led to suspicions that the leopard has not changed its spots, and that despite the change of government, Britain is still more interested in word-spinning than in action. Even the moderate and liberal sections of the Indian press speak of an "Anglo-Moslem conspiracy to keep India in perpetual subjection."

This unhealthy atmosphere could be dispelled at one stroke by an announcement that on a specified date all power would be handed over to those representatives of all parties who were willing to accept it. The prospect of a *fait accompli* of this nature would compel Jinnah to choose between ineffectual isolation and finding a compromise of some sort. It might not be lasting, but at least the subsequent squabbles could not be laid at Britain's door.

It is true that, in the long run, agreement between Indians themselves is the only guarantee of peaceful government and development. Under the new Constitution, India will be as free as Canada, and it will be for Indians to settle differences between themselves. But so long as there is doubt about Britain's intentions, communal differences will be accentuated, simply because each community wants to secure the best possible terms for itself before Britain "quits India."

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

IN THE Mediterranean and the Middle East the Russians have been pressing against the Suez life-line of the British Empire. In the Far East, by dragging their feet on their scheduled withdrawal from Manchuria, they are kicking up a lot of dust not only for the Chinese but for the Americans.

The Russians have been losing friends fast, and at the same time the Americans and the British have not hung up any new records in making friends and influencing people. But while the Russians to a large extent are losing the friendship of people who used to be important before the war, we and the British are losing chiefly the friendship of whole peoples who are going to be important for the next fifty years.

It is true — and the fact is being pointed out every day — that in the struggle for strategic position, the United States faces a choice between the extension of Russian power and the conservation of British power, and that it is to our interest not to aggravate the present instability of the world by furthering either the shrinking of British power or the swelling of Russian power.

It is also true — though seldom mentioned — that in cases involving no direct conflict with Russian power, but a head-on conflict between British power and prestige as they stood before the war and the aspirations of a number of Asiatic peoples after the war, our interests, and to a still larger extent our sympathies, lie more with the Asiatic peoples than with the British. In one case, that of Siam, we actually stepped in to soften British policy.

The Russian policy in border territories is of a kind which the United States has itself sometimes practiced and sometimes countenanced. Leaving Latin America out of consideration, we followed such a policy first to the advantage and then to the detriment

of the Soviet Union in the case of the Baltic States. At the time of the Russian Revolution, we refused to recognize the independence of the Baltic States, because we then considered the integrity of Russian territory to be important.

Later, however, when Russia reabsorbed the Baltic States, we switched and considered the integrity of Russian territory less important than the independence of small peoples; accordingly the envoys of the Baltic States are still in Washington. More recently, we countenanced at Yalta the principle of Outer Mongolia's independence of China; but we look with disfavor on the autonomy of Azerbaijan.

Iran, Iraq, and Afghanistan are landward doors to the Far East, and we should not, simply by labeling them "Middle East," hide from ourselves their importance in Far Eastern affairs. Iran lies at a cross-road of policy, even more by the distribution of oil fields than by Russia's approach, through Iran, to the Suez-India orbit, which is so important in keeping the sun from setting on the British Empire.

Which way will American policy turn? It cannot be denied that in Iran the Russians are supporting reforms which everywhere — both in free Asia and in colonial Asia — are regarded as elementary. There is a danger that if we oppose Russian policy in such a way as to defeat the reforms embodied in Russian policy, many millions of Asiatics may begin to wonder, uneasily, whether America's professed belief in freedom, reform, and progress is not just American kidding, and whether Russia's unsmiling advocacy of the same ideals may not perhaps be nearer the real thing.

Whose oil is Iran's?

On the other hand, there are old-line liberals as well as old-line conservatives who argue that the Russians



Fresh as Tomorrow's Sunrise

OUR FRESH FRUIT SALADS have a "thousand-mile dressing." And fresh vegetables, too, travel from every part of the country to everywhere—at the peak of their flavor and nourishment value.

The distribution system that makes this possible, makes our daily diet the best balanced

in the world, makes us the healthiest people.

Trucks play many parts in performing this vital public service—because *all* fruits and vegetables that go to market, go all or part of the way by trucks that must maintain rigid time schedules. In

this field, as in so many in which dependability and economy are the basis for preference, White Super Power Trucks are the choice of the leaders.

THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY

Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
Factory at Montreal





Magnavox...an invitation to gracious living

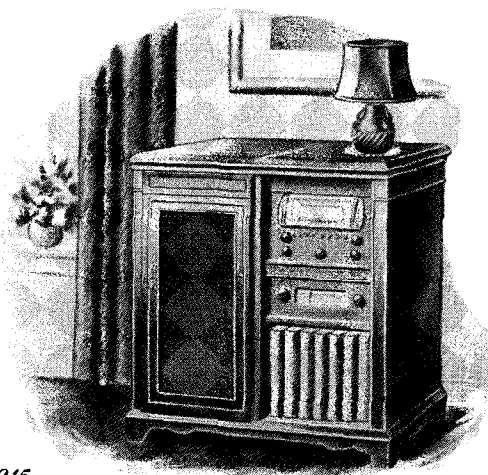
Listening to Magnavox from the relaxed comfort of your favorite chair is a never-ending source of pleasure, a new and wonderful experience in musical enjoyment. In the new Magnavox radio-phonograph all music is so faithfully reproduced that you enjoy the trueness of tone of the living performance. Truly a lasting investment in gracious living, Magnavox is one of the better things in life that you can give your family.



The Ronald Colmans listen to Magnavox in their Beverly Hills home—Photography: Paul Hesse

Designed to hold its place over the years

Combining the wonders of radio science, F.M. and automatic record changing with the best in furniture craftsmanship, Magnavox is built to grace your home over the years. Look for Magnavox in America's fine stores. You'll find a wide choice of period and contemporary models starting at \$214.50. (The Regency Symphony shown is approximately \$385.) See Magnavox. Hear it and compare it with other radio-phonographs. Once you hear it you won't be satisfied until you own one . . . The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.



Magnavox • *The Symbol of Quality in Radio—Since 1915*
RADIO PHONOGRAPH

are guilty not only of Red imperialism but of internal aggression, by manipulating certain groups and persons in Iran and intimidating others. Yet we could trap ourselves by denying the propriety of Russian interest in oil and maintaining the propriety of British oil concessions which, after all, were obtained by dealing with certain groups and persons within Iran's corrupt political structure, and at the same time by not exactly hiding from Iran the might of Britain.

There is another way out which could be tried. Both the actual British concessions and the potential Russian concessions could be pooled in an international trusteeship of Iranian oil, the trusteeship to be exercised in the interest of the Iranian people, safeguarding them against having their oil simply piped out of their country, and guaranteeing that oil royalties be funded to provide industrialization and agrarian reform, accompanied by social and political reform.

Such a policy would involve recognition of a basic principle: that Anglo-Russian-American policy *about* Iran can be made to amount to more than the sum of separate Russian, American, and British policies *in* Iran, and can be made to work more successfully. There is as yet no indication in Washington that such a policy has even been discussed.

Manchurian mystery

In China the bulldozing impact of American activity within the political, social, economic, military, and naval affairs of an independent Asiatic country is enough to make not only polite British jaws but dogged Russian jaws drop in amazement.

American activity in China long antedates Russian activity in Manchuria, which began only last August, and in some ways it is much more pervasive than Russian activity. For instance, we not only armed and trained whole divisions of Chinese troops belonging to one political party, and denied arms to other troops; we also continue to transport troops, in American ships, to areas which affect the strategic and political balance in favor of one side.

At the same time, we are primarily responsible for the truce in actual fighting, which has on the whole been successful. More than that, American Marines have gone ashore ahead of National Government troops at points where the population was ready to resist Kuomintang troops but was unwilling to open fire on Americans. Armed Americans are still cooperating with armed Japanese in key areas to maintain a "balance" which would otherwise not be a balance at all.

But Russian activity in Manchuria has been in some ways even more spectacular. It is essential to remember that Manchuria consists of provinces which form an integral part of China. They do not consti-

tute a separate country, or quasi-country, loosely attached to China.

The Russians, paradoxically, have caused an upset more by restoring the old Tsarist position — by which Russia has access to railways (though not the old Tsarist control of railways) and control of a naval base — than by instigating revolution. There is also growing talk, which may be expected to come more and more into the open, about Russian demands for a wider field of economic enterprise. The more this talk comes into the open, the better. Chinese officials are letting themselves be quoted, though not yet by name, to the effect that they do not consider themselves bound by the agreements which Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill made at Yalta.

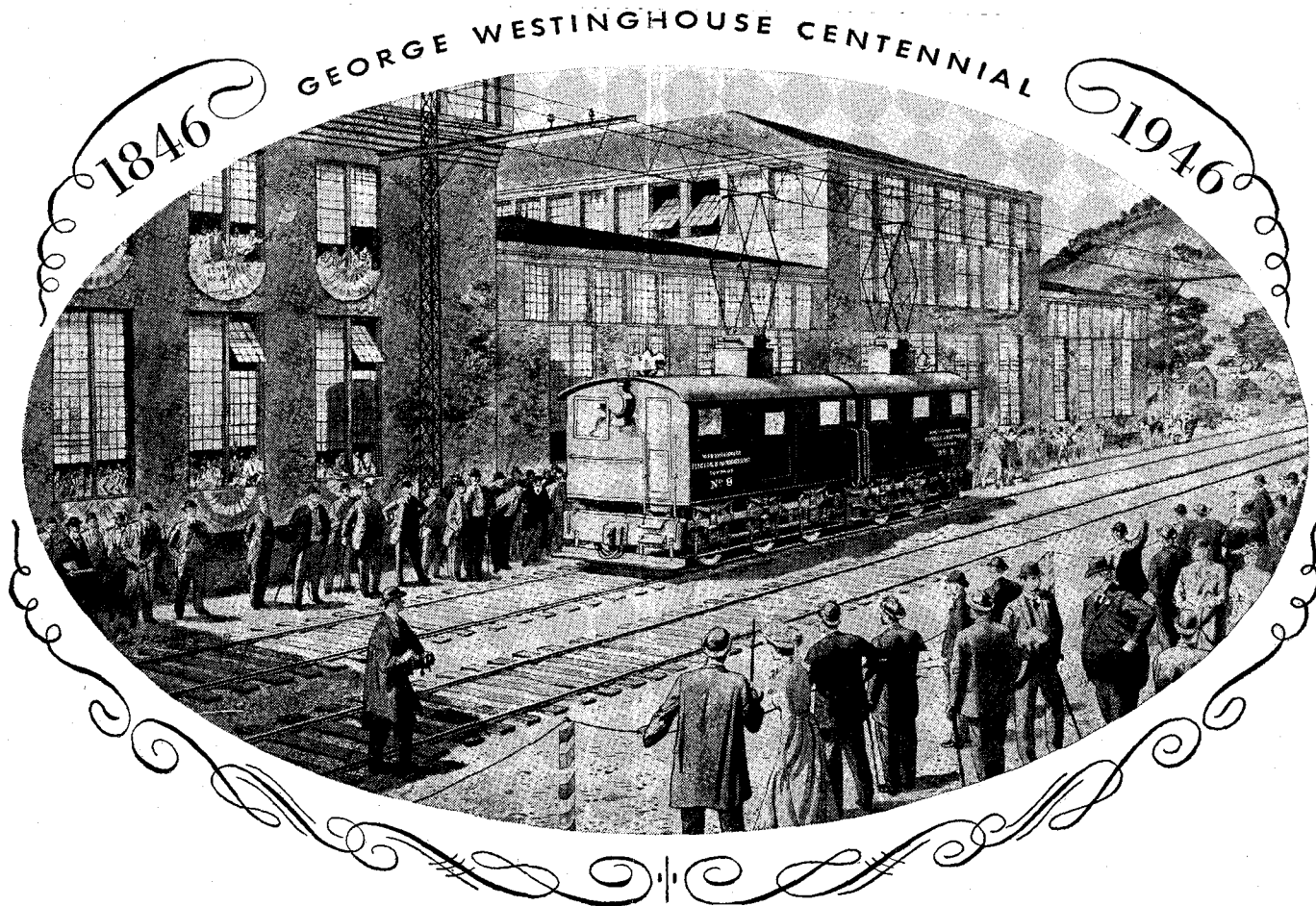
Enough harm was done by keeping silent too long on what was agreed at Yalta. More harm will be done unless we are told soon what was agreed at Moscow, in the Chinese-Russian negotiations, and also what was not agreed. For instance, it is widely known in Washington, though you will not catch anybody letting himself be quoted, that the Russians tried to get the Chinese to make an agreement on the costs of occupation in Manchuria. The Chinese would come to no agreement, though in the case of Indo-China they themselves insisted on a firm commitment from the French to pay the cost of the Chinese occupation of northern Indo-China.

It is suspected that, tied to this question of unsettled occupation costs, there is a Russian demand that certain industries built in Manchuria by the Japanese after 1931, which the Chinese cannot run entirely on their own for lack of enough qualified personnel, should be operated jointly by Chinese and Russians, rather than by Chinese and other nationals — Americans, for instance. There is an American view that this would give the Russians too much of a monopoly and threaten the principle of the Open Door.

Recent dispatches have also called attention to the situation in Inner Mongolia. There many lines of interest cross, involving the northern provinces of China, the Manchurian provinces, the Chinese National Government, the Chinese Communists, and Outer Mongolia. The repetitive pattern shows that all issues in Asia are, in truth, indivisible.

Agreement or rivalry?

Would it not be better to have Russian-American agreement (with British concurrence) on a policy *about* China than increasing rivalry between American and Russian policies *in* China? It is already abundantly clear that when a fair wind blows between the Kremlin and the White House, difficulties of all kinds in China tend to melt, or at least to soften; but the moment the wind blows chill, everything in



Transportation pioneer

The two dominating spheres of achievement of George Westinghouse were *transportation* and *alternating current*.

His first major contribution to transportation was the famous Westinghouse air brake—followed, a few years later, by his development of automatic block-signaling systems for railroads.

Later, this great inventor-engineer pioneered a single-reduction-gear direct current motor which caused sweeping changes in the operation of street railways.

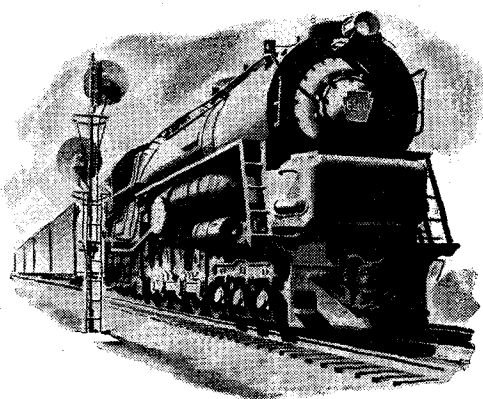
But a unique achievement in the life of George Westinghouse came in 1905 — when he brought *transporta-*

tion and *alternating current* together in a single, masterful triumph of engineering.

For, on May 16, 1905, he successfully demonstrated the first *single-phase main-line* electric locomotive before the delegates to the International Railway Congress, at his plant in East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Shortly afterwards, in 1907, Westinghouse electrified the first *main-line railroad*... the New York, New Haven & Hartford, between Woodlawn, New York, and Stamford, Conn.

This spectacular accomplishment heralded the major electrification of railroads the world over.



Westinghouse
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE

TODAY... A new and revolutionary type of locomotive is hauling heavy trains over the Pennsylvania Railroad Lines. It is powered by a Westinghouse geared steam turbine... the smoothest, most compact, most efficient source of steam power ever devised by man. In addition to many products used by railroads, the Westinghouse Electric Corporation also builds electric mine locomotives and other types for industrial use.

Tune in: JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Sunday, 2:30 pm, EST, NBC • TED MALONE—Monday through Friday, 11:45 am, EST, American Network

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China freezes up. There was not a murmur about a "Yalta sellout" in China until a rich crop of stories and editorials hostile to Russia had been harvested in America and brought to the Chungking market.

In China political questions, which by conventional definition are "purely domestic," are also affected by every uncertainty that arises in relations between Russia and the United States; but they are slowly being worked out. General Marshall's greatest service to American diplomacy thus far has been to recover the aloofness which General Hurley, with his war-horse propensity for saying ha-ha among the trumps, had not been able to maintain.

An appearance of detachment on the part of the American envoy is all the more imperative because American power in fact suffuses the whole of "Government China," influencing not only the relations of the people toward their government, but of officials toward each other.

The basic issue continues to be what it has been for a long time: the search for a formula which will emphasize the unity of China while tacitly admitting the facts of geographical and political decentralization. As in America at the time when the framers of the Constitution had to compromise between demands for Federal centralization and reluctance to see state sovereignty cut down to the dimensions of states' rights, the representatives who have been negotiating at Chungking have had to make concessions to reality.

The most important realities are two in number. The Communists, who have taken up in China the stand represented by states' rights in America, have had to recognize that the government is supported by solidly entrenched American intervention forces. The government, which stands for federally centralized power, has had to recognize that though it is defended by American arms, American policy has receded from the lusty Hurley willingness to go over to the attack.

Japan votes

In Japan, now reduced to the position of a doorstep in front of the mainland of Asia, the main topic of importance is the election on March 31, the first after defeat. Some of the worst corrupters of Japanese politics have been barred from public life by MacArthur's "purge" directive; but on the whole the people who guided Japan into war — some pushing, some hanging back, but all going along — are still the people who rule Japan.

The election should not be expected to settle anything, but it may provide evidence whether MacArthur's administration of Japan as a whole, including all steps taken under all directives, has yet had

time to give any political movement in Japan the courage to challenge the survivals of the bad old days and the bad old ways.

On the brighter side

Colonial Asia will furnish some of the most important developments to be expected in the next month or so. In Indonesia — to sound a note of guarded optimism — good things are to be expected from the mission of Sir Archibald Clark Kerr. He is trying to get the British out of the way of the Dutch and the Dutch out of the way of the Indonesians; and at the same time to persuade the Indonesians that before they can run and jump hurdles as a fully independent people they should try walking for a little longer under some new and enlightened form of trusteeship, with safeguards that will assure their ultimate freedom.

Sir Archibald's slip in talking to a news conference about trusteeship for Indonesia, which had to be covered up immediately as a misunderstanding due to "bad acoustics," sounds like a calculated indiscretion. He has long endeared himself to American correspondents as the one diplomat who really lets you know what's going on. His specialty is the frank, disillusioned, off-the-record comment on some defect of British policy which, when you come to think it over, reveals itself by delayed action as a tip-off that he knows perfectly well the shortcomings of American policy — though he would never say as much, even off the record.

And to move at last from guarded optimism to unreserved optimism, not only good things but great things are to be expected when Sir Archibald comes to Washington as British Ambassador. He is the one man — we don't have such a man ourselves — who has a consistently unspoiled record both in Chungking (where he also got on cordially with the Chinese Communists) and in Moscow. He also knows Iran well and speaks Persian; he will be coming to us fresh from the troubled field of colonial nationalism; and in addition he knows Latin America well.

One of the first matters demanding quick agreement between America, Britain, and other major powers is the food shortage, which is even more acute in Asia than elsewhere in the world. Famine is close at hand in India, parts of southeastern Asia, and several regions in China, and there is undernourishment in the Philippines.

There is also a food shortage in Japan. Because armies of occupation naturally want to make a good record in the territories they control, there is a danger that Japan's food shortage will get undue consideration. But food should go first to the countries which are suffering because of the war which Japan launched in Asia.



Roominess...smoothness...silent comfort *are yours on The Hiawathas*

It's hard to beat a Milwaukee Road train for all-around comfort and satisfaction. Consider, for example, just a few of the many conveniences and advantages of travel on the Speedlined HIAWATHAS.

Complete facilities—Feel like a snack? Step into the celebrated Tip Top Tap for a sandwich or beverage in gay, sociable surroundings. Appetizing dining car meals at low cost.



Room to move around—your ticket buys not just a deep-seated reclining chair, but a whole car—or a whole train—to stroll through. You get roomy lounges; lap boards for cards or writing.

Smooth comfort—modern train design and a seasoned, well-ballasted roadbed assure maximum riding comfort and restful silence.

Scenic charm—wide windows beside your seat give you not only an unobstructed view, but an intimate close-up of the rivers, forests, fields and villages along the route.

Weatherproof reliability—storm fronts hold no discomfort, fog doesn't delay. You get there *on time* on the HIAWATHAS.

Speed with economy—your trip on the HIAWATHAS starts and ends at downtown stations, you travel at speeds up to 100 miles an hour, yet round trip coach fares are less than two cents a mile.

We're still busy carrying veterans home, but there'll be room for you on one of the HIAWATHAS. See your nearest railroad ticket agent for friendly travel counsel.

F. N. Hicks, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago

THE *Milwaukee* ROAD

THE HIAWATHAS: CHICAGO { MILWAUKEE—LA CROSSE—ST. PAUL—MINNEAPOLIS
DES MOINES—OMAHA—SIOUX CITY—SIOUX FALLS

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

AT THE end of World War I the treaty-makers toiled in an exploding world. There was terror in Hungary, revolution in Russia, and bedlam in the Balkans. Incipient turmoil, which was to pave the way for Fascism, was manifesting itself in Italy. Strife rent the remnants of the Turkish Empire in the Middle East. India was edging toward revolt. Asia was a chaos of warring factions, with interventionary armies battling in Siberia against the Far Eastern Republic. A plague of war lords, student revolts, and banditry was ravaging vast areas of China.

In strength, however, the British and French Empires were relatively unimpaired. The revolution that preoccupied Russia also kept her away from the peace table at Paris. This meant — and the point has much significance now — that Russia did not share in the distribution of spoils from World War I.

More specifically, it meant that Britain and France were not obliged to honor the secret treaty both extended to Russia in 1915, giving Constantinople and control of the Dardanelles to the Russians. It meant that the secret Sykes-Picot treaty of 1916, which gave Russia the territory along the Black Sea to a point west of Trebizond, was likewise disregarded.

Today Italy, a defeated foe, is completely crushed as a Mediterranean power. France has lost her influence in the same region to the precise degree that she has lost military strength. The British, weakened economically and in armed strength, confront a rising nationalism throughout the Arab, Moslem, and Hindu worlds from Cairo to Calcutta. At the same time the Soviet Union has emerged as the strongest land power on the entire Eurasian continent and is pressing toward the identical territorial and strategic objectives at the Dardanelles and in Turkey which were offered the Tsar by Britain and France in the secret treaties of 1915–1916.

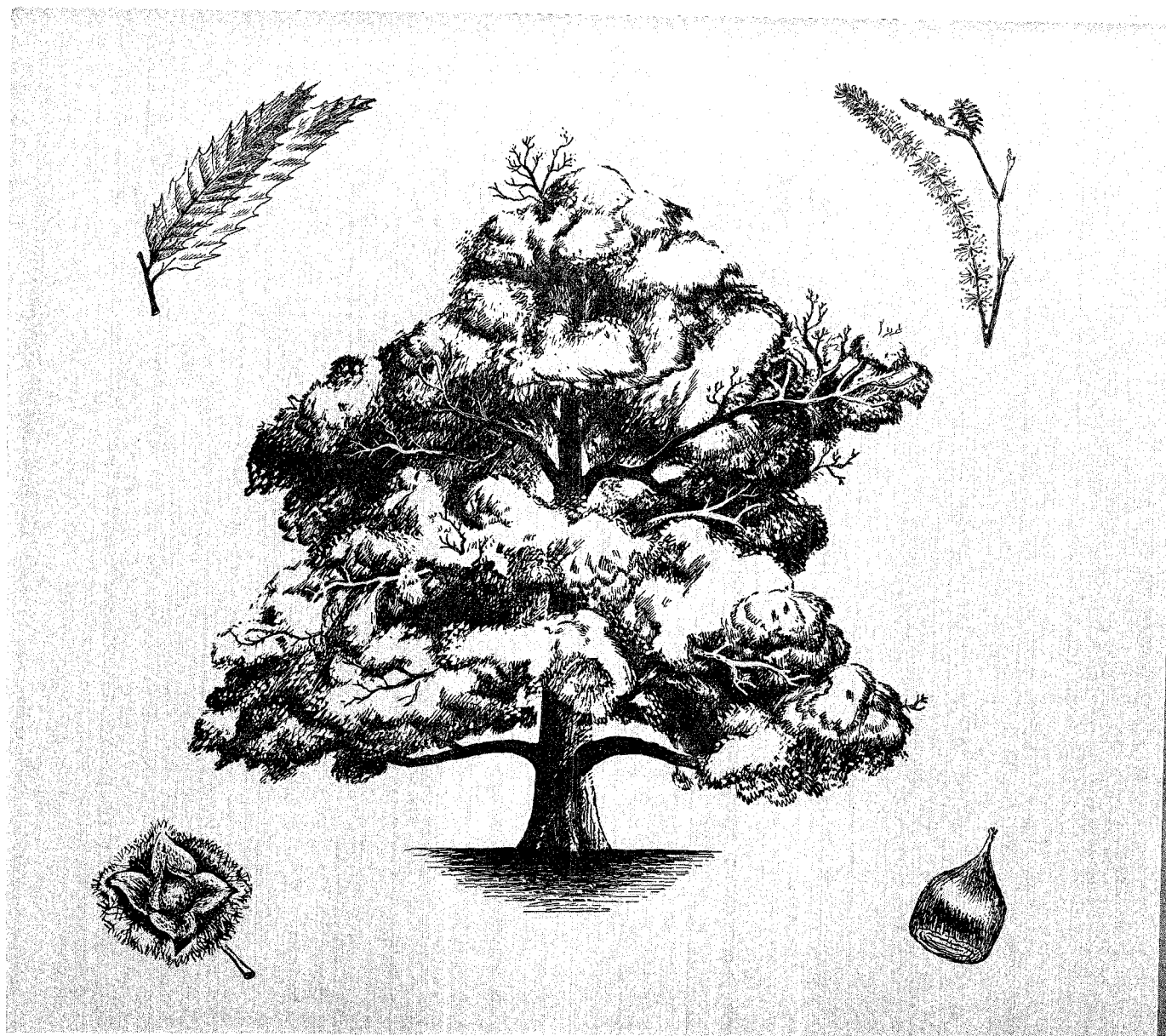
The fundamental difficulty among the Big Three regarding Italy has little to do with Italian preferences. A long series of modifications, emendations, and diplomatic reversals of policy by Britain and the United States, stemming from the original Italian armistice, implies plainly that Italy's wishes will be consulted only as they happen to serve the aims of her former opponents in arms. Almost all these changes in the *modus vivendi* set by Britain and the United States for Italy during the past two and one-half years remain secret, even today. Why?

The real obstacle which the Russians, the British, and the Americans have to overcome in working out a treaty for Italy arises from mutual suspicions. These are generated from the anxiety of the British for the security of the Empire, and from the determination of Russia to claim the fruits of victory deemed by Moscow properly Russia's share because of her contribution to the Allied victory and her need for security.

Moscow's view, as already indicated by her post-war maneuvers, bears striking resemblance to Russia's views in 1915–1916 as set forth in the abortive secret treaties of those years. The problem of the Italian peace, like the problem of Iran, is to discover how the opposing objectives of Britain and Russia can be adjusted in a durable compromise.

Italy sets the tune

The Italian treaty, being first in the order of making by direct orders from London, Moscow, and Washington, will set the general design later to be applied in the framing of treaties with Axis satellites in the Balkans. Italy is clearly within the British sphere of interest; the lesser allies of Germany all lie within the Russian zone of influence. Britain's imperial tradition and political practice stem from one concept, Russia's from another. Accordingly each scrutinizes



Gone is the "spreading chestnut tree"

Millions who recall Longfellow's immortal poem may be surprised to learn that the chestnut tree is nearly extinct. Entire forests have been killed by *Endothia parasitica*, a blighting fungus causing serious bark disease. It is a devastation that placed the leather industry in a critical position—for centuries, the fabled chestnut tree had been the chief source of leather tanning agents.

However, as is often the case when nature's replenishing power becomes inadequate, chemistry developed a replacement for the extract of the chestnut tree. It is Exan*—a Monsanto synthetic vegetable tanning chemical. Not only is a constant source of supply

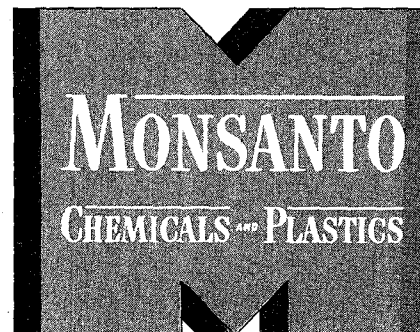
now assured, but Exan has already proved far superior to the natural product formerly used.

The story of Exan is a story of chemical synthesis paralleled by many Monsanto product developments. Monsanto plastics, for instance, are synthetics that offer glamorous and practical possibilities bounded only by the imagination of industry. Vanillin is another synthetic—a flavoring agent developed long ago by Monsanto as a defense against the caprices of nature in supplying vanilla beans. The wide field of rubber products is also among the many that have benefited richly through Monsanto synthetics.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The history of Monsanto's progress in service is replete with examples such as these. Too numerous to recount here, they emphasize again Monsanto's important role—Serving Industry . . . Which Serves Mankind.

MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY
St. Louis 4



SERVING INDUSTRY...WHICH SERVES MANKIND

the other's proposals about Italy for possible precedents which might plague its plans for the future.

From Italy, the British and Americans exacted her navy but have not demanded industrial compensation — because they do not need it and because its subtraction from Italy would intensify economic disaster in the Italian peninsula. Russia, whose richest industrial regions in the Ukraine were wrecked and looted by the Axis powers, sees things differently. From Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary, she has demanded reparations to the tune of about \$300,000,000 apiece in the terms of the armistices. She insists upon a similar amount from Italy for herself. She has posed a claim approximating \$1,000,000,000 for reparations on behalf of Yugoslavia and Greece.

The Italian treaty will demonstrate whether the major Allies possess the ability to halt the economic and social disintegration which is war's legacy to Europe. But these processes are deeply involved in political ferment at present afflicting all nations on the Continent, Allied and Axis alike.

And nowhere are these forces more ominously at work than in Italy today, where misery and disillusionment tend to set a passionately reformist Left against an increasingly strong conservative Right. The struggle is complicated by factionalism on both sides: on the extreme left we find Communism; on the right, neo-Fascism and monarchial extremism, in the "Common Man" movement of Giannini. And between them are the exponents of social reform and the strengthened power of the Church.

The Tyrol and Trieste

The task of the treaty-makers in dealing with Austria's claims for return of the Tyrol is difficult. This is ancient Austrian territory and basically German in culture, despite efforts of Italy under Mussolini to inundate the area with Italian settlers and crush the indigenous culture, language, and institutions. During the Italian ascendancy, many valuable industries were developed by the Italians. The Tyrol also controls the three historic passes for invasion from the north — especially the Brenner. In other words, for Italy the Tyrol has both an industrial and a strategic importance.

The Big Three, however, view the question of the Italian frontier in the Tyrol not by itself, but in its bearing upon another frontier question, far more vehemently disputed: Trieste. Russia's ally, Yugoslavia, demands that Trieste be added to Marshal Tito's territories. The British for strategic reasons — Trieste controls the upper Adriatic — want it to remain Italian. The Americans want the port internationalized. Behind this three-way dispute lie five hundred years of stormy history, irreconcilable differences in national sentiment, and religious feud.

To redraw the frontier between Italy and Yugoslavia is far less difficult than to reach a satisfactory compromise on the issue of the area's most important coastal city. For Trieste, which is overwhelmingly Italian in population, is the doorstep seaward for the whole traffic of its hinterland as far back as Czechoslovakia. And Czechoslovakia, like Yugoslavia, lies in the Russian sphere. The claims of population within the city lean strongly toward Italy, but the whole economic significance of the port comes from its relationship to the economy of the western and central parts of the Balkans.

Yugoslavia therefore has a formidable case, which Russian support does not tend to moderate. The mustering of Yugoslav armed forces in the immediate rear of Trieste and recent protests of Moscow against General Anders's Polish Army of 110,000 men, which the British have posted along their control area in this region, are not calculated to make the path of the framers of the Italian treaty easier.

Russia in the Mediterranean?

The dispute between Turkey and Moscow over Russian demands at the Dardanelles and in Turkish Armenia is directly related to the Russian demands for trusteeship over Italy's vast desert colony of Tripolitania on the Central Mediterranean shores of Africa. These issues are likewise tied into the stiff argument about the Dodecanese islands, which Britain has promised will be returned to Greece.

The questions of the Straits, of Eastern Turkey, of the Dodecanese, and of Tripolitania all come to focus at the same time. The issue is whether Russia is to become a major Mediterranean power. It is being joined at an embarrassing moment for the British, whose troubles in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, and Egypt, not to mention dangers farther east, weaken their bargaining position.

Tripolitania, in Russian hands, would straddle Britain's Mediterranean communications line at the middle. That is the crux of the problem. Shall this colony be given to the Arabs, who seek through the Arab League to assume trusteeship and speed creation of another independent Arab state? To the Italians, in whose custody it would represent a victory for British policy? Or shall it be committed to a joint trusteeship by all four European Allies, including Russia, for a period of a decade — thereafter to obtain independence as an Arab state — as the United States suggests?

The real solution for the Mediterranean question dividing Moscow and London will have to take into consideration both Russian strength and British strategic imperatives. Already, there are some signs that admission of Russia to the area as a partner, jointly with France, the United States, and Britain, may be

agreed upon. This procedure obtains at Tangier, at the western gateway to the Mediterranean.

Recent pointed suggestions from Washington and London to the Turks, to yield bases in the Dardanelles to Russia, indicate that a compromise reminiscent of the Sykes-Picot treaty regarding the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus may be in the making. In an age of developing air power, the fact that the Dodecanese lie across the Aegean gateway to the Mediterranean should likewise permit of compromise. The islands belong rightly to Greece. Demilitarized, they can hold no threat to either the British or the Russians.

Armies without countries

The tiff between London and Moscow over General Anders's Polish Army in Italy, and the 400,000 German troops retained in formation by the British in their zone of occupation in Germany, and the Polish brigades posted in this same zone under British command, like the complaints lodged against Polish and Yugoslav royalist units in the American zone, points up a problem which is needlessly complicating matters for all the Allies in Germany. Unless there is a speedy clarification of purposes, plenty of trouble lies ahead.

In the American zone, steps were taken recently to break up and disperse American-armed Polish and Yugoslav military units — but only after criticism made their existence public. Yet these organizations were under the command of the Allied Military Government, which did not hesitate to fetch the now de-throned King Peter of Yugoslavia to the area to visit the Serbian royalists last autumn. Since they, and the vast majority of the Polish forces in western Germany, are bitterly hostile to Belgrade and Warsaw, their establishment in military formations amounted to an American sponsorship of armed opponents of governments accorded diplomatic recognition by Washington.

In the British zones in Italy and Germany, the situation is slightly different. There the elements of the Polish Army in exile, though equally opposed in the main to the present regime at Warsaw, are continuing units of the British Army, which they joined early in the war.

Europe's stepchildren

What are the Western Allies going to do with these troops? Equally important: what are they going to do with the thousands of displaced persons of various nationalities who still find refuge in the British and American zones in Germany?

It is clearly undesirable and unjust to compel these refugees to return to their native lands if they fear to or do not wish to. It is equally necessary that London and Washington adopt some consistent policy for

resettling them. With the United States planning a shift from military rule to civilian control in its German zone in June, and with General Lucius Clay, Deputy Military Governor at Frankfurt, announcing that the Americans may pull out in 1948, save for a control commission and a small military police force, it is time this matter received official attention.

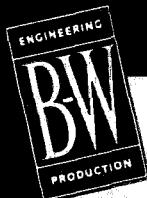
The whole question of the displaced persons attracted attention at the recent sessions of the United Nations Assembly, where some steps were taken to study the riddle. Obviously these expatriates cannot remain indefinitely in western Germany, whether they have civilian status or are members of the armed forces of the Allies.

Winston Churchill, months ago, offered the Polish refugees, whether in uniform or out, permanent homes in the British Empire as settlers. Australia, which is eager to encourage white settlers to augment her population, might welcome these exiles, many of whom would be valuable citizens. The increase of lawlessness in western Germany, because of desperate forays by gangs of displaced persons, shows that the danger inherent in a policy of drift is not limited to the explosive possibilities on the higher political level of Allied relations.

The last thing to be encouraged or permitted in Europe is continuing nuclei of potential civil war. What is needed urgently is a joint policy by the United States, Britain, and possibly France, which will provide these refugees with hope and opportunity for a future, and set up secure guarantees for those who may still be persuaded to go home.

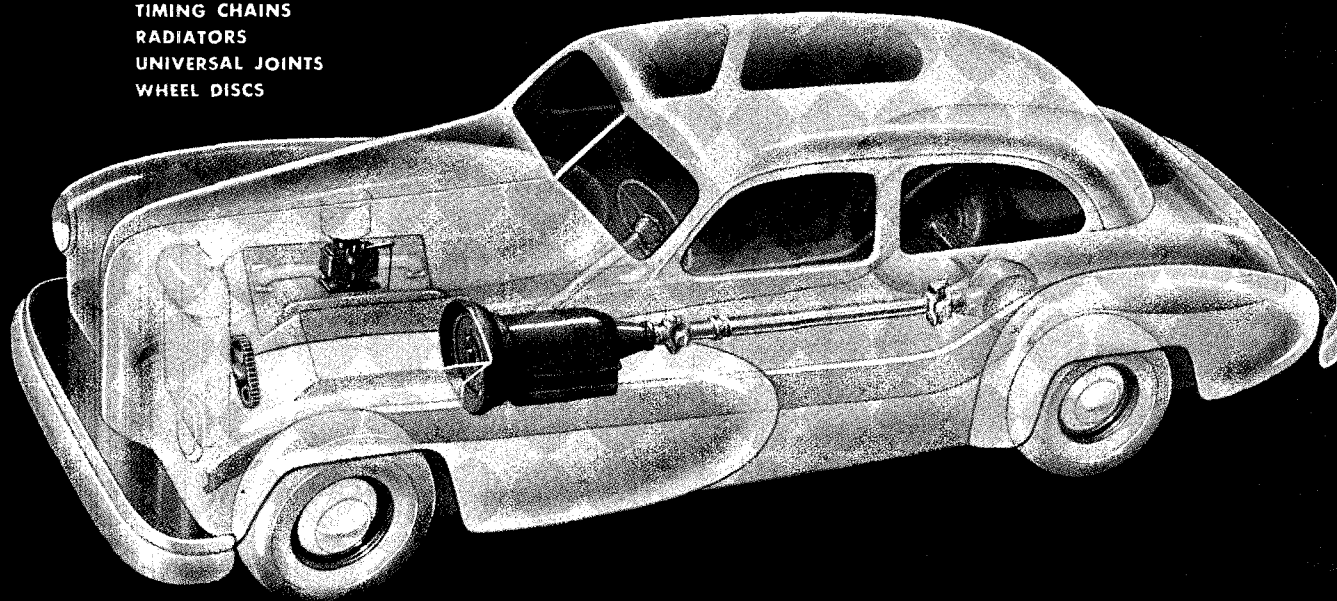
KEEP IN MIND

1. That Russia's claims to a controlling position on the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, like her indicated aims in Eastern Turkey, are in fact a continuation of Russian policy from tsarist times.
2. That Britain and France recognized the geographical reasons for Russian policy and, in secret treaties made during 1915 and 1916, conceded Russian demands almost identical with those being made today.
3. That these treaties were never carried out, first, because the Russian Revolution upset relations among the three powers; second, because Russia was absent from the peace table; third, because Lenin repudiated all tsarist secret treaties.
4. And the query: Do Russian demands at many points in the Mediterranean represent merely her "asking price" in bargaining for free access to the Mediterranean?



Almost every American benefits every day from the products of BORG-WARNER

CARBURETORS
PROPELLER SHAFTS
CLUTCHES
TRANSMISSIONS
TIMING CHAINS
RADIATORS
UNIVERSAL JOINTS
WHEEL DISCS



BORG-WARNER'S CONTRIBUTION TO TROUBLE-FREE MOTORING—*Working hand in hand with the automotive industry from the start, Borg-Warner has pioneered and brought to their present state of refinement many essential parts, one or more of which today are original equipment on 19 OF THE 20 MAKES OF AUTOMOBILES.*

**Makers of essential operating parts
for the automotive, aviation, marine
and farm implement industries, and
of Norge home appliances.**

Cooling, timing, carburation and the transfer of power to the rear wheels are matters to which Borg-Warner largely devotes its specialized skills and production facilities.

From the days of the first horseless carriage it has led in the experimentation and development on much of this equipment so essential to the efficient and low-cost operation of motor cars.

The automotive industry is just one of many fields in which Borg-Warner serves almost every American daily. The aviation and marine industries look to it for key contributions. In housing, it is ready

with important new developments.

In home appliances—Borg-Warner is known throughout the world for its Norge refrigerators, washing machines and ranges. In agriculture—it is a leading producer of tillage steel and farm implement parts.

The engineering and large-scale production of all 28 B-W plants are working hand in hand with ever widening fields of industry to "Design it better, make it better".

Executive Offices, Chicago. These units form Borg-Warner: BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • B-W SUPERCHARGERS, INC. • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • DETROIT VAPOR STOVE • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON • MARVEL-SCHEBLER CARBURETER • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • NORGE • NORGE MACHINE PRODUCTS • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**YOURS
AGAIN**

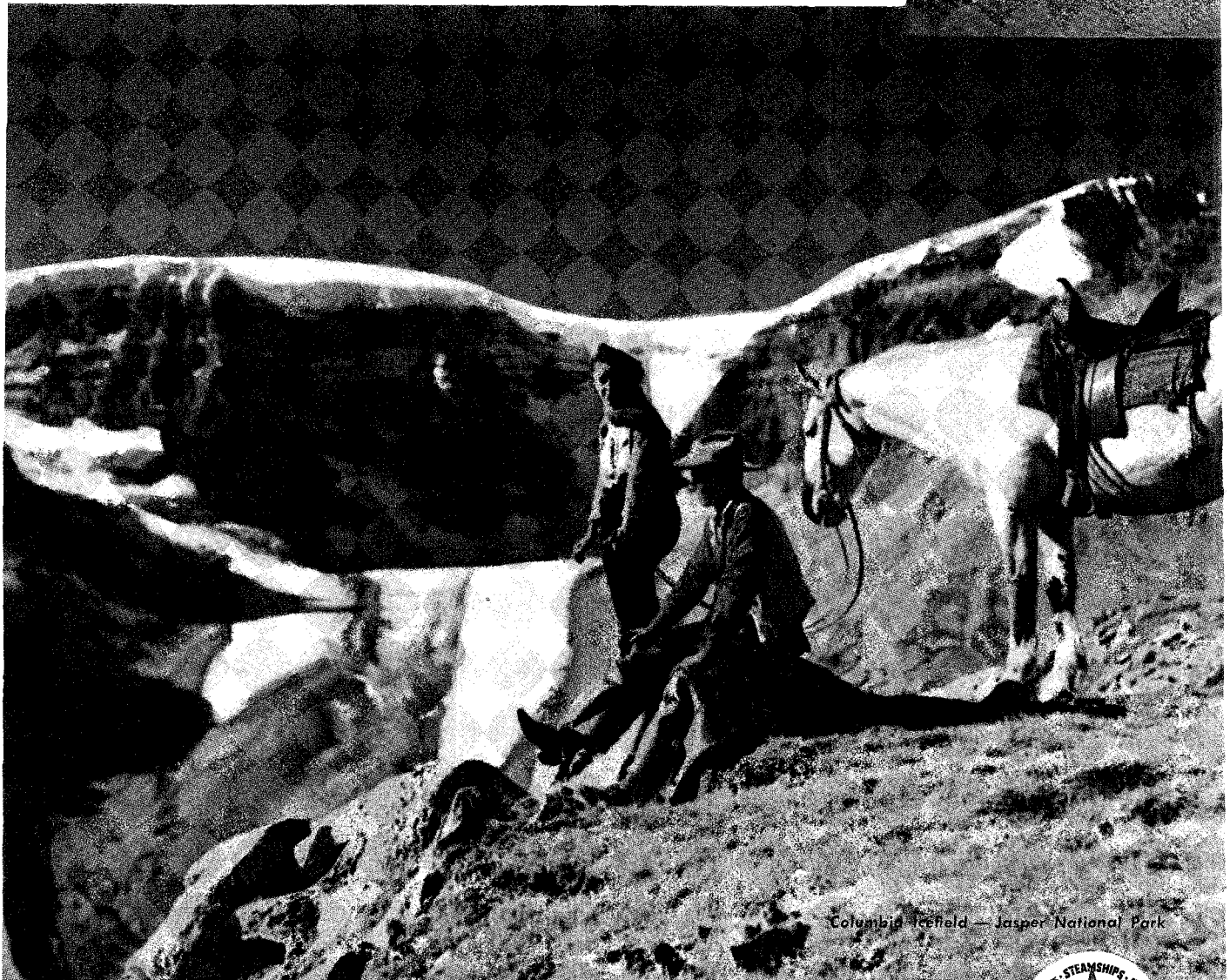
The trail to JASPER

SHOWPLACE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

OPEN THIS SUMMER — Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge on lovely Lac Beauvert, in the heart of Jasper National Park in Alberta, biggest playground on the continent! Enjoy pre-war luxury amid Jasper's glittering peaks and sapphire lakes. Golf on the completely rebuilt 18-hole course. Swim in the heated outdoor pool. Fish in white trout waters. Ride trails winding up from the broad Athabaska Valley through flowery meadows to vistas of breath-taking grandeur. And there's the

motor highway to the Columbia Icefield, biggest flow of living ice south of the Arctic. Snap closeups of friendly bears, deer and mountain sheep, go canoeing, play tennis or just relax. The season is June 15 to Sept. 15. Rates from \$9 per day, including meals. Accommodations for 650 guests.

NO PASSPORT NEEDED! Your vacation dollar goes farther in Canada. Jasper and other Canadian vacationlands are easily reached from all U. S. points via Canadian National. Call or write for booklets and information.



Columbia Icefield — Jasper National Park



Yours Again, Too—Minaki

A hundred miles east of Winnipeg, in the Lake of the Woods country, another Canadian National summer resort, hospitable Minaki Lodge, offers golf, fishing, swimming and boating.

Canadian National Offices in the U. S. — Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Duluth, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D. C.



CANADIAN NATIONAL

TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

IN THE harshest state paper it has ever issued against the government of an American republic, our State Department devoted 131 pages of an official Blue Book to proving that Perón-controlled regimes in Argentina, Perón's close associates, and Perón himself were active partners of the Axis throughout the war.

Argentina has had three governments since Pearl Harbor — one under President Ramón S. Castillo (the last constitutional executive), one under General Pedro P. Ramírez, and one under General Edelmiro Farrell — in which Colonel Juan D. Perón, as Vice President, has been the power behind the throne. The Blue Book charges that all three governments openly assured Germany of their hopes that the Axis would win the war.

They also tried to arrange with the Germans for importations of arms with which South American countries collaborating with the Allies could be attacked. They plotted with the Nazis to set up a front of pro-Axis states in South America by overthrowing the governments of Chile, Brazil, Bolivia, and Paraguay in a series of Argentine-concocted palace revolutions.

Even after Hemisphere opinion had forced them to break relations with the Axis, and eventually to declare war on it, they carried out assurances freely given to the Germans that it would be made as easy as possible for Nazi business and Nazi undercover activities to continue functioning in Argentina. From Argentine bases, they are still helping refugee Nazi-Fascist interests to build up a strategic foothold in South America.

With this help from the Perón-dominated governments, the Blue Book states, "Nazi forces carried on in the Americas an attack against the Allies as dangerous as a Nazi advance on the battlefields."

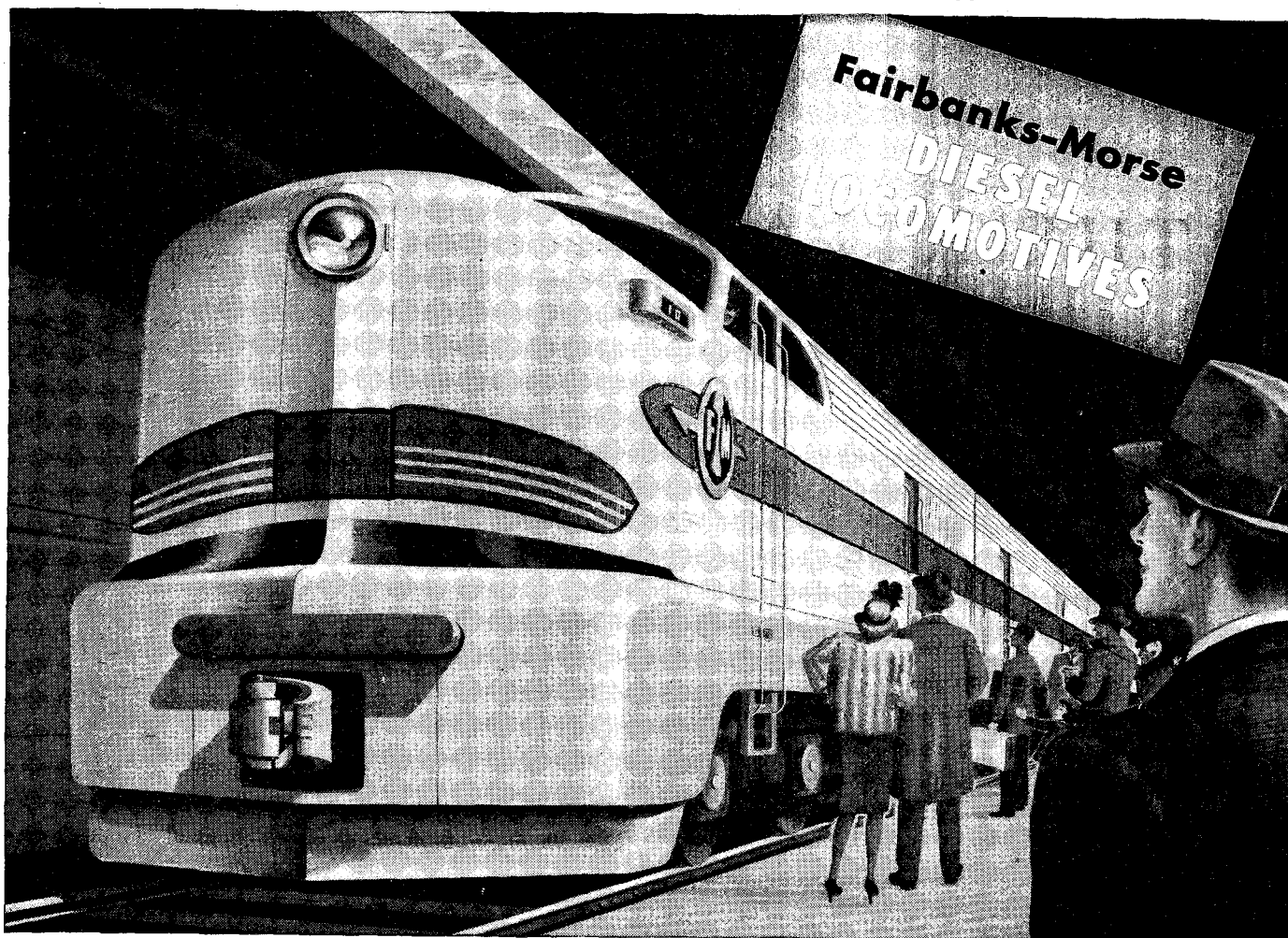
Colonel Perón himself is described by the Blue Book as directly taking part in the intrigues to subvert the governments of other South American nations, and as participating in the arrangements for smoothing the path of Nazi economic and espionage activities in Argentina.

The Blue Book is no mere bill of suspicions. Its accusations are based on Nazi documents captured in Germany, and on testimony by participants in Nazi-Argentine intrigues who are now in Allied hands. On the side, diplomatic representatives of other Latin American governments, who might remain unconvinced by the condensed evidence presented in the Blue Book, were informed that they might look at the original documents — tons of documents, not all of them digested yet.

Diplomatic blockbuster

With this ammunition, the Blue Book rocked Perón's presidential campaign in its final stages. Political notables counted on for last-minute declarations in favor of the candidate failed to show up for declaration ceremonies. There was a noticeable falling off in the zeal and the public appearances of congressional and other minor candidates — never strong rooters on the Perón bandwagon. Even some of the stooge leaders of the Perón-organized official labor unions showed signs of retreating from a shaken political front.

Apparently, too, the publication of the Blue Book exercised some compulsions over Perón in the conduct of the election itself. A candidate under such charges could hardly turn loose his fascist street mobs and his strong-arm squads of national police to beat up opposition voters on the way to the ballot boxes. A quarter of a million soldiers and sailors of the Argentine armed forces stood guard at the polls to see that no open intimidation of voters was practiced.



High-Powered

Business-Builders

Fairbanks-Morse

A name worth remembering

DIESEL Locomotives have proved their power to build railroad revenue.

They've shown the way to the speedier trains that attract passenger traffic . . . and to the punctual and faster freight schedules that win shippers' business.

Fairbanks-Morse Diesel Locomotives also cut operating costs. The 2000-hp. Fairbanks-Morse Diesel-electric generating set is the most powerful on the rails. This means that — per locomotive — fewer of these sets are needed to do the job.



Diesel Locomotives • Diesel Engines
Scales • Motors • Pumps • Generators
Magnetos • Stokers • Railroad Motor
Cars and Standpipes • Farm Equipment

The Blue Book was issued under the known sponsorship of Spruille Braden, Assistant Secretary of State in charge of American Republic Affairs and, last spring and summer, United States Ambassador to Argentina, who dared to carry directly to the Argentine people the case against Perón's fascism. Perón promptly labeled the Blue Book a tissue of Braden lies procured by Braden bribes and coercions, and proclaimed his campaign a war of "Perón against Braden."

Secretary of State Byrnes's statement that the Blue Book was an official declaration of the United States government, approved by President Truman and himself, failed to make even a dent in Perón's brass and assurance. The fascist campaign ended, characteristically enough, in a roar of outraged Argentine nationalism. Even in printing the election returns, Perón's principal Buenos Aires newspaper, *La Epoca*, listed the tabulations under the headings of "Perón" and "Braden."

Can Argentina belong?

But the Blue Book was not published primarily for its effect on the Argentine election. Its real objective was to counter the effects of a Perón victory on the other Latin American governments, especially with regard to the negotiations for the military mutual assistance treaty.

A conference of the Foreign Ministers of the American republics has been called for this spring to draft a peace and security treaty for the Western Hemisphere. The proposed treaty, among other things, will bind the republics to use their joint armed forces to put down aggressions within the American continents, and under certain circumstances to deal forcibly with threats of aggression.

To this extent, the treaty — actually intended as a permanent form for the wartime security agreement made by the republics at Mexico City last year under the name of the Act of Chapultepec — will have many of the characteristics of a military alliance between the American governments.

Now the United States raises this question in the Blue Book: Can a government with the Argentine regime's fascist record and probable future direction safely be trusted with the security plans and military secrets which necessarily must be shared by a group of governments pledged to the joint defense of the Western Hemisphere? As far back as October the United States made it clear that our government is opposed to signing a mutual military assistance treaty with the other American governments if the Argentine regime is to be a party to it.

The Blue Book is simply Washington's method of dramatizing the seriousness of the issue. It con-

cludes with the statement that Washington looks forward to receiving from the other American states the benefit of their views.

Neighbors on the fence

The issue of excluding Argentina as a Hemisphere security treaty partner has divided the American republics more sharply than any other disagreement since the "Good Neighbor" honeymoon began. All sorts of domestic political considerations and not a few psychological traits have played a part in aligning the views of the Latin American statesmen. Certainly before publication of the Blue Book, the United States would have found it difficult to line up even a bare majority for shutting Argentina out.

Argentina's nearest neighbors, Chile, Bolivia, and Paraguay, either have been too much under Argentine influence, or have been too fearful of the possibilities of trouble with the growing military establishment, to risk a stand for exclusion.

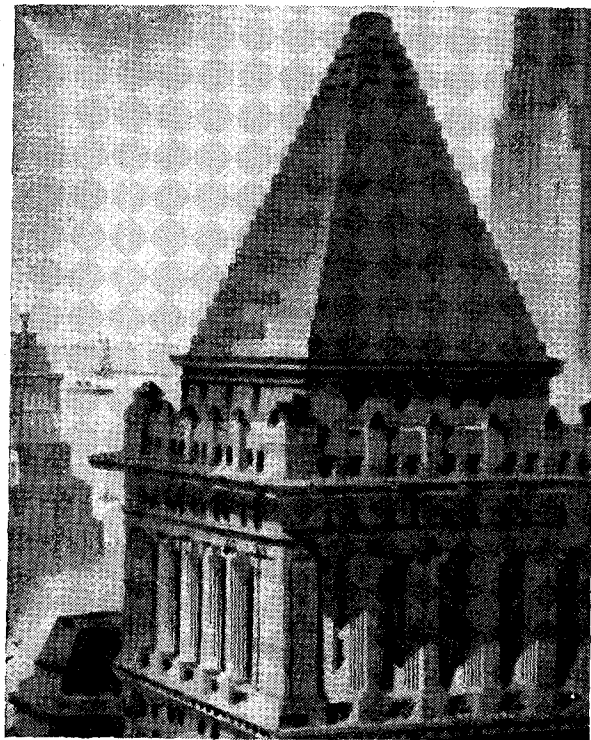
In Brazil, strong political elements close to the ousted dictator, Getulio Vargas, are peeved at the United States for allegedly conniving at Vargas's downfall, and see no reason why Washington should have its way with a neighbor dictator.

Other republics, which are traditionally conscious of the dangers of United States intervention in their internal politics, have rated the censure of the Perón regime as potentially a form of intervention. Still other Latin American statesmen, yearning for relaxation from war tensions, prefer to consider the Argentine problem merely transitory. They have taken the position that if Argentina is treated kindly and admitted as an equal in the security treaty formalities, it will shortly relapse into a merely conventional *caudillo* dictatorship.

The State Department hoped to break the log jam. But before committing themselves finally on the issue of excluding Argentina from the security treaty, cagey Latin American governments were content to wait until the last Argentine ballot had been counted — or miscounted.

Unquestionably, in Latin American countries the Blue Book had the biggest press splurge in the history of inter-American state papers; but in spite of its reception, Washington could not be assured of the answer to the main question. The State Department, however, proposed to go through with the Rio conference, and to go there determined on a showdown.

All that is certain is that the question of fascism in Argentina still dominates inter-American relations. Until that is settled, no Hemisphere security treaty can be framed, and no one can be sure that the inter-American system will survive.



SPECIALIZED BANKING . . . Both as to resources and ability to serve the public, the banks are today in the best position in their history to meet the *specialized* needs of business, large and small . . . The experience of the war has developed new industrial processes—we might almost say, new industries. We face an age of specialization, highly developed techniques, and perhaps narrower margins of profit . . . This means that customers will require from banks a high degree of accurate knowledge of what business is and the kind of financial help each particular business needs. For 42 years the officers of Bankers Trust Company have been selected and trained to render highly specialized service from the customer's viewpoint.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

IF THE advocates of world government would aid in prosecuting the case in favor of the loan to Britain they would be serving their own cause. For the loan to Britain is the entering wedge of "one world" in economic relations. It is thought of simply as a financial transaction or as a political loan. The loan agreement, however, goes much beyond finance.

Ratification of the loan would break up the sterling bloc. This bloc includes all of the British Empire except Canada and Newfoundland; the Middle East, except Syria and Lebanon; British-mandated territories; and British protectorates. During the war the British Treasury administered all dollar exchange originating in the sterling area, allotting to each country a quota of dollars to be spent for essential goods.

Under the terms of the loan, the British would demobilize this bloc, which discriminates against us by restricting dollar purchases, and would trust to open competition with the United States for the capture of export markets.

The gamble is tremendous, and it is no wonder that the British imperialists and the extreme socialists still shrink from it. To the one, the gamble is not worth the sacrifice of the Imperial preference system; to the other, the gamble means a curb on extreme socialism. Some idea of the gamble may be obtained from the fact that the deficit in Britain's foreign trade transactions is running at a rate that would gobble up the loan in two years. The only thing that can save economic Britain is, to use the word of Sir William Beveridge, a "dramatic" increase in man-hour output.

When Senator Vandenberg came back from the first United Nations meeting in London, he spoke of the number of Tories in London who opposed the loan.

This was no news. The Tories have a habit of buttonholing American visitors to London to tell them America ought to keep her money. While the negotiations were under way in Washington, some of these Tories came to America and actually lobbied against the loan. Another contingent is reported to have arrived here to lobby against American ratification.

The Senate's problem is not whether to side with the anti-Government forces in Britain, but whether it is to the advantage of America to end the blocs operating in the name of economic defense and by the same token making economic war. As we saw between wars, that is a way to promote war, not peace.

Many Senators, not thinking of the larger issues, have gone on record against the loan. Senator Wheeler, the most vocal and effective anti, talks in terms of finance, but his opposition is political. He is the apostle of the new isolationism. The State Department is frankly alarmed over ratification prospects.

The Administration is somewhat to blame for the uncertain outlook. Until lately, little effort has been made to educate the people in the meaning of the loan. It is considered too late to remedy the failure to inform the public, and Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson and Assistant Secretary of State William L. Clayton are courting individual Senators.

The United Nations on trial

The cause of the United Nations has less support among Americans than ever before. One reason for the drop in its prestige is the foolishness of the site delegation; another is the obvious isolationism of Russia.

The choice of the 42-square-mile site in New York and Connecticut is much deplored. This site and the temporary headquarters in crowded New York City

These vacuums helped with atomic power

... can they help you win new business?

Atomic particles are studied, split, analyzed only in vacuum. High vacuum.

And nowhere in the world has the art of producing vacuum been so far advanced as in the Rochester, New York plants of DPI.

Here is where laboratory research and manufacturing know-how get together to serve the increasing needs of American industry for vacuums—*high* vacuums. Cheaper "airlessness" in greater volume than ever produced before. Original research in this field has led to many "firsts" of discovery at DPI, and practical production skill has translated these discoveries into better machines and tools for American industry.

To name a few (there'll be more to come): we make over 40 different models of special-purpose pumps, some of them capable of creating vacuums up to 10^{-8} mm. or less than one ten-billionth the density of air; we market concentrates of Vitamins A and E produced by molecular distillation of high vacuum, which have set new standards of industrial practice; we apply the molecular distillation process to a wide variety of industrial uses.

Could this specialized research, this manufacturing know-how be of service to you, to a product or process of yours? We invite your inquiry. A large part of our Service Department's activity has been in helping manufacturers to adapt high-vacuum to their special needs, to the benefit of their business. Complete literature available on request.

DISTILLATION PRODUCTS, INC. *Pioneering High-Vacuum Research*

755 RIDGE ROAD WEST, ROCHESTER 13, NEW YORK

"Headquarters for Oil-Soluble-Vitamins and High Vacuum Equipment"

Copyright 1946, Distillation Products, Inc.



will leave a smell of Manhattan on the United Nations, and Middle Westerners don't like that smell. The site, moreover, is the most expensive in the entire world. It is much too big, and the choice has created the impression among all the delegates and correspondents that the site delegation was intent upon finding a Utopia for the secretariat. Before the United Nations settles in its permanent center, a lot of headaches, legal and otherwise, are bound to arise.

Why the United States remained neutral in the selection is a mystery. We had no policy on the site, either as to country or as to locality. "Hands off" was the motto. At least there should have been guidance for the site delegation. It could have been offered in such a way as not to give offense to the states involved.

This country should do everything it can to further the work and the purposes of the United Nations. One of the first essentials of a more vigorous United Nations policy on our part is an improvement in our representation. The bipartisan delegation does not work very well. Misunderstandings abound — often in public. In theory the idea of bipartisanship is sound. But when there is no harmony as to our policy, when there is no understanding, even within the Administration, of the implications of our policy, bipartisan disagreements weaken our position.

Successor to Ickes

The President helped to offset the criticism of three of his appointments — Pauley, Allen, and Vardaman — when he chose Julius A. Krug for the Department of the Interior. It is generally felt that, of all the candidates considered, he is the most likely to fill the doughty Ickes's shoes.

Krug made his name as power manager of TVA. He will supervise Grand Coulee and Bonneville, though not, of course, TVA, which, to Ickes's disgust, is independent of the Department of the Interior. When he was running WPB during the war, Krug was favorably known as a man who could give a straight answer based on the facts and on a deep and expert knowledge of the way our system ticks.

That Justice William O. Douglas, who was Mr. Truman's first choice as Ickes's successor, did not get the Interior post was welcome to Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone. Stone hates passionately the severance of justices from the Supreme Court for special jobs. He feels that it is undignified and makes for delay in public business. With Robert H. Jackson at Nuremberg, there are eight on the court, and four-to-four decisions have started to appear. Tie votes are unsatisfactory from everybody's point of view. Jackson, who does not expect to be back till May, would return if there were a stalemate on an important case. But he feels that his present assignment is more important than anything else in the world. At any rate, the

Chief Justice put his foot down when it was proposed that Douglas take over Ickes's post.

Food can win the peace

Mr. Truman's present preoccupation is with the world famine, which may upset all the best-laid plans of men and produce chaos and revolution where we least expect it. To no problem does the President give more time, but the hour is very, very late. Mr. Truman feels that it is impossible to restore rationing, and that, except for the measures he has taken under his war powers, the best way for Americans to help is by voluntary reductions in consumption of food.

Certainly a lot can be done by individual saving and the elimination of waste. This country is now eating 30 per cent more than it ate last year, 15 per cent more than it ate in pre-war years. But the real waste in this country lies in the diversion of grain to livestock. Here the farmers can help. Grain, for want of which millions of human beings are dying, is being turned to too many and too big hogs and cattle.

The food crisis is not the fault of the farmer. There is, of course, the price incentive — it is more profitable to turn grain into meat. And the wartime request to the farmers was to do precisely that. The wartime shortage of shipping made it more economical of space to send abroad meat in concentrated form rather than grain. A switch is overdue. There is no excuse to fatten hogs beyond 220 pounds; and since it takes about seven pounds of cereal grain to produce one pound of meat, plenty of saving is possible there.

The chagrin that is felt over the way our government has fallen down on its food commitments abroad is real enough. Why there were no reserves when rationing came to an end is one of those mysteries for which the explanations are legion. Lack of foresight about the winning of the peace is, of course, not limited to Mr. Truman's administration. Under Roosevelt there was little or no stockpiling against the day of liberation. War Food Administrator Marvin Jones, indeed, wanted to wind up the war with no surpluses. Our past neglect is now likened to our military neglect at Pearl Harbor.

The campaign now under way will do more than provide aid for a starving world. It will, the President hopes, rally the country against the black market, which no amount of policing could correct in peacetime. The President is seeking to rally the public conscience as well as public aid.

The President and the press

President Truman pines for the happy days when he had no halo to tend. One of his worst trials is the press conference. F.D.R. made it into a veritable arm of government, and no future President could drop it. But no man could avoid an occasional pitfall in a

One of the
Treasures
 of all time

HARWOOD'S
 Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 Proof

Sole UNITED STATES Importers R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

WASHINGTON (continued)

give-and-take in which every Presidential word is freighted with truly awe-inspiring significance for the world.

The President has made a lot of mistakes at his press conferences, and the trick questioning of reporters anxious for good, even sensational, stories has not helped him. They have profited from the President's tendency to answer too quickly. But now the President is becoming more circumspect, and seems rather proud that he can refuse to be drawn out on delicate matters.

How long the new reconversion team can get along is a doubtful question. The team is composed of businessman John Snyder and New Dealers Chester Bowles and Paul Porter. Porter was called in as Price Administrator from the chairmanship of the Federal Communications Commission, where he performed exceedingly well. He is a vigorous administrator.

Another dynamo among the recruits to the Administration's insiders is Wilson W. Wyatt, Housing Expediter. Wyatt, who inherited all the troubles of a late start, has completely swung the Administration over to his housing program. If it goes through, veterans' housing will constitute virtually all building activity for the next two years. If it does not, Congress will have to answer to the veterans and their families.

The premium payments to the builders stuck in the Congressional craw. "Premium payment" is, of course, a euphemism for "subsidy." But a third of the money would be paid for an incentive for development to plants that are experimenting with building substitutes. Wyatt wants to transform building and also to get rid of feather-bedding.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is highly disturbed about relations with Russia, and Senator Vandenberg's call for firmness was widely applauded. Mr. Byrnes backed him up. Exactly what firmness means is not stated. Saying no to constructive solutions would be stubbornness, not statesmanship. But the Senate objects to the crisis diplomacy seemingly favored at the last meeting of the United Nations by the State Department — the application of poultices as crises occur, on the theory that crises are a hang-over of war.

The big question in Washington is whether Russia will make an overt move in aggression. This dangerous situation in our international relations is not improved by our atomic-bomb diplomacy. Senator McMahon is fighting to keep atomic development out of military hands. He has Mr. Truman's support for making the commission he proposes all-civilian. But the military, recovering their breath after their resounding defeat on the May-Johnson bill, are rallying their forces, and McMahon may have to accept some concession to military security in his bill.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Sir:

For many months I have been following the articles in your good magazine by Edgar L. Jones, whom I consider an outstanding young writer.

In the February issue I believe you have done the nation a great service by publishing his "One War Is Enough." As an ex-serviceman myself, with over three years in the Navy as an officer, I speak for many comrades in saying that Mr. Jones has expressed a very significant point of view relating to the military training problem and to our post-war attitude toward the rest of the world.

B. E. SAWYER
New York City

Sir:

As another implacable enemy of the "Old Guard," I join the ranks of those who say, "One war is enough." I compliment your magazine for publishing Edgar Jones's fearless attack and the more erudite attack following in the same issue, "Where Are We Headed?" by Henry Steele Commager.

As a veteran, I wish to "talk back," too. Although I was a State-side soldier because of physical disqualifications, I saw enough of military life to agree that in most respects it was "undemocratic, stupefying, favor-ridden" — in all, a bad environment.

The world appears to be in the throes of a widespread social conflict. Consciously or unconsciously, the "Status-Quoers," the "Old Guard," seem to be hanging on to their own. So far, the great masses of people, feeling, but unable to express coherently in a clear pattern, a force against the inequalities and insecurities of their environments, follow apathetically the leadership that is offered. Unable to express a plan in dynamic action, these masses still deaden their feelings in what is handed to them by the "Status-Quoers." These deadening factors consist of most commercial motion pictures, cheap literature, advertising, radio propaganda, newspapers of the Hearst level, commercialized religion.

We veterans who see the broad picture of social conflict and can express ourselves do not want another war. We believe the prospective "atom fodder" in many other countries feels as we do.

KARL W. HINKLE
New York City

Sir:

I consider "One War Is Enough" wholly untrue and entirely unworthy of publication. Its author seems to me as almost entirely bereft of even a semblance of true patriotism and equally devoid of qualities justifying him to be classed as an American. Why you would encourage him by paying him for such a scurrilous piece of fiction is something I can't even begin to understand, and why you would publish his slander, even if he presented his composition to you, passeth my comprehension.

ERNEST S. HARRINGTON
Dallas, Tex.

Sir:

Edgar L. Jones has made some extracurricular remarks which ought not to go unchallenged.

It was not the business of the Army and Navy during the war "to strike a clean blow for democracy by setting an example in non-discrimination against Negroes." It was the business of the Army and Navy to win the war, without multiplying their internal problems of administering a principle which the country as a whole, at peace, cannot resolve.

It was not the business of the Army and Navy during the war "to curb the dangerous rise of anti-labor sentiment among our men in uniform, or anti-Jewish prejudices." It was the business of the Army and Navy to win the war, without adding to the tremendous job of training men at new skills the task of spreading controversial propaganda, or even of combating racial prejudices, except as incidental to organizing a smoothly functioning group. This job should have had and did have high priority over the inculcation of democratic principles. Military in-

Atlantic Repartee

doctrination is excellent training to develop the ability of an individual to work effectively in a group, be he leader or follower.

Distinction between officers and men exists. The idea of rank, though theoretically foreign to a democracy, is certainly not confined to the services. In civilian life its evidences and prerogatives are economic rather than symbolic, but it exists and it is not always justly assigned.

LT. CHARLES P. PRICE, USNR
FPO, New York City

Sir:

I have been intending for some time to write an appreciation of the *Atlantic*. I first began receiving the publication when I was flying from Guam with a B-29 Group, about a year ago. Isolation from the current of contemporary thinking was rather complete there, and the *Atlantic* went far toward filling the need I felt for identification with that current.

It was his extraordinarily discerning article on Tarawa which first impressed me with the work of Edgar L. Jones. No other correspondent I knew approached his comprehension and expression of the meaninglessness and hopelessness of the life led by those men who held down, and indeed are still holding down, those islands which the war abandoned, from Guadalcanal to the Marshalls.

Certainly Mr. Jones is to be congratulated for calling the attention of *Atlantic* readers to the facts about American war crimes which many a Pacific veteran already well knows. All the more puzzling, in the light of Mr. Jones's comprehension of these atrocities and their justification, is his failure to appreciate the necessity for certain injustices and inequalities he describes.

Now I find myself in sharper disagreement with him on his stand on peacetime conscription. His hatred of the Army Way—which is to say, the military way in any service—has obscured, it seems to me, his usual clear thinking. If he is making a straight report on GI gripes, he should make it clear that these are often as unreasonable as are some of their causes. All such things are relative: in one area enlisted men of the Navy may bitterly gripe about their officers' canopied theater, when at the same time on the same island wounded men of the Marine Corps are equally bitter about the lack of cots in their hospitals. Perhaps the former are justified; I was never able to sympathize wholeheartedly.

Inequalities in the distribution of supplies of all kinds among the various services are a little-mentioned but significant cause for the support, among certain of the military, of a merger of the armed forces. Mr. Jones's picture of officers' special privilege is exaggerated, if my experience is any criterion. I have seen all of his catalogue of abuses, but

I have never seen all or most of them at any one post, nor have I seen any of them more than occasionally present.

And his inference that the armed forces are at fault for creating a glut of mechanics, chauffeurs, and radar operators ignores a fact I am sure he very well appreciates: that the winning of the war demanded the creation of that glut. Certainly he knows there wasn't time to make a seasoned engineer of every mechanic, radio operator, and truck driver.

When he says no attempt was made by the War Department to correct the rumor that Negroes were cowardly, he ignores the fine documentary film, *The Negro Soldier*, one of the must items in the training-film series. And he ignores the extraordinary effort of some of the Army's higher brass to get Negro officers and men into aerial combat—an effort which met more determined opposition, I suspect, in Congress than in the War Department.

In his statement that the Army joined readily in Senator Taft's pre-election plan to bar political reading from troops, he ignores the many protests which Washington brass registered at the time. Congress made the possibility of unwitting commission of the crime so great and the penalty so severe that it should not seem surprising that the War Department, though hardly willingly, enforced the rule perhaps more rigidly than had been intended.

It will seem that it is very easy for an ex-Army man to say it was the Navy which practiced so extensively the abuses to which Mr. Jones refers. Yet one is driven to believe that its exaggerated distinctions between "officers and men," a distinction which sometimes amuses the latter, have created much of the objection that is heard. The Navy's rigid policy of excluding non-college men from its officer ranks, its greater discrimination against Negroes, the wider gap between commissioned and enlisted facilities and privileges, the unnecessary elegance of even forward area appointments for Navy officers, all aroused envy and/or enmity in its own enlisted personnel, and among officers and men of the Marine Corps and Army.

It may very well be that the United Nations will be so successful that no nation need ever again concern itself with the machines and techniques of mass murder. No effort to that end would be too great. But I haven't so complete an assurance yet that war cannot come that I am willing to see the United States military installation become inadequate to meet not only its possible demands but even its present commitments. Since extension of the draft, a peacetime conscription of youth, and the expenditure of much money and effort are necessary to meet those needs, then meet them we must, by all these or any other rational means.

ROSS H. SNYDER
New York City

Sir:

One vote against peacetime conscription and for "One War Is Enough." I was pleasantly amazed at

the good sense and strong courage of the editors of the *Atlantic* for allowing, at so early a date, the true color of war stripped bare to dominate six pages of rugged reading.

Reprints of this stirring article should be sent to all Legion Posts and be read from every pulpit in the land.

FREDERIC WHITING PATCH
Framingham, Mass.

Sir:

On November 10 I wrote you asking why the *Atlantic Monthly* had not carried an article, or articles, against peacetime conscription, since you had published an article favoring it. You wrote on November 15 that you had not secured a satisfactory article but that you would keep on trying. Well, you certainly have succeeded. Thank you for "One War Is Enough." It is the most powerful argument against peacetime conscription that I have read.

REV. FRANK A. HAMILTON
Trinity Methodist Church
Evansville, Ind.

● Naturally no two persons saw the war, or even their segments of it, in the same way. I tried in my article to summarize what I had seen and heard in North Africa, at eighteen military installations in this country, on seventeen islands in the Pacific, and aboard three troop transports, two aircraft carriers, a cruiser, destroyer, command ship, seaplane tender, and countless smaller craft. If other men have found that my generalities did not fit their particular experiences, I applaud their timely corrections and also their good fortune in having served with outstanding officers and men. As an American and the father of a young boy, I am greatly encouraged by the slightest bits of evidence that some men discovered military training to be, in the words of the advocates of conscription, a fine education for "democracy and life." But from the letters, not for publication, which servicemen have sent to me personally, I remain convinced that my observations were pretty much those of the unvocal majority.

Those readers who construed my article as an attack on the decency of American manhood missed the whole point. I used American atrocities only as effective proof of the degenerating influence of war on all men, regardless of race, creed, color, or democratic background. I cannot blame the home front for being shocked, because censorship regulations during the war banned any mention of our own acts of bestiality, but anyone who knows war will assure the ivory-towered unbelievers that there was little room for Christian integrity in battle. The issue was not what Americans or any other troops did, but what the war did to them. — EDGAR L. JONES

"How Dangerous Is the Public Debt?"

Sir:

Mr. Barnes says in his article in the February *Atlantic*, "How Dangerous Is the Public Debt?" that



Had Never Written a Line. Sells Article Before Completing Course

"Before completing the N.I.A. course, I sold a feature to Screenland Magazine for \$50. That resulted in an immediate assignment to do another for the same magazine. After gaining confidence with successive feature stories, I am now working in fiction field. Previous to enrolling, I had never written a line for publication nor seriously expected to do so." — Gene E. Levant, 116 West Ave., Los Angeles 28, Cal.

What Makes WRITING ability GROW?

For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving free Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas — and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination, but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack — yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior. In each case, success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided — incomplete. It needs rounding out.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on journalism — continuous writing — the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Many of the authors of today's "best sellers" are newspaper-trained men and women.

One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week, you receive actual assignments just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time, they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100, or more, for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

NOTICE TO CANADIANS

Newspaper Institute's operations in Canada have been approved by the Foreign Exchange Control Board. To facilitate all financial transactions, a special permit has been assigned to their account with The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal.

For those who want to know— Free writing aptitude test

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is free — entirely without obligation. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.)

VETERANS: This course approved for Veterans' Training

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in *Atlantic Monthly*, April.

Miss
Mrs. {
Mr.

Address.....

() Check here if you are eligible under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.
28-D-436

Copyright 1946 Newspaper Institute of America

Atlantic Repartee

I held the view that since "we owe it to ourselves" the public debt cannot be a burden no matter how large. This is wrong. Read Chapter IX in my *Fiscal Policy and Business Cycles*, and also Appendix A, Reply to Moulton, in my *State and Local Finance in the National Economy*.

That "we owe it to ourselves" and not to England, for example, is indeed enormously important, but I have never held that therefore the debt does not matter. The debt has both good and bad effects, which we need to appraise. It *may* be a real burden, depending upon how the bond holdings are distributed and who pays the taxes.

ALVIN H. HANSEN
Belmont, Mass.

Sir:

The difference between my interpretation of Professor Hansen's position and his own seems to hinge on a point of semantics. I did *not* attribute to him the view that the size of the public debt doesn't matter, or that its economic and social effects are only good. I *did* say that he believed that, *from the point of view of the national economy as a whole*, an internally held debt is not a burden. That Professor Hansen has maintained this can, I believe, be shown by quotation from his writings. For example:—

Still another common misconception is that the taxation required to service an internal debt is a drain on the total purchasing power of the national economy. . . . To see that such is not the case we have only to ask where the money goes when interest or principal payments are made. Obviously, it goes right back into the system, to the holders of the bonds. Some of these, in varying degrees, will be the same people who have paid the taxes; but at all events no purchasing power is lost. . . . The income of the community as a whole, available for expenditure on goods and services, is neither higher nor lower than it would be if there were no public debt. ("The Federal Debt and the Future," *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1942.)

I believe this line of reasoning definitely implies that whether the public debt is \$1.00, 50 billion dollars, 500 billion dollars, or more, the purchasing power available to the nation as a whole is unchanged. This is what I meant when I attributed to Professor Hansen the view that "the public debt, no matter how large it is, cannot be a burden to the nation as a whole because we who *owe* the debt also *own* it."

The point I tried to make in my article was simply that this whole position is a rather meaningless tautology, and, as such, superfluous to the liberal position on the public debt which both Professor Hansen and I support. I certainly did not intend to suggest that persons who had affirmed this tautology also favored continuous and infinite deficit spending.

I have yet to discover anyone who, when pinned down, actually favors such a policy.

LEO BARNES
New York City

"What About Church Unity?"

Sir:

I read with great interest Bernard Iddings Bell's article, "What About Church Unity?" in the January *Atlantic*. At last someone has had the courage to make the position of the dissenting churches clear. We hear so much of Roman tyranny and Protestant bigotry that it is refreshing to get a clear, unbiased picture of the situation.

Mr. Bell is to be commended on his handling of the Roman Catholic position. He made it clear that we of that faith are not opposed to coöperation between the various Christian sects because of any traditional animosity towards these sects, but because of the very nature of Roman Catholic doctrine. The strength and unity of the Roman Church lies in its unswerving policy against change in matters of principle. It claims to be in direct descent from Peter, and the only true teacher of Christ's doctrine. To enter into a Federation of Churches and bargain with them on which principles it is willing to concede to effect a reconciliation would be disastrous. It must remain aloof, but it can give moral support to any movement that has as its end the reawakening of Christianity in a world headed for ruin in the hands of the so-called "Liberals."

GEORGE GENT
New York City

Sir:

Bernard Iddings Bell has so excellently emphasized "the traditional Christianity common to both Catholicism and historic Protestantism," and has so penetratingly described Liberalism as another religion whose basic appreciation of nature, man, and God is essentially incompatible with the Catholic creed, that it is annoyingly disconcerting to have him make in his fine, positive, and incisive style serious misstatements. How can so learned a writer say: "Almost all the non-Roman Christian bodies have membership and coöperate in these federations [The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America], with a few exceptions of which the Southern Baptists and the Lutherans are the only large ones"?

The United Lutheran Church in America, with a confirmed membership, as of December 31, 1944, of 1,284,806, coöperates with the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America in every major phase of the Council's activities. The United Lutheran Church has three members on the Executive Committee of the Council; has members on three standing committees of the Council's Executive Committee—namely, the Advisory Committee, the Nominating Committee, and the Publications Committee; and has members on the directive committees of nine of the departments conducted by the Federal Council.

It is true that these members do not, by their denomination's action, have a vote on any question, but they do have a voice, and they are pledged to interpret the spirit of the United Lutheran Church to the Council, and of the Council to the United Lutheran Church.

While it may be a popular belief in ecclesiastical circles in America, certainly, Professor Bell knows better than to write: "Of all the churches, *only* [italics mine] the Roman Catholic Church has today what approaches an inner unity, a unity enforced by iron discipline which tolerates no contradictions." Without wishing to be acrimonious, or to inquire if a true inner unity can ever be enforced by iron discipline, every accurately informed person knows that there is a vital evangelical and confessional unity in the Lutheran Church. It is because of this strong and truly inner unity of the Lutheran Church that Professor Theodore G. Tappert of Philadelphia can write: "The Lutheran Church will bear increasing testimony in the Councils of American Christianity because Lutheranism is in its very nature ecumenical rather than sectarian and because American Protestantism as a whole is becoming more sober and realistic as it veers away from the earlier visionary program for a 'reunion of Christendom.'"

RUSSELL W. STINE
Muhlenberg College
Allentown, Pa.

Sir:

In a time when so much soothing sentiment is appearing in print ("There are no atheists in fox-holes," "the return to spiritual values," and so on), you have done thoughtful Christians a real service by publishing Dr. Bell's article. I have read a number of his books, and admire him because he is too honest, and too much the genuine prophet, to be a diplomat. In his article he put his finger on the fundamental question confronting Christianity—whether the faith is to survive in reality or in name. Despite their often admirable intentions and emotions, the neo-Christians owe their primary loyalty to the faith of Inevitable Progress and Pulling Yourself Up by Your Bootstraps; Christianity is for them a set of symbols, or a convenient vocabulary for expressing an attitude toward life that at many points is in direct contradiction to what Christianity has meant to most Christians throughout the centuries—and to Christ.

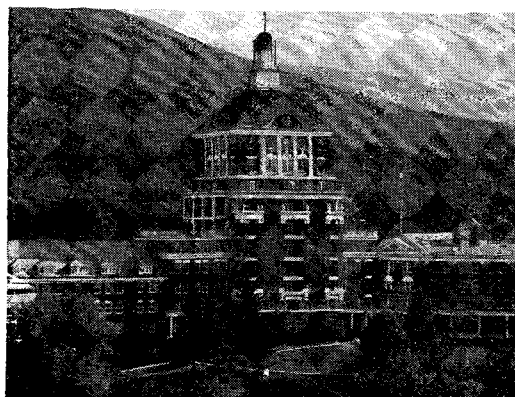
These words of praise do not come from a Fundamentalist. I have long been aware that the earth is round, and that it was created long before 4004 B.C. The issue is not between the people who believe the Bible from cover to cover, and those who have heard of Darwin. It is between the Modernists, who turned Christianity into a sentimental fable, and the people who are fighting to preserve the deeper insights and ultimately more fruitful truths of real Christianity.

CHAD WALSH
Beloit, Wis.

Sir:

There are all too few sympathetic and forceful critics within the church. However, I cannot agree with Dr. Bell when he seems to question whether

INVITATION TO SPRINGTIME



Springtime is the irresistible season at Virginia Hot Springs, when the dogwood and the Judas tree bloom again and the whole world comes alive once more. Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va., or our N. Y. office in the Waldorf.

THE
Homestead
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

Talked with a Mountain Lately?



If you have—and it was a
New Hampshire mountain
—it probably said:

**NEW
HAMPSHIRE**

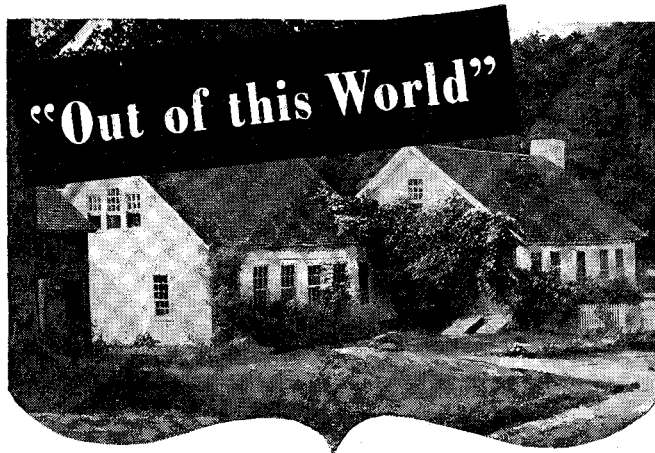
Come, climb to my peak and see spread at your feet a wonderland of lakes, streams and rolling hills . . . listen to the laughing streams that tumble down my sides . . . feast your eyes, refresh your mind.

Come and see us this Summer. You can swim, sail, fish, tramp or just plain loaf. Send now for your FREE Vacation-planning booklet, full of pictures and facts. Write



State Planning & Development Comm.
530 Capitol Street
Concord, N. H.

Send me the FREE Illustrated 1946 Vacation Booklet.



... life in your Vermont Summer home

Real living, this ... a country place of your own ... nestling among the hills or by the lakes of the scenic Green Mountains! If you've sampled the "Vermont way of life" through a vacation sojourn, you are probably already yearning for more of the country fun and graceful living that Vermont provides ... through a blending of the right scenes and the right people.

FREE BOOKS — For vacation guidance, ask for free booklet, "Unspoiled Vermont." For home-ownership opportunities, ask for "Farm and Summer Home Book."

Vermont Development Commission, 45 State House, Montpelier, Vermont



BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

June 28 - August 10, 1946

Prof. Reginald L. Cook, Middlebury College
Director

"Bread Loaf is a Mountain, an Inn, and a School."

Bread Loaf, situated in the heart of the Green Mountains, offers an unusual opportunity for advanced study of literature combined with recreation in a beautiful mountain playground. The School offers graduate courses, leading to a master's degree, in English and American literature, literary history, and play production. Special attention is paid to the needs of teachers of English. The instructing staff is nationally known.

Splendid mountain scenery, healthful out-of-doors activities, and an informal friendly atmosphere create an environment in which students, teachers, and writers find new inspiration and professional guidance.

Bulletins and further information will gladly be sent by

The Language Schools Office
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

"much good can come from a healing" of the divisions between denominations. Neither can I agree with him that "most of the denominations coöperate satisfactorily and increasingly in good works." With differing creeds, leaders, traditions, administrations, and organizations, it is, unfortunately, not that simple, even though admittedly good progress is being made. Moreover, because there are no "short cuts to corporate union," it is all the more important to do first things first, which means starting with coöperation.

We cannot wait for organic unity or for the time necessary to bridge the various denominational "schisms," to which Dr. Bell makes reference. We must start where we are, with what we have, and where leaders and laymen will begin. In coöperation, the conciliar method is a constructive answer for the churches, by which they may undertake certain corporate tasks together on the community level. This approach was devised by the denominations and churches themselves, to specialize in doing together those things which none can do so well alone. This method creates a functional unity which radiates great Christian power and influence. It also preserves Protestant Christian freedom, the importance of which Dr. Bell seems to minimize.

ELLIS H. DANA
Executive Vice-President
Wisconsin Council of Churches
Madison, Wis.

From Holland

Sir:

I recently had occasion to have a look in some American periodicals, among them your widely distributed magazine. After so many years of suppression of free opinion, it was quite a revelation! So many pages thick, a contents up to date and worth reading, so many interesting pictures, so many tempting announcements, partly colored, inviting us to all kinds of delicious things and reminding us of the good old days, long, long ago.

"American-minded" as I am, I was eagerly tempted to subscribe to your magazine, for none of the present publications in my country can stand comparison with yours; but, unfortunately, there are several obstacles preventing me from doing so: —

1. The legal stipulations as to foreign financial transactions do not permit the remittance of Dutch money to foreign countries.

2. The recent measures for the reorganization of our currency are practically compelling us to restrict our expenses to the strict minimum cost of living. Thus, I even cannot afford to pay the subscription fee, however small the amount may be.

In spite of this, would there not be however a possibility to receive your magazine regularly? If, for instance, one of your numerous readers would be willing to send me a copy every time after having read it himself. In return, I am gladly disposed to send stamps for collection or something else in which he is particularly interested, to make inquiries, to supply economical, financial, or political information.

M. LAMERS
Egidiusstraat 35 III
Amsterdam W., Holland

It's Easy to BE WELL READ with OMNIBOOK

EXAMINE A COPY—FREE!

- ★ ENJOY THE HEART OF FOUR OUTSTANDING BOOKS EACH MONTH
- ★ READ CURRENT BEST-SELLING BOOKS IN GENEROUS ABRIDGEMENTS
- ★ BE FAMILIAR WITH THE ESSENTIAL SUBSTANCE OF NEW BOOKS

EACH month OMNIBOOK's editors study new books of all types that are being widely discussed, and then select **FOUR** of the most entertaining and informative. They extract the essence of each book in abridgements averaging 100 book pages.

Then all four full-bodied, lengthy abridgements are printed in OMNIBOOK, a handy, easy-reading, pocket-size magazine *now in its eighth year of publication.*

Readers and authors alike are delighted with OMNIBOOK abridgements. Each book is reduced in length through selection of the significant parts in the author's own words, thus retaining the style and vital content of the original. No re-writing, summarizing, or digesting is done to prepare books for



OMNIBOOK. The story of a work of fiction or the essential facts in a work of non-fiction are retained as the author himself conceived them.

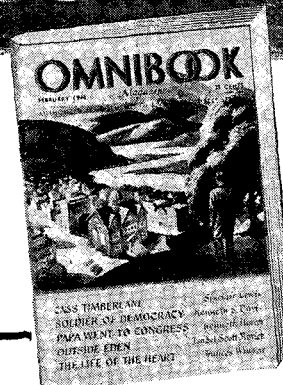
JOIN THOUSANDS OF OTHERS

As an OMNIBOOK subscriber you will join many thousands who are saving time and money on new books that *no well-informed person can afford to miss . . .* you will banish embarrassing apologies for having missed a popular book which your friends are discussing . . . you will be assured of receiving an expert monthly selection of the world's finest new books abridged for your easy reading. A special feature is "Back of the Book," Bennett Cerf's lively and amusing column of literary anecdotes.

No wonder typical readers say: "OMNIBOOK is an ideal magazine for busy people." And, "OMNIBOOK rates first place in our reading." And, "I know of no better way to keep up with current books."

TRY OMNIBOOK AT OUR RISK!

Start now to enjoy OMNIBOOK's planned reading service, and make a saving over its regular annual cost of \$4.00. Accept the introductory offer below at a *specially reduced price to NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.* Send no money now—just mail coupon below to start enlarging your reading pleasure TODAY.



SOME BIG BEST-SELLERS OMNIBOOK HAS RUN in unique abridgements are listed below. Issues you will enjoy as an OMNIBOOK subscriber will include equally informative and entertaining books of months to come.

THE BLACK ROSE, Thomas B. Costain
BRAVE MEN, Ernie Pyle
THE WHITE TOWER,

James Ramsey Ullman
CANNERY ROW, John Steinbeck

THREE O'CLOCK DINNER,
Josephine Pinckney

UP FRONT, Bill Mauldin
A. WOOLLCOTT: HIS LIFE AND HIS

WORLD, Samuel Hopkins Adams
A BELL FOR ADANO, John Hersey

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCE,
Gene Fowler

THE LOST WEEKEND, Charles Jackson
BLACK BOY, Richard Wright

PLEASANT VALLEY, Louis Bromfield
LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN,

Ben Ames Williams
TRY AND STOP ME, Bennett Cerf

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET,
Elizabeth Goudge

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER
SMITH, Bruce Marshall

7 SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER \$2
MONTHS for only 2

28 BEST-SELLERS IN TIME-SAVING FORM—Send the coupon, without any money. At once the current OMNIBOOK will come to you. Read it from cover to cover. If you are not delighted with the first issue you receive, tell us within ten days and your enrollment will be cancelled without question.

If you are completely satisfied, pay only \$2 for a full *seven months* of OMNIBOOK service, bringing you the vital content of **TWENTY-EIGHT** significant books, including many of the best-selling books of the day.

Mail the coupon, without money, **TODAY.**

FREE EXAMINATION REQUEST

OMNIBOOK MAGAZINE,
76 Ninth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

AT1

Send me the latest monthly issue of OMNIBOOK. If I am not delighted with it, I will so advise you within ten days, and I will owe you nothing. Otherwise I will remit \$2 for a full *seven months* of OMNIBOOK service on receipt of your bill.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



Long Distance is catching up too

More Long Distance calls go through as you hold the wire. Long delays are fewer.

The service is getting better, but we've still got a good way to go before we get back to pre-war service.

Once we catch up with that, we'll keep right on going and try to make the record even better.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 177

NUMBER 4

APRIL, 1946

89th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

THE GERMANS IN ARGENTINA

by SPRUILLE BRADEN

GERMANY laid eyes on South America nearly a century ago and found it good. One of the first to raise his voice against Pan-Germany's early board of strategy was President Domingo Sarmiento, Argentina's great democrat. In 1882 when most of the world was still unaware of what was in the minds of the Prussians, Sarmiento reviewed Germany's overseas ambitions and warned that the German settlements getting a foothold in Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and southern Brazil would one day become powerful and dangerous colonies of men and women devoted not to their new land but to the Fatherland.

Twenty-five years later Professor Walther Sievers of Giessen University said: "If the German Empire proposes to reconquer the position of a ruling power in the world . . . then let its aim be to acquire a decisive influence in the region where such influence is still possible, namely, in South America, and this not merely by occupying territory . . . but by forming there a base of operations, of a financial, politico-commercial, industrial and even — in case of necessity — military nature, for the State of

SPRUILLE BRADEN graduated from Yale in 1914 with a degree in mining engineering, and for the next fifteen years he was busily engaged as a miner, engineer, and financier in both Latin America and the United States. In 1932 he was one of those entrusted with the operation of the Good Neighbor policy. He was our Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Chaco Peace Conference, 1935-1939, and represented President Roosevelt as arbitrator in the final settlement of war between Bolivia and Paraguay; he was our Ambassador to Colombia (1939-1941), to Cuba (1941-1945), and then to Argentina, where, breaking all diplomatic precedents, he openly opposed the fascist tendencies in Buenos Aires. After Secretary Byrnes took office, Mr. Braden was appointed Assistant Secretary of State in charge of American Republic Affairs.

South America, against the increasing avidity of the United States."

It is unfortunate that this simple declaration of purpose was not well known in the United States and the other American republics until it was published in 1941 in a book of such quotations, *Thus Speaks Germany*. If German ambition in the Western Hemisphere had been better understood by Americans, North and South, we should have been saved a great deal of confusion about what is popularly called the Argentine problem. It would have established for us a perspective in which the role of Latin America as a neighbor and as a partner in defensive war might have been much clearer.

German settlements and German expansion on the American continent proceeded slowly, methodically, in effective application of the German plan. Nothing was left to chance. Money was freely spent, merchandise was moved, ground was tilled, schools were built, travel was encouraged, techniques and studies were exchanged until German blood and German brains became dominant in many strategic areas. In time actual German provinces came into being in these localities of South America, each province with the language and the tradition of the Fatherland. If they seemed to be exotic foreign colonies to the Latin Americans living near them, they were only normal extensions of the German soil so far as their industrious inhabitants were concerned. Thus there took shape a kind of tenuous German dominion reaching from the Brazilian coast south of Rio de Janeiro to the Chaco, hard against the Andean foothills; another embracing southern Chile; and smaller but economically important centers from La Paz to Buenos Aires. There were others farther north.

Copyright 1946, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The organization of German immigrants into strong points for a transatlantic Germany went forward without much effort at concealment. A special law was passed at home for the settlement of emigrants in South America. Industries, banks, research centers, schools, and clubs were organized frankly for the purpose of penetration. Germans going abroad were taught that they belonged to a superior race whose destiny it was to rule. In the German mind and in German official action the Latin population of South America to a large extent was ignored. Only where policy made it practical did the Germans acknowledge that they were guests, although they lived within the borders of American nations already established in their own traditions and institutions.

When the German dream of empire, feeding on itself, burst over the world in 1914, it was understood in Berlin that South America would become one of four German colonies. There seems little doubt that a German victory in the war would have presented Latin Americans with Teutonic masters. Richard Tannenberg, the apostle of Greater Germany, had already proposed conquest of the territories of "backward" peoples by the "superior" races. His famous blueprint called for the inclusion of twelve million Latin Americans into a German Empire. It was largely for such an empire that Germany fought World War I.

Immediate German influence over South America dropped sharply during World War I. Commercial, political, and cultural ties were broken. The movement of capital stopped. German colonization came to a standstill. The United States and her allies took advantage of this situation to improve their own positions, and for several years were oblivious to the fact that the Germans were quietly moving again toward their dream of colonizing and controlling South America.

The world was interested in reconstruction after the First World War, as now. People wanted to forget the fighting and its causes. There was forgiveness in the air, then mellowness. But the minds of the German empire-makers never rested. There was a new science called geopolitics. To the philosophy of von Clausewitz, who held that Germany's sacred task was to "civilize" other peoples, was added a kind of scientific jargon that fascinated the beer-hall rowdies now beginning to call themselves Nazis. The triumphant Nazis took such easygoing institutions as the Pan-German League, the various Overseas Institutes, and the German diplomatic corps and breathed into them the fire of their ideology. The Nazi Party gave von Clausewitz vigor and direction, turning what had been a cumbersome reaching outward from Germany into a real spearhead of penetration with the assault power of a Panzer army.

Rudolf Hess, Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, General Wilhelm Faupel, and other Nazi leaders organized an agitation for "the protection of German minorities abroad" and for the militant incorporation of emi-

grant Germans into the National Socialist Party. They created new *Gemeinschaften* to organize Germans overseas, browbeating, threatening, blackmailing those who resisted. Franz Fahnemann exclaimed excitedly in a journal designed to discipline Nazi schoolteachers: "Thirty-five million Germans live outside the German Reich's borders as German minorities in foreign countries. Therefore, we are not a nation of sixty-five million people; we are a nation of one hundred million!" As the homeland steeped itself in emotion it pointed again to Germans in South America — this time with sharp, sinister intent. Race hate replaced race intolerance. Terror replaced persuasion. All German life abroad as well as at home was forced into uniform to be made a weapon of aggression. A startling conception of force was born: the political, industrial, military Nazi state.

2

HITLER's Pan-German strategists found British and American business interests well entrenched in South America. They found also a new, enlightened United States policy beginning to bring the countries of the Hemisphere together in the sense of its common purpose and common destiny.

The Third Reich moved. It brought its colonies under discipline. It appealed to every susceptible local prejudice, fanned every flame of narrow nationalism, bribed and bullied in an effort to create chaos in South America. The Reich increased its business methodically until it became an important part of the economy of many key countries. Chemical companies, metal industries, electrical firms overshadowed British and in some cases even American business. Nazi Germany extended its control as far as it was able, and where it could not control, it opened a vicious propaganda campaign against the Yankee, with the aim of marking *him* as the power to be feared.

German colonies in Latin America were brought under the control of the Nazi Party by means of various instruments, the most effective of which seemed to be the "Overseas Branch" of the Party. This organization operated its own police system, its own intelligence service, its own collection agencies and strong-arm squads. German employees were forced or persuaded into the Party labor front. If they didn't belong they couldn't work for German firms. That would have meant starvation for most of them.

Housewives, school children, teachers, technicians, farmers — all had their choice of joining the Party and doing its bidding, or facing Party discipline. Some were brutally beaten. If they had relatives in Germany, they were reminded of that fact. If they failed to cooperate immediately, they were cut off from German consular services, they were social outcasts, their businesses were boycotted. If this sounds strange to those familiar with less aggressive

German communities in the United States, remember that in parts of Brazil, Chile, and Argentina only German is spoken, only German business is done, and in some cases a local German postal service carries the mails.

Since Nazism itself was spawned in social and political confusion, and since its best chance of duplicating itself in the guise of a domestic movement lay in creating confusion within the various American nations, it early began the labor of political agitation. Using local nationalist mouthpieces, it screamed for revolution or reaction, justice or injustice, with equal fervor. It used the same techniques and to some extent the same individuals it had found effective in Germany and in neighboring European countries earmarked for conquest. The classic Quisling example has had its counterparts wherever the Nazi system reached.

The most cynical methods were employed without hesitation. Belligerent patriotism was encouraged in countries the inhabitants of which Germany had held in almost official contempt for generations. Races stamped by German empire-makers as inferior were persuaded to assert themselves to the damage of the domestic peace. Some of this agitation was delicately subtle. Some was crude. Dilettante audiences discussed a mystic *falange* mission in the Gothic Spanish tradition while, outside on the street, gangs of hoodlums, paid out of the same Nazi till, broke shop fronts. Nothing was left undone to persuade wealthy South Americans that their investments and savings were endangered by a wave of bolshevism sweeping the "decadent democracies"; at the same time the young, the landless, and the desperate were organized to take what they could by force. It was a thorough campaign of confusion full of unconfused purpose.

At about the time Hitler brought the Nazi Party triumphantly into power in Germany a boundary dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay broke into war. The Chaco quarrel had sputtered for years like a fuse alongside a powder keg. When the flame appeared, the United States, in concert with other nations of the Western Hemisphere, moved to extinguish it. Before it had exploded the tense republics surrounding it, the war was brought to a close by mediation, and finally settled by arbitration. A peace treaty was signed July 21, 1938; and the final disposition of the boundary was left to the presidents of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, the United States, and Uruguay as "arbitrators in equity."

Agreement was reached despite obstacles thrown in the path of peaceful settlement by German and Italian diplomats. Even ridicule was brought to bear on the peacemakers. A disastrous general conflict had been avoided, the kind of war that Germany had hoped would rend the Hemisphere asunder and make impossible the nearly united front with which she was later faced. At the settlement, Secretary of State Cordell Hull sent word to the Argentine Congress: "There is . . . no other single event that

could have had as beneficial and happy an effect on inter-American relations."

3

BUT there were other factors playing into Germany's hand. From the earliest days of German emigration, the temperate climate, the tolerant democratic institutions, and the solid European background of Argentina made it a favored land. It is not by accident that the heavy German settlement in the very heart of subtropical Argentina is called by the emigrants *El Dorado*. More Germans lived farther north in the Brazilian provinces, but in a much larger total population they exercised slightly less influence. Argentina was a rich and friendly country. German business prospered. German society spread its wings. German culture found appreciative devotees. German technical efficiency, industrial and military, found enthusiastic imitators. German military instructors returning home from tours of duty with the Argentine Army spread through Germany the fame of Argentina, and Argentine military students and observers with the German Army returned the compliment. There grew an association that bore inevitably its fruit.

Like other basically democratic countries, Argentina has developed slowly toward political maturity — sometimes clearly and consciously with wise leadership and enthusiastic teamwork, sometimes obscurely under trying conditions. It is hard to say how much confusion here was the result of natural development — growing pains — and how much stemmed from the twin evils of Fascism and Nazism in Europe. But the result is obvious. Despite the appearance of men of strong democratic ideals like President Roberto Ortiz, whose influence had hardly begun to be felt when he died, Argentina presented a political atmosphere perfectly suiting the purposes of German Nazis, a counterpart of the international atmosphere cleansed by the Chaco peace.

President Ortiz, aware of the menace with which he must deal, outlawed the German National Socialist Party in Argentina by presidential decree in 1939. Streets no longer echoed with the boots of marching storm troopers; the cry "Heil Hitler!" was stilled; the swastika banners came down. There was silence — an ominous silence. The Nazi Party had gone underground. In 1941 the Argentine Chamber of Deputies discovered a German block, cell, and strong-point system in their country in full operation under Nazi discipline. The 164 organizations in Argentina controlled by the German Nazi Party through its overseas channels continued in the same offices, under the same Berlin-appointed leaders. The Nazi Party had become the Circle of German Benevolent and Cultural Societies.

It was a change in name only. The deception is important. First, it demonstrates the tenacity and resolute purpose behind the German penetration of

South America. And second, it indicates the contempt in which Nazi-inspired Germans held the people of Argentina and their institutions. With amazement and a sense of frustration, those people watched one proscribed German organization after another appear under a new name. Some of the disguises have been ludicrously thin. The German paper *Deutsche La Plata Zeitung*, banned comparatively recently, actually appeared on the streets again as *El Zeitung*. Were it not for the tragic consequences in American and other lives lost, in aid and comfort furnished a deadly enemy, and in a nation turned against its own best traditions, this chapter might be almost comic.

4

IT HAS been determined by investigations made by the Argentine government itself that the Nazi framework erected in Argentina by organizers from Berlin included powerful commercial and financial institutions, a vast and enterprising propaganda system, social and cultural centers, more than two hundred schools, military liaison with the Argentine armed forces, and an efficient intelligence system. These activities were financed partly from Berlin through the German Embassy in Buenos Aires, partly by contributions extorted from German businessmen in Argentina, partly by voluntary contributions and by the natural surplus of well-conducted commercial affairs in good times in a prosperous country. They were directed partly by attachés of the German Embassy sent to Buenos Aires for the purpose, partly by special agents of the Nazi Party and the Wehrmacht commuting between Berlin and Buenos Aires by German-Italian airlines and neutral steamship lines, partly by agents and directors disguised as legitimate business representatives. They utilized the services of thugs and bravos recruited from the Nazi-dominated German colonies of Argentina. In the beginning there was some resistance among local Germans, as there was in the old German diplomatic corps and among managers of old German business firms. This was overcome by persuasion or by more drastic means.

The amount of money being spent by the German Embassy for political bribery became a scandal in Argentina, resulting in a limitation by law of the funds any foreign embassy could handle. When that limit was imposed, new techniques of extortion were employed in the German colony and new methods for the payment of agents were devised. Heinrich Vollberg, purporting to represent the German Chamber of Commerce, admitted that he collected a quarter of a million dollars for a "relief fund" in the fiscal year 1940-1941 and turned the money over to the Embassy. No German dared refuse to contribute to these funds.

During the same period Vollberg's office spent hundreds of thousands of dollars printing a German propaganda newspaper, *El Pampero*, the front page

of which was devoted day after day to libeling President Roosevelt, sneering at Pan-Americanism, gloating over Axis military successes, and demanding the rise of a militant Argentine nationalism to put an end to the pretensions of decadent democracy. The money was out of Nazi pockets, the theme out of Dr. Goebbels's vial of poison. There is legal proof that *El Pampero* was financed by the German Embassy, but it takes no lawyer to trace the origin of its journalistic vitriol.

The twin themes of German propaganda in Argentina — the menace of Yankee imperialism and the benevolent power of the German Wehrmacht — served twin purposes: first, to arouse the natural patriotic emotions of the Argentine people and to twist them into unnatural hatred of their neighbor in the north; second, to persuade the Argentine people to accept the world leadership of Nazi Germany. It succeeded in doing neither, but it reached the unbalanced and the ambitious with its dangerous doctrines. It comforted and it kept active those who through long contact with Germans and German things felt a sentimental inclination to forgive Germany her adventure into military conquest; and it fired the zeal of those who were at heart with the Nazis.

In sum, German power lay in the manpower of the German colonies, in the political force of the Nazi and Pan-German ideologies, in the strong personal and political influence exerted by the two together on Argentine society, and in the German economic empire extended into Argentina. The names Siemens, Bayer, Mannesmann, Schering, Merck — some of them enterprises of the far-flung and sinister I. G. Farbenindustrie — were as familiar on the streets of Buenos Aires as the trade names of North American industrial and commercial giants in New York. In addition to the considerable investment represented, Germany exerted an influence on the Argentine economy out of proportion to the money involved — this through technical and managerial domination in many fields. Real-estate holdings and capital investment of all kinds cannot be accounted for completely because of a diverse and complicated system of cloaks for hidden ownership developed in the years of economic warfare around the globe.

The strength in this German economy reached a peak in the fourteen months prior to February, 1943, when, at the height of the common danger of complete Axis military conquest, the Argentine government itself let contracts amounting to millions of dollars to German-owned or German-controlled firms and forced Allied concerns to deliver goods and materials to these Germans. This action was taken by the government in spite of the resolutions participated in by Argentina at the Rio de Janeiro Conference of Foreign Ministers in January, 1942, recommending severance of relations with the Axis and the establishment of a common continental defense against Nazi Germany.

As German strong points in Argentina developed

the deception of operating under cultural and charitable labels, and as German firms in Argentina learned to do business under the cloak of respectable names, so the Argentine government seemed to its neighboring republics to be dealing with the enemy on the side at the same time that it participated in consultations on mutual defense.

5

MEANWHILE, Argentina was moving toward a military dictatorship. President Ortiz had in 1941 turned over his administrative duties to Vice President Ramón Castillo, a provincial doctor of jurisprudence. Castillo was unable to give leadership to a country swept by emotions and confused by propaganda.

The Argentine Army is largely German-trained. Many of its ranking officers have seen service with the German Army or have gone to German military schools. By and large, it admires German efficiency and strategy. German equipment is its ideal. German technical assistance has helped it build a formidable munitions industry. General Wilhelm Faupel left Germany to teach in the Argentine military school, then became adviser to the Argentine Army. He returned to Germany to organize the military assistance to General Francisco Franco in 1936 and 1937, when that assistance broke the back of the Spanish Republican Government. Then as director of the Ibero-Amerikanische Institut, Berlin, he was principal contact man between the Nazis and the Argentine officers under their influence. When Allied armies approached Berlin, he killed himself.

A clique of Faupel-dominated officers controlling the Argentine Army was annoyed at Argentina's official pledges to participate in the defense of the Hemisphere against Germany. It was annoyed at the government for staying within the formal structure of American coöperation. It was annoyed at a great many things.

Early in 1943 there was circulated among the officers of the Army a notice that the time had come to strike in the name of Argentina's national destiny. The words of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* were paraphrased to prepare for the strike. The circular reached a pitch of patriotic emotion, calling for the establishment not only of military dictatorship in Argentina, but of an Argentine-dominated South America as regional counterpart to a German-dominated Europe. This was von Clausewitz come to life on American soil.

The regularly constituted government of Argentina was overthrown by military action. The Army seized the institutions of democratic procedure and closed them. The military junta that assumed administrative responsibility included a preponderant number of admirers of the Nazi Germany that was at that moment scientifically eliminating the weak and the defenseless at Dachau.

The people of the world are rightly concerned with

the events leading up to the seizure of power by the Argentine Army, and with the consequences of that seizure. The people of Argentina themselves have shown again and again that they, too, are concerned.

Despite a jockeying for power within the Army, no plan to occupy the government matured until doubt of German military invincibility began to appear with the turning of the tide in Russia, followed by Allied successes in North Africa. If Axis conquests had moved to completion, those in Argentina who believed in force over principles would have inherited the government naturally, without effort. It is quite possible that they decided to seize power only when serious doubts began to arise about the ability of the Axis to deliver them that power. That would account for the swift move of the Army in the spring of 1943. Whatever the strategy, the assumption of control in Argentina by military elements and the abandonment of democratic government gave the Nazi ideology a firm base of operations in the American Hemisphere.

As long as there survives the possibility of a renewal of military aggression, the German politico-economic system in America will be full of dangerous meaning for those of us concerned with the security of our families and our neighbors' families.

During the war German airlines flying from the Panama Canal to Patagonia had to be grounded. German submarine supply points and intelligence systems had to be eliminated and supply routes to Germany had to be cut. The job of rooting out and neutralizing the system of German commercial and industrial firms, propaganda agencies, and espionage networks was like a delicate but extensive surgical operation. It was absolutely essential to our survival. What is essential to our continued survival is the eradication of both the will to kill and the means — both the ideology that requires military action, and the machinery and materials for making the weapons of war.

This is the age of atomic destruction, a time when nobody knows what power may be created in what quiet laboratory, capable of closing out our civilization. It is easy to recognize and raise our voices against the philosophy of violence that tolerates the use of that power. What is difficult but increasingly our task is to create and maintain the atmosphere of democratic processes everywhere as the best protection against aggression.

There seems to be no doubt in the minds of any of us that we have come through a war that was at the same time an episode in the evolution of mankind toward the light. It may be said that we fought for the survival of the right to develop without interference. The collision of philosophies of living was more fundamental than the collision of armies.

After the conclusion of the Chaco peace, representatives of the various nations involved in reaching a peaceful settlement of the Paraguayan-Bolivian war sat down to a formal dinner at the University of Buenos Aires. The entire diplomatic corps in Ar-

gentina was invited. One of the guests was the German Ambassador, Edmund Freiherr von Thermann, a German diplomat of what is called the old school. Ambassador von Thermann had just returned to his post after attending the great 1938 Nazi Congress at Nürnberg, where nearly a million frenzied individuals in the shadow of massed war banners celebrated the First *Parteitag* of Greater Germany in commemoration of the German-Austrian *Anschluss*. The imperial regalia of the Holy Roman Empire had been transferred from Vienna for the occasion. Ambassador von Thermann was still full of the color and the emotional meaning in his German heart. As he dined with us modest citizens of another continent who had achieved a happy peace without violence or bitterness, he turned to me and said: "The Nürnberg spectacle was magnificent. It celebrated a peace made as Germans make it. We use a different method." I believe he had no conception of the significance of what he said.

6

WE HAVE long known that the two concepts of life can't live side by side. One must triumph. Most Latin Americans recognize not only this basic conflict but their own individual responsibility toward it. Adolfo Lanús, a member of the Argentine Chamber of Deputies before the Chamber was dissolved by military order, said in 1942, when German arms were still triumphant: "If Germany wins, I thought, the children of the men who have taken a stand against her barbarism probably will never play again. My little boy would never play again. But then I said to myself, if Germany triumphs and the world is subjugated by her dictatorship, not only will my son never play again even though I have not taken a stand against Nazism — but all the children of the world will cease to be children."

This is a pretty clear statement of the individual and philosophical problem involved, and it was made by a public figure whose life would have been worth nothing if the German advance then in progress continued unchecked. Shortly after it was made, a military dictatorship closed out democratic government in Argentina and suspended civil liberties and the public expression of democratic principles. Lanús was imprisoned on charges yet unknown to him.

Just as aggressive war is an admission of moral bankruptcy, the nullification of civil liberties is an admission of defeat. It is a reluctant recognition of the essential virility of the people on whom it is imposed. The orderly, serene operation of government with full coöperation of the people from whom it derives is a manifestation of health and strength not even to be imitated by threat and parade of force. When the military dictatorship of Argentina deprived the citizens of that commonwealth of their civil rights, it took from them the thing for which millions of fellow Americans were fighting on every battlefield they could reach by ship and plane. At

the Rio de Janeiro conference, Argentine representatives offered lip service to the principles of democratic government and to the defense of the Hemisphere, but in practice they denied them.

The policy of inter-American consultation, the antithesis of aggressive force, brought together the nations of the Hemisphere in March, 1945, for a common decision on military, economic, and political problems arising from the impending war's end. Argentina, still held prisoner by dictatorship, was asked to participate. It did so, and shortly after that secured admission to the United Nations, which was then a kind of heroes' circle of those who had stood against the Axis terror. This admission has been defended on the grounds that the democratic tradition of the Argentine people had earned it for them and that a denial would have been a denial of the very principle of common action on which our security must rest.

In the same spirit, as the United States Ambassador, I presented my credentials to the President of Argentina, General Edelmiro Farrell, on May 21. It was necessary to make clear to the Argentine people that my arrival was not, as some had been persuaded to believe, notice that we preferred to deal with dictatorships "because we could get more from them than from democracies." Not only would such an endorsement of the dictatorship have been a betrayal of Argentine citizens hoping and working for better days, but my mission to Argentina would have been futile had I not immediately cleared the air. At my first press conference I plainly stated that my arrival as Ambassador was no such endorsement. I said: "We have fought a war all over the world for democracy and we mean just that. We want to see democracy everywhere." Had I remained silent, my silence too would have been interpreted as an endorsement of what had been done to the Argentine people.

One of the most significant declarations made by an outside reporter on what was happening inside Argentina was delivered by Don Pedro Cué, owner and manager of the Havana newspaper, *El Mundo*, on July 6, the day he left Buenos Aires, to a representative of the Santiago, Chile, newspaper, *El Diario Ilustrado*. Chile had just finished a tremendous demonstration in honor of the independence of the United States. Cué arrived in Santiago after an interview with Colonel Perón, Vice President and War Minister in the military dictatorship of Argentina. Cué reported:—

"Colonel Perón said he did not know when elections would be held, because the political parties were completely disorganized, and he could not see how they could be reorganized as they are divided on issues. When asked what he thought of the present government of Argentina he said: 'It is a government that is trying to save the Argentine nation . . . but without consulting the Argentine people.'"

This was justification for imposing upon a people the conditions of a "state of siege," a legal phrase

covering suspension of representative government, the rights of assembly, of expression, of freedom of the press, and all other civil rights. It gives any swaggering officer license to beat citizens who refuse to hail the "leader." It protects the hoodlum who uses brass knuckles on the face of a young girl because she cries, "Long live democracy!" It licenses mounted policemen armed with sabers to ride down men, women, and children. It encourages arrest without charge and without redress. It encourages torture.

Although "popular demonstrations" were engineered by the "colonels" for purposes of publicity, genuine, spontaneous demonstrations by the people were ruthlessly smashed. It seemed never to occur to the Army junta that a world was watching and that they must inevitably be called to account.

7

THE record of Argentina's compliance with its pledges at Mexico City has not been impressive. One of its greatest derelictions has been its failure to deal promptly and forcefully in closing out the German business houses waging economic warfare against the United Nations and harboring Nazi agents of every kind. Another has been the spirit of impartiality in which the Argentine government closed out the pro-democratic newspapers when it could no longer withstand the pressure forcing it to close the Axis propaganda sheets. Again, it did not seem to penetrate the minds of the colonels that the world was sitting in judgment, and that the conviction was growing that government by principles will some day make all government by passion and threat obsolete.

With the defeat of Germany, Argentina remains under the bare dictatorship of uniformed men who drink at the same fountain where drank Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco. As long as the people of Argentina live under the heel of this dictatorship, indeed as long as anybody anywhere in the world lives outside the community of free peoples, none of us can sleep soundly nights. Either the Hemisphere is united or it is broken. Either the idea of the rights of man triumphed or it was defeated. There is no room anywhere for middle ground. I say this with no intention of discriminating against the Argentine Republic. I cannot express strongly enough my admiration for Argentine courage and patriotism as exemplified by students and workers, among others. The people have been brought low by a series of circumstances, not the least of which is Argentina's own wealth and consequent strategic importance. But people everywhere have suffered and have learned how to survive and become their own masters.

The conditions by which her neighbors expect Argentina to live are the conditions imposed by a few very simple principles learned by the race from its own spiritual and practical experience. The responsibility of living by them lies on all of us equally.

It is not simply that the willful men guiding Argentina to chaos must go. The seeds of war must be rooted out of the soil. The peoples of the world are learning to live together by a growing concept of mutual understanding and mutual sacrifice. If an economic practice enriches us but impoverishes our neighbors, we shall have to learn how to give up that privilege. If a military tradition cannot be disciplined to keep within the bounds of the peaceful association of peoples it will have to be eliminated. These and other changes in our evolution from savagery to social association can come the easy way or the hard way, depending on our grasp of the problem. Germany and Japan are learning to get along without marching songs and adoration of a "leader." They are learning the hard way. In some Spanish-speaking countries it has suited the purposes of ambitious men to revive the *caudillo* idea of military leadership. It may prove to be a hard lesson to learn, that the human race can no longer afford the luxury of these men. It might have been learned long ago if men had kept their minds alert.

The men who helped betray Argentina are named in a "Blue Book" recently issued by the government of the United States for purposes of consultation with other nations of the Hemisphere. Their names and the evidence of their complicity were found in official Nazi German records. A large number of them are military men who seized control of the Argentine government in 1943. Among them are President Edelmiro Farrell, President Pablo Ramírez, General Domingo Martínez, Colonel Juan Perón, Colonel Enrique Gonzales. Among the activities that have now come to light was a conspiracy with Nazi officers and espionage agents to provide the Argentine Army with modern German materials of war. Only an effective Allied blockade prevented delivery.

To prevent the kind of international anarchy these men represent, the American republics have met in a series of conferences for our common defense. At Lima they said: "Each state is interested in the preservation of world order under law, in peace and justice, and in the social and economic welfare of mankind."

But neither high principles nor determination ends the matter. There is yet the labor of application. It is in the field of application that the qualities of leadership, patience, and determination are required to a high degree. The American republics because of their material strength are in a position of leadership and now must call on the wisdom of all their people to assert that leadership in the direction of our collective destiny. Once their spokesmen have made it clear that the rights of men are paramount to every other consideration in public affairs, suspicion and fear will die. There will come a time when human aspirations will take precedence over the ambitions of the organizers of aggression as already they are beginning to take precedence in enlightened law over economic privilege. This is the light by which we live.

SMALL BUSINESS FIGHTS FOR LIFE

by ROBERT E. OUTMAN

1

CAUGHT in the showdown battles between the big labor leaders and the giant corporations are the GI's of industry whom Washington has overlooked, the small manufacturers. To them and their employees, still friends in spite of superimposed class warfare, the national labor-management crisis is a fight being waged far overhead in the headline strata of industrial relations. The crisis is not their crisis, except indirectly. They are anxious and able to start production for abundance, but with conflicts raging in the upper ranks of industry, they are confronted with a shortage of everything except customers.

As unpretentious as enlisted men among the brass-hat industrialists, the small manufacturers are nevertheless the mainstays of American economy. More than 60 per cent of our national production comes from manufacturing concerns with annual gross sales under five million dollars. The huge companies with million-dollar weekly payrolls make the news, but nearly 80 per cent of our industrial labor is employed in plants which have fewer than 1000 men on the payrolls, and nearly 50 per cent in plants with fewer than 250 employees. To attain our goal of sixty million jobs, these plants must absorb the bulk of increased production.

Yet the post-war expansion programs of these many thousand unpublicized industries are hamstrung by officialdom's self-created labor and reconversion problems. While the labor leaders, industrial giants, and various Federal agencies jockey for top spots in the new era of push-button prosperity, the small manufacturers cannot even get the material to make push buttons. In the three-cornered controversies, they are the only sure losers. Their labor costs rise whenever the powerful unions effect a wage boost, the cost of their raw materials goes up whenever the large corporations break through a price ceiling, and the daily changes in

Federal rules multiply their clerical work and overhead costs.

Practically no small industrialist has yet been able to go back to a normal forty-hour work week. With labor still scarce and with the civilian demand for consumer goods greatly exceeding available supplies, the small plants continue to work overtime. And the employees in those plants take home just as much money as during the war. Thinking only in terms of industrial giants like General Motors, however, our labor leaders, newspaper columnists, and Washington spokesmen talk in sweeping generalities about reconversion cutbacks, loss of overtime pay, curtailment of buying power, and unemployment. They make an issue of localized problems and spread unrest and dissatisfaction throughout our industrial structure.

The effect of misplaced emphasis in high places on my own small plant is merely one example out of thousands. I have 250 employees engaged in the manufacture of building insulation, a material as critically needed now as during the war, when it was classified as an essential commodity. Soon after V-J Day, in an atmosphere of shirt-sleeved familiarity, I sat down with the heads of the union local to discuss a new contract. We signed an agreement which called for no wage increases during the next twelve months, and, strange as it may seem, the men were willing to make their share of the sacrifices during the reconversion period.

Naturally the men in our plant wanted more money, and the union leaders wanted to be credited with getting it. Contract negotiations have always begun with a demand for higher wages. But on the intimate level of human relations which keynotes discussions between small manufacturers and their employees, no one in our labor-management talks was out to "get" anyone else. It was not too difficult to prove that the company could not afford to raise pay until increased production had lowered unit costs, because the key men in any small plant are close enough to the front office to know what the facts are. I showed the foremen and union representatives our income-tax returns and stockholders' reports. Like most small industries, we had a post-war expansion plan which meant more money for owners

ROBERT E. OUTMAN considers himself a typical small manufacturer. He came up the hard way and now in his forty-sixth year has risen to be Executive Vice-President of the United States Mineral Wool Company — main office in Chicago. Manager and executive, he is on friendly terms with his men — and on the telephone half the night trying to understand and explain changing government policies and regulations.

and workers, and the men in the shops expected to have a fair share of the profits *when*, but not *before*, the expansion program paid off.

Shortly after our contract was signed, President Truman broadcast to the nation his famous wage-policy speech of October 30, in which he declared that industry as a whole could afford "substantial wage increases without price increases." He stressed the "drastic cut in the take-home pay of millions of workers," and urged employers to make up the difference because "throughout industry and in every branch of industry, profits have been and are still very good indeed." It was obvious that he was thinking only in terms of the largest corporations, although he talked always in generalities.

He devoted less than thirty seconds, out of a full thirty minutes, to summarizing some of the special reconversion problems which would mean lower volume and higher unit costs for industry, and then he added: "These problems and difficulties are particularly true in the case of small business — which is the backbone of the American competitive spirit." Having made his sweeping statements about industry's ability to raise wages, he acknowledged the exceptional position of the small plants, which hire more than 75 per cent of the labor.

2

THE next morning my men, and those in the many other plants where wage increases had not been possible, were saying, "The boss claims he can't raise our pay, but the President says he can!" Instead of lessening the discord among prominent union and industrial leaders, Truman passed the dissension down the line to the rank and file of manufacturers. Labor's desire for more money had become an officially inspired right, and the ability of the few industries at the top to absorb increased production costs had become an added burden on the majority of manufacturers. To have a large corporation such as General Motors strike-bound is a tragic thing, but the loss to the national economy is small in comparison with a production slowdown throughout the small manufacturing concerns.

And that slowdown is inevitable when the small manufacturers lose their key men to higher-paying industries. We do not expect a wave of strikes, even though under certain circumstances our employees have the right to reopen wage discussions once during the contract year. The loyalty of our men is one of the small industrialists' greatest assets. Resignations and the resultant drop in output, not strikes, are our chief concern. We had our men primed to battle reconversion with the same spirit with which they won their share of the war, but we cannot expect them to work fifty hours for us when they can work forty hours somewhere else for the same amount of money. If only a handful of men are hired away from a small plant, production lags and

unit costs multiply until less efficient men can be trained to fill the breach. In my own shops, for example, we can account for almost any off week by checking back and saying, "That's when we lost Al and Harry."

The small manufacturer cannot pay this year's wages out of next year's profits by increasing hourly wages before decreasing unit costs — not if he wants to replace his obsolete machinery, expand his plant capacity, step up his promotion campaign, hire more help, and contribute generally to the "mobilization for abundance" program. The large corporations may have sufficient reserve funds to do it, but not the man who kept his plant together during the war with baling wire and a prayer. Neither his own men nor the union leaders working with small industries have demanded that he do it. Labor is not fighting us, who provide the bulk of industrial jobs. Only in Washington does the illusion prevail that industry as a whole can afford substantial wage increases.

By making an issue, however, of the industrial giants' ability to absorb overtime losses through hourly rate increases, in some cases before those losses actually materialize, prominent union economists and their Washington supporters help to break what the President so graciously called the backbone of American competitive spirit — meaning us, the GI's of industry. We are competing with our large neighbors for labor, and when they are forced by union demands or Federal suasion to pay 10, 20, or 30 per cent more than the going rate for that labor, there is no question as to who gets the best men.

Either we have to match a competitor's high bid for the best labor, or we are left with dissatisfied, inexperienced employees, a rapid labor turnover, increasing inefficiency, and a higher unit cost of production. Ironically enough, the large industries have less need for top-quality manual labor in their mass-production lines than the small industries, which require highly skilled workers and low overhead costs to compete successfully with large-scale mechanization.

President Truman has fostered the popular misconception that the war years were profitable throughout industry. The reverse of this was true for a vast number of small manufacturers. While the large industries were making the end-products for war, — tanks, planes, landing craft, and ships — upon which no price ceilings could be set, — the small plants were producing spark plugs, gears, radio instruments, and other component parts, the selling prices of which were held as close as possible to pre-war levels. The large corporations had their profits assured, because they were exploring new fields on a cost-plus basis. The small man had no such assurance, because he was producing much the same products as before the war, at a cost of production greatly increased, and had to sell them at a price only slightly increased.

Any outsider passing a lighted factory during the war probably found it difficult to believe that high

profits were not being made. Who would suppose that a plant had to work day and night to maintain normal one-shift production? Yet that was the fix many of us were in. With our young, able-bodied men in the services, and many of the others hired away by the lush war industries, we were trying to attain capacity production with the rawest of unskilled labor, and not nearly enough of it. We had to work men seventy, eighty, and sometimes ninety hours a week, which meant paying time-and-a-half and double-time wages to get much less than pre-war man-hours of work done.

Although the small manufacturer was granted some relief through elevations in price ceilings, his increased cost of production wiped out any material gain. As just one instance, the price ceilings on building insulation rose approximately 10 per cent above the 1941 level, while the unit cost of production in my plant rose nearly 50 per cent. Among other factors working against the small manufacturer, the cost of his raw materials, less easily controlled than manufactured goods, rose rapidly, and his machinery grew old and inefficient before its time through excessive wear and tear in the hands of inexperienced workers. To stay in business at all, he had to cut to the bone his sales, promotion, and administrative forces. Even then, he fluctuated between profit and loss in direct proportion to the caliber of the labor obtainable in any one week.

Production in our small plant slowed down to half capacity in the middle of 1943. The dire Saturday came when we knew that if we lost five more men over the week-end, we could not open our doors on Monday. All normal channels of labor closed, our chief salesman took on the hardest selling job in his life. He went down at dawn to what was left of the local skid row to try to convince the supposedly unemployables that hard work never hurt anyone. Rousing derelicts asleep in doorways and buttonholing itinerants in flophouses, he used a free breakfast as his prime lure in coaxing eight reluctant prospects into a company car. The plant superintendent nearly collapsed when he caught sight of the new hands, but production was resumed once again.

Not one of the eight recruits came back after one day of work, but the next day's dragnet yielded one or two semi-permanent employees. To bolster the night shifts, our salesman toured the saloons in the afternoons and brought back any candidates who could still stand erect. His offer of \$8.40 a day fell flat more times than not, because the word spread around that a twelve-hour shift in a mineral wool plant was dirty, hot, hard work. There were worse things in life for stumble-bums, he discovered, than being broke. "Why, when I get home at night," complained one indignant draftee, "I have to wash all over!"

Unsteady as they might be, the irresponsibles and undesirables represented the marginal labor needed to keep the plant open, and a million dollar's worth

of essential material a year depended on them. Of the first two hundred recruits cajoled into giving work a try, the majority stuck at it less than a week. But twenty down-and-outers became steady, full-time employees. These men, rescued from discard, were our real "finds," and our pride in their rehabilitation compensated for many other heartaches. To help them avoid temptation, we established them in furnished rooms away from their former haunts and promised to pay the landladies for any unwarranted damage. One habitual drinker not only reformed: he became a champion of sobriety and explained loftily that he was compelled to change rooming houses because his first landlord drank.

With our old reliable hands, our twenty new converts, and five or six prospects hauled out of bars and doorways, we would begin a typical wartime shift. We also relied heavily on a work group known as the "regular irregulars." These were men dependable for twelve hours of hard work three or four times a week, but there was no predicting which days they would choose for a binge. Although our success at shanghaiing disinterested workers was erratic, the system had good results. By the end of 1943, production rose to 110 per cent of capacity, with unit costs down 15 per cent. And some of our discoveries, including two excellent men found wasting away in a poorhouse, are still with us.

Keeping a plant together with baling wire was not merely a figure of speech. When the moving belt in our collection chamber wore thin and finally broke, baling wire bridged the gap during the eight weeks required to obtain a priority and locate a new belt. Usually too much time and paper work was necessary to get priority machine parts, so when a breakdown occurred, the plant superintendent improvised repairs from ancient equipment found by salesmen and accountants in assorted junk yards. The main goal was to keep production moving, and small manufacturers had to utilize every expedient.

At one point we found ourselves becoming manufacturers of blowing machines. Supposedly we were only producers of mineral wool, which the government wanted installed in as many dwellings as possible to conserve coal and oil. Installation required blowing machines, and the applicators were critically short of them. The bottleneck was broken by our plant supervisor, who hauled engines out of wrecked automobiles, used parts of an old blower as patterns for casting handmade duplicates, and fashioned a weird assortment of Rube Goldberg contraptions which did the job.

3

HAVING survived the war years, the small manufacturers had no fear of the peace. On the contrary, they had looked forward to the cessation of hostilities as their M-Day, the start of our "mobilization for abundance" campaign. The problems of reconversion were obvious, but having demonstrated

the ability of American industry to convert production at a speed which caught the Axis flat-footed, the small manufacturers wanted no part of Washington's gloomy outlook on the future. The industrialists, both large and small, were all set for V-J Day, and the government was not.

A few days after the joyous announcement that Japan had surrendered, the War Manpower Commission made the dire prophecy that there would be five million workers unemployed within three months. And instead of urging employees to accept temporary pay cuts as their contribution toward the reconversion period, Washington encouraged the belief that industry could well afford to carry them through the lean months without any loss of take-home pay.

The government has continued to handle the peace as though it were a depression, even though its grim picture of unemployment and loss of buying power has failed to materialize. Wrong from the start, the "emergency" planners have tried to doctor up a once healthy situation with so many panic policies that industry, the unwitting patient, is sick from too much of the wrong kinds of medicines. It is hard to believe that the nation's business was ever before the victim of quite such muddled thinking in high places.

Greatly underestimating industry's capacity for quick action, the government began with the false supposition that reconversion in most plants would entail extensive retooling, a production slump, and drastic reductions in payrolls. Here the royal economists were thinking only in terms of the few large corporations, which had been making the end-products of military material, and not of the vast majority of industrial concerns, which had been producing goods as badly needed in peace as in war. While the expectation was justified that some retrenchment would be necessary in plants switching from tanks to civilian cars, there was no cause for undue alarm, because the small manufacturers, employing all except 20 per cent of the labor, were free to begin civilian production with only a minimum amount of retooling.

The small manufacturer, as I have said, was prepared for peace. He had figured out how to change quickly to something that was in great demand. Confronted with an overwhelming desire for consumer goods accumulated over a four-year period of scarcity, he knew that he could find ready purchasers for as much as he could possibly turn out, provided prices were held within reason. His very existence in a mass-production economy was proof that he could act faster than his more cumbersome competitors. No one was more conscious than he that full employment and increased buying power mean a new era of prosperity for the United States; and having been handicapped throughout the war by the shortage of skilled labor, he was ready to take on more men as fast as they were released from war jobs and had returned from their long-awaited

vacations. Anxious to expand, he failed to share the government's concern over impending unemployment.

Basing its scare philosophy on the sudden termination of large numbers of strictly wartime jobs, the government failed to consider that there were also large numbers of strictly wartime workers. The women put aside their welding torches to keep house for their returning husbands, the youngsters went back to school, and the aged retired on their savings. Instead of widespread unemployment, labor remained as scarce as ever. Across the way from our plant, for example, there was a typical war industry, a shell-fuse factory. One week after peace was declared it had been converted to the manufacture of electric transformers, with several hundred women laid off in the process. We tried to hire those women at the same rate of pay which they had been receiving, and we did not get a single one. They were not unemployed; they had done their bit for the war and had returned to their jobs at home.

According to the ministers of fear, peace meant less money in our pockets, fewer sales, and a corresponding drop in production and jobs. As soon as the government raised the specter of unemployment and loss of buying power, the opportunists in the upper brackets of organized labor sprang forward with their economic cure-all: the 52-for-40 theory. At the outset, there was no publicized talk of raising wages above wartime standards; the plan was merely to compensate workers for their loss of overtime pay. According to the pseudo-economists, the only way to maintain purchasing power in the face of continued high living costs and a threatened decrease in man-hours of work was to have industry keep take-home pay at a wartime level.

The idea was not new. The NRA had been based on the same principle of artificially stimulating business through the creation of more spending money. But in 1933 there was an overabundance of consumer goods, and the nation's purchasing power was too low to make further production profitable. The year 1933 was a depression year, with more workers than work and a dearth of uninvested capital. By no stretch of imagination could late 1945 be compared with 1933. Post-war conditions went to the opposite extreme — we had a scarcity of goods, unparalleled purchasing power, a shortage of labor, and capital going begging. Yet Washington, too frenzied to be critical, endorsed the self-interested plan of union leaders to apply depression measures to an inflationary period.

4

SUPPOSING for the moment that reconversion *had* resulted in unemployment and loss of buying power, would an immediate increase in wage rates have alleviated the situation? Raising the cost of labor certainly would not have made it easier for industry to take on more men. Creating more spending money

would not have decreased the cost of living, when there was already a dearth of goods on the market. The first step in any case would have to be increased production. A ready supply of consumer goods would have brought the cost of living within reason, rebuilt purchasing power without false floors under wages, and required in healthy sequence further expansion of production and job opportunities.

The average war worker knew that there had to be a return to normal working time and wages, and he had the right to expect that living costs also would return to normal. It was not his idea that a man should work only forty hours and be paid for fifty-two — or at any similar something-for-nothing ratio. Immediately after V-J Day the average worker was ready to knuckle down and produce the civilian goods which meant prosperity for everyone, but that was before a few men used the government's indecision as a wedge to gouge industry.

Had the government turned its unemployment scare into a constructive campaign to induce labor to make a few sacrifices during the reconversion period, there would have been no labor crisis. We small manufacturers can testify that the common man was not on the rampage when peace was first declared. He was uncertain about his job, cautious in the face of Washington's grim picture of peace, and willing to help industry get started on the "mobilization for abundance" program. We small manufacturers should know, because many of us signed contracts which called for no wage increases.

A strong plea for the loyalty of working people, so effectively maintained by morale-building programs during the war, would have wiped out the first signs of dissension. But the Administration could not decide whether it was confronted with inflation or deflation, hesitated, and lost control to the big union men, who were ready for peace on V-J Day.

The 52-for-40 campaign worked out this way in actuality. The man who during the war earned \$52 for 48 hours of labor (a dollar an hour for 40 hours and time-and-one-half thereafter) was supposedly going to be cut to a standard \$40 for 40 hours. The big corporations were urged to make up for the loss of overtime by raising the hourly rate to \$1.30, which would mean paying \$52 for 40 hours of work. But the small manufacturer, still forced by the labor shortage to work his men 48 and more hours a week, would have been trapped in the position of having to pay \$67.60 for 48 man-hours of work, or substantially more than during the war. And the small manufacturer has to pay the going rate, or else.

The specific demand for an extra 30 cents on the dollar in plants where cutbacks had already occurred grew rapidly into a general demand throughout industry for 16 to 20 per cent wage increases. No con-

sideration was given the small manufacturers, who stood to suffer the most. The talk centered always on the big industrialists and their wartime profits. President Truman opened the floodgates of dissatisfaction, and strikes spread to plants where formerly there had been unanimity of purpose, a common desire among employers and employees to get going on a peaceful basis. Instead of more take-home pay in the nation's pockets, as much as \$12,000,000 a day was lost in wrangling.

With people already paying too much for too little, the government went a step further in its thinking and permitted price increases in industries which could not otherwise afford to raise wages. Having pledged themselves to help the worker get more for his money, the Federal planners compromised their position by further devaluating the purchasing power of his dollar bill. They compromised on raising higher prices to make industry agree to higher wages, but they failed to consider that many manufacturers do not benefit from charging more for their products. The prices on some consumer goods have their economic limitations, and fewer customers are no compensation for an increased cost of production.

Speaking as one of the small manufacturers, I must say that we are sick and tired of Federal "assistance." We won our share of the war despite the bureaucrats, and we will fight as hard for the peace, but industry needs a free hand, not still more helping hands. We do not want premium payments for increased production, guaranteed markets, government absorption of undue risks, priorities for equipment, and allocation of materials. Difficult as it may be for expeditors to believe this, their plans invariably waste the small manufacturer's precious time. The large corporations may have the clerical staff and legal counsel necessary to fill out questionnaires in quadruplicate, but the manager of a small plant is too busy in the shops to spend long hours on front-office paper work.

The small manufacturers had their fill, during the war, of Federal plans to relieve emergency situations. A Smaller War Plants Corporation was set up to render us emergency financial aid. To borrow fifty thousand dollars, it took five thousand dollars' worth of legal aid, clerical work, time, long-distance calls, and trips to Washington. And then it was five or six months before the money was actually received.

The small manufacturers, whose production is most needed, would rather take their chances on the open market, where speed and ingenuity pay off, than engage in paper warfare with better-equipped opponents. When we need spare parts, we need them at once and not at the end of a five-week exchange of correspondence with Washington. We have better luck with junk yards than with priorities.

In the Atlantic for May, Dr. Sumner Slichter, Lamont Professor at the Harvard Business School, will discuss the effect of the strikes upon the three parties — government, management, and the unions — and will weigh the choice between government wage-fixing and collective bargaining when the contracts now being negotiated come up for renewal in 1947. — THE EDITOR



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

NIGHT WATCH

by THOMAS HEGGEN

THIS ship lying at anchor in the glassy little bay is a Navy cargo ship. You can tell it as a cargo ship by the five hatches, by the house amidships, by the booms that bristle from the masts like so many mechanical arms. You know it as a Navy ship by the color (dark, dull blue), by the large numbers painted on the bow, and incontrovertibly by the thin ribbon of the commission pennant flying from the mainmast.

The U.S.S. *Reluctant* operates in the rear areas of the Pacific. Most of the time it stays on its regular run: from Tedium to Boredom and back; about five days each way. It makes an occasional trip to Monotony, and once it made a run all the way to Ennui, a distance of 3000 nautical miles from Tedium. It performs its dreary and thankless job, and performs it well, if not inspiredly. How many enemy planes has it shot down? None. How many fired upon? None. How many subs sent to the bottom by her guns? None. How many fired upon? Well, there was once. This periscope; the lookout sighted it way off on the port beam, and the Captain got very excited. "Commence firing!"

The five-inch and the two port three-inch guns fired for perhaps five minutes, but they didn't really do very well; the best shell was five hundred yards off the target and there were many that weren't even in sight. "We'll ram!" the Captain shouted. "Hard left!" The ship bore down on the periscope; it seemed dead in the water. At one thousand yards it was positively identified as the protruding branch of a

small floating tree. The branch had a big bend in it and didn't even look much like a periscope.

You say that the men aboard her are not heroes? Well, perhaps; but I should urge moderation and the judgment deferred. I am perfectly willing to see "heroism" retired from the conversation, for it is always an embarrassing word, and suspiciously ubiquitous. But I am not so sure that it is inapplicable here. I think I should insist, for instance, upon its extension to Lieutenant Roberts.

Lieutenant Roberts is a young man of sensitivity, perceptiveness, and idealism; attributes which are worthless and even inimical to such a community as this. He wants to be in the war; like filings to a magnet, he is powerfully drawn to the war and to the general desolation of the time; but he is held off, frustrated, defeated by the rather magnificently non-conductive character of his station. He is the high-strung instrument assuming the low-strung role; the violin playing bass. To convert like this, from a higher to a lower tempo, requires the invention of a sort of self-imposed, self-maintained reduction gear, and Roberts supplied this. He geared himself to the tempo of the ship and made the adjustment with — I do not believe the words are misplaced — gallantry, courage, and fortitude. I would call him a kind of hero.

1

ALL the officers, with the exception of the Doctor and Mr. Ronad, the supply officer, had at one time or another submitted letters to the Bureau requesting a change of duty. This was their privilege, and presumably the Bureau gave just consideration to such letters. These officers, however, turned in their requests perfunctorily and without hope; for all of them were absolutely certain that there existed at the

THOMAS HEGGEN, now in his twenty-seventh year, graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1941 and emerged with the rank of Lieutenant from four years' service in the Navy. While aboard an assault transport, he participated in the Guam, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa campaigns. His terminal leave he spent revising his first book, *Mister Roberts*, of which the *Atlantic* will publish three episodes.

Bureau a yeoman, probably a Wave, whose sole duty consisted in dropping all such correspondence, unopened, into a roaring incinerator.

As incontestable proof of this theory they cited the fact that in fifteen months the only officer transferred from the ship had been an ensign named Moulton, who had been aboard only six months and who had never submitted a letter. Naturally, there was some ill-will toward Moulton, who it was felt was undeserving of such good fortune; but for the most part the officers accepted the stroke philosophically and even, their theory confirmed, with a certain satisfaction.

While the officers may or may not have been right in guessing the disposition of their requests, there can be no doubt at all that they correctly gauged the futility of them. As a matter of policy — a policy, clearly, of pure spite, since he had many times expressed his desire to be rid of the whole passel of officers — the Captain always forwarded these letters with the endorsement: "Not recommending approval." That way they were licked from the start.

While all the other officers were content to submit their one letter, make their one gesture and let it go at that, Lieutenant Roberts did not give up so easily. One month to the day after he had written his first request he appeared in the yeomen's office and had the letter retyped verbatim and presented again to the Captain. The Captain muttered, then sputtered, then roared; but he had no choice other than to forward it, with, of course, the same negative endorsement. Every month after that — without fail, it was exactly a month — the procedure was repeated: Lieutenant Roberts would submit the same letter and the Captain with the same curses would apply the same endorsement.

It might seem that this was a foolish and futile business and in the main Roberts would agree, but not entirely. As he explained to his friend Pulver, he felt that it had a certain nuisance value. He reasoned that, if anyone at the Bureau did indeed read these letters, sooner or later that person was going to get so goddamned angry with him that he would be transferred to the Naval equivalent of Siberia — which, by comparison with his present station, he did not consider at all undesirable. And he knew for an agreeable fact that, every time the yeoman appeared bearing his letter, the Captain's digestion was effectively ruined for at least one meal.

Regularly on the fourteenth of every month Roberts would appear in the ship's office and turn in his letter to the grinning yeomen. One month, on the fourteenth, he did not appear and the next morning, while he was sleeping in after the midwatch, there came a knock on his stateroom door. It was about ten o'clock; Roberts had just awakened and was lying in his bunk, arms crossed beneath his head, debating whether to get up and go down to the wardroom for a cup of coffee. So he was willing to be disturbed.

"Come in," he called.

Steuben, the satyr-faced little yeoman, entered. He had a letter in his hand and he was grinning. "Good morning, Mr. Roberts," he said.

Roberts said, "Good morning, Mr. Steuben," and smiled at the formality.

"Mr. Roberts?"

"Yes?"

"You know what day it is?"

Roberts rubbed his head with his knuckles. "Tuesday, isn't it?"

"Mr. Roberts," Steuben said significantly, "it's the fifteenth!" Steuben grinned in satisfaction. "I can't let you slip up, you know."

"No, hell no," said Roberts. "I'm glad you didn't. We've got to keep those letters rolling in."

Steuben nodded at the sheet in his hand. "Same one?"

Roberts nodded. "Same one." Then, as the yeoman started for the door, he sat up. "No, wait a minute. Can I see that?" As Steuben handed him the letter he said: "By God, maybe we ought to change it a little. Maybe it would change our luck."

He read the familiar letter to himself and then he read aloud the third and concluding paragraph, dwelling questioningly on each word: "It is therefore requested that I be ordered to duty aboard a combatant ship, preferably a destroyer or cruiser." He flicked the letter with his hand. "What do you think, shall we change that?"

Steuben considered soberly. "Yeah, let's change it," he said.

"All right," said Roberts. "Give the correspondence a little variety and improve the grammar at the same time. How's to make this read, 'It is requested comma therefore comma'? Think that will do it?" He passed the letter back.

"Yeah, hell yes," Steuben said. "That's a lot better. Gives it more punch, you know. I'll fix it right up, Mr. Roberts." He grinned again and put his hand on the doorknob.

Roberts reached down for the cigarettes on the desk and lit one. "You know, Steuben," he said, "by God, maybe that's all it needed. Maybe the Captain will like it better now."

"He will, Mr. Roberts. I bet he will."

"Yep," said Roberts, "I think he'll appreciate that." After Steuben went out he sat for a moment on the edge of the bunk, smoking. He looked at his watch: ten thirty. He stretched and rubbed his head. He might as well get up and go have some coffee. He remembered that Keith had a new copy of *Life* with a girl in a zebra-striped bathing suit on the cover. He would go down and read that while he drank his coffee.

As he slipped a leg into his khaki trousers he thought again: "It is requested comma therefore comma." Yes, by God, that did it, that fixed it up. A split participle — no wonder his orders hadn't come! No doubt the Bureau had a policy concerning split participles. Putting on his shoes, he could see clearly the fate of all his previous letters; the Wave

yeoman opens the envelope, reads the letter, gasps as she comes to the defective part, and in a shocked voice says to Commander Doark: "Commander, here's a letter from an officer who's split a participle." And the Commander, looking up coldly from his desk, says: "Well, you know what to do with it, Carrigan." And without a word Carrigan drops it into the blazing incinerator.

Yep, by God, that was all it needed. Roberts felt almost good as he started down to get the copy of *Life* with the girl in the zebra-striped bathing suit on the cover.

2

It seemed to Lieutenant Roberts that he had just fallen asleep when the flashlight shone in his face, awakening him for the watch. He had been dreaming, and in his dream his dead mother was there; it was summer at his home and he was going out to play tennis. His mother was sitting on the porch drinking a Coca-Cola and as he went out she said: "On your way back pick up some pastry for supper." And he got into the car and started off and at the corner he smashed right into another car; and when the driver of the other car got out and came toward him he saw that it was Captain Morton.

The flashlight shone questioningly in his face and he was fully awake by the time the messenger called: "Mr. Roberts. Mr. Roberts. It's eleven thirty, sir. You have the watch."

Roberts put a hand to his eyes and rubbed them. "Okay," he said. "Thank you." The messenger went out, stumbling in the darkened stateroom against the chair. Carefully, he pulled the door to behind him; he knew that Mr. Roberts would get up; you only had to call Mr. Roberts once. Roberts lay on his back not moving a muscle, numbly, tiredness an actual ache in his legs, considering the fact that sleep was over and now for four hours — another four of the hours without end that wheeled past ceaselessly like ducks in a shooting gallery — he must get up and stand in the darkness.

Here we go again, he thought; and as he lay there he felt the old, incipient despair that for two hours he had eluded returning again. To stop it he stopped his mind; he had learned well how to do that. He lay there and all he was doing was breathing and listening. In the hot, pitch-dark little room there were four distinct sounds. There was the noisy breathing of Langston in the bunk above him — a long, wheezing inspiration, then a pause, then a wet, angry snort. There was the hissing drone of the blower in the overhead and the whirring of the fan that wearily pushed the heavy air over to the bunks.

Over on the desk the cheap alarm clock ticked evenly, tirelessly, stridently. Roberts raised his head and looked at the luminous dial: eleven thirty-five. He lay still a moment longer; then he stretched and sat up. In the darkness he reached to the deck and put on his stockings and shoes and still without turn-

ing on a light he found the rest of his clothes and put them on. As he went out he closed the door quietly, although he could have slammed it fifteen times without awakening Langston.

He went down to the wardroom, where one overhead light burned dimly. It was deserted; a few old and much-thumbed magazines were strewn about the tables. There was no one in the pantry either; not even the steward's mate with the watch. Incuriously, Roberts looked through the refrigerator for something to eat and, finding nothing, poured himself a cup of coffee from the Silex and sat down at a table. He picked up a six-month-old copy of *Time* and looked at the book section to see if he had read it. He had; he threw it aside. He drank the black coffee in deep swallows and felt better; it smothered some of the weariness, his legs felt better, he could stand the watch now. He stretched again, shook his head like a swimmer with water in his ear, put on his cap, and walked slowly up the two ladders to the charthouse. There he initialed the Captain's night-order book — always the same: "Call me at any time if in doubt" — and looked at the chart. The closest land was four hundred miles. He went out into the wheelhouse.

Usually, before he took the officer-of-the-deck watch, Roberts would stand at night in the rear of the wheelhouse and let his eyes adjust to the darkness. Tonight, though, as soon as he stepped into the wheelhouse, he could see. A bright moonlight was streaming through the portholes and almost right away he could make out every object in the room and every person. He asked the helmsman: "Where's Mr. Carney?" and the helmsman told him: "Out on the port wing." Roberts went out on the wing and found Carney leaning on the pelorus.

Like all watch-standers about to be relieved, Carney was jovial. "Welcome," he said. "And good morning."

Roberts smiled wryly. "Good morning, goddamn it," he said. He waited quietly for Carney to give him the dope.

"Well," Carney began, "we're steaming along in this here ocean at ten knots, seventy-two r.p.m., and the base course is two five eight and that's what we're steering. No zigzag, no nothing; everything's peaceful."

"I trust Stupid's gone to bed," said Roberts.

"Stupid's gone to bed."

"Okay," said Roberts. "Anything else?"

"Nope, nothing else. No course changes."

"Okay," Roberts said. "I've got it."

"Okay." Carney made a gestured salute. He stood around a moment, trying not to appear too anxious to go below. "Hell of a bright night," he said.

"It really is."

Carney shifted his cap back on his head and yawned. "Okay," he said vaguely, and slouched off into the charthouse to write his log and turn in.

Roberts had the watch. For maybe the thousandth time in two and a half years Roberts had the watch.

He walked back out on the wing, leaned against the windshield, and looked out at the sea and the night; and for the first time he noticed what an incredible night it was. The moon — what an enormous moon! It had risen yellow and round and fat, and now that it was higher it had shrunk a little, but still it was round and full, and no longer yellow but molten, incandescent silver. The light it spread was daylight with the harshness filtered out, unbelievably pure and even and dimensionless. On the bridge you could have read a newspaper: it was that bright.

The moon now was on the port quarter and all the way to the horizon it parted the water in a wide, white glistening path that hurt the eyes; and back where the horizon should be there was really none at all; there was only this pale blue, shimmering haze where sky and water merged without a discernible break. And the sea was even more remarkable: Roberts had never seen the sea quite like this. There wasn't a ripple anywhere; there was only the faintest hint of a ground swell, an occasional bulge of water. The surface, glazed as it was with moonlight, looked heavy, coated, enameled: it was that perfect.

The ship slid through the water with an oily hiss, and the bow cut the fabric like a casual knife. At the stern, the wake was a wide, frothing rent, but further back it was healing and not so wide, and far, far back the fabric was whole and perfect again.

Lord, thought Roberts, this sea is a phony, a mirage, an illusion. There couldn't be a sea like this. It's a lie, a myth, a legend. It isn't real.

And a not at all faint rebutting voice answered him: Don't you wish it weren't.

Yeah, said Roberts, I do for a fact: I wish it weren't.

And then he added: But this ship can't be real. There couldn't possibly be a ship like this.

The voice concurred: You're right there. There couldn't be.

But there is, Roberts said.

But there is, the voice agreed.

3

LIKE a damn millpond," said a voice at his side; a more audible and more physical voice. Roberts looked up at Dolan, the second-class quartermaster.

"The smoothest I ever saw it," Roberts said.

"It really is." Dolan looked about, almost squinting in the shiny moonlight. "What a hell of a night to be out in this place!"

"I was thinking the same thing."

Dolan, his eyes still scanning the water, shook his head defeatedly. "Man, that beats me." He was young, only twenty-one or so, but he was a smart one; savvy; shrewd. He had been aboard not quite a year, and in that time he had established himself as one of the most formidable crapshooters on the ship; the company was fast. From his first day aboard, he had stood his watches with Mr. Roberts, and a nice feeling had grown up between the two.

When the two stood a watch there wasn't any nicely shaded officer and enlisted man relationship; there wasn't even any awareness of difference. They just stood and talked together: two men with the background of the United States, the bond of this ship, a mutual dislike of the Captain; stood and gossiped and speculated and told stories and reminisced; things two men together are apt to do anywhere. Their watches were really one continued conversation which they could resume at any time without consciousness of a break.

"Crap game tonight?" Roberts asked.

"Yeah," Dolan said. "I played till about eleven, then I quit."

"How'd you make out?"

"Lousy. That's why I quit. I went in with a hundred and I dropped that and then I borrowed fifty from Vanessi and I came back a little but then I dropped that too. So I figured it was time to get out of there."

"Who won all the money?"

"Vanessi. Dowdy and him. That guy Vanessi was up about eight hundred bucks when I got out. He was hotter than a firecracker."

Dolan was quiet a moment, then he said suddenly: "By the way, did you hear about Dowdy? Him and the old man?"

"No. What did he do?"

Dolan laughed delightedly, an obviously choice morsel to give. "That guy, you know what he did? Tonight? The old man called him up, something about the boats, and when they got through, the old man started crying the blues to Dowdy about the officers on here; what a miserable bunch of officers there was, and what a miserable outfit the Navy is, and how he wished he was back in the merchant service and could get hold of some of the officers back there. And then he says to Dowdy: 'I know the officers on here hate my guts. That's all right; I don't care about that. Now tell me what the crew thinks of me.' And Dowdy looks at him and says, 'You really want to know, Captain?' And then he says: 'Okay, you asked me and I'm telling you, Captain. They think you're an ass.'"

"Well I'll be damned!" Roberts said. He clapped the pelorus. "Say, that's fine! He really said that?"

"Absolutely! He said, 'Captain, they think you're an ass.' And he said the old man turned blue in the face, he was so mad; and at first he couldn't even talk, he was that mad. Then he told Dowdy to get the hell out of his cabin!"

"Say, that's fine," Roberts said admiringly. "Dowdy should get decorated for that — the Navy Cross at least. I'm going to see to it that Dowdy gets recommended for the Navy Cross."

The two worked on the Dowdy incident until its possibilities were exhausted; then they moved on to other matters. Dolan did most of the talking: he was a garrulous young man with impressively complete information on all strata of shipboard life, which he passed on faithfully to Mr. Roberts. Roberts, in

turn, supplied opinion when asked, advice when asked, and a certain amount of information on officers' doings, which were somewhat inaccessible to Dolan's probing. Like all good gossip sessions, theirs was a reciprocal affair, and like a good session it served its purpose; it passed a weary hour.

Dolan looked at his watch. "Jeez, a quarter of two," he said. "Okay if I go down for some coffee?" Roberts said it was, although it always took Dolan half an hour to get a cup of coffee.

"Shall I bring you some?" Dolan said, starting down the ladder. Roberts shook his head.

4

ALONE on the wing again, he took his glasses and studied the horizon. There was nothing there; there was nothing at all in the night but this ship, the point of reference in infinity, and this sea that planed away in all directions to the curving line of its visible limits. A little wind had come up, and on the sea there was a little swell; the ship rolled in it ever so gently and slowly. Roberts watched as the foremast wheeled in a stately arc against the stars of the Southern Cross, a pointer tracing on the blackboard of the sky. A quarter of two: well, that was good; that was better than he expected. That's where it paid to have someone to talk to, someone like Dolan; the time went down so much more easily.

A quarter of two. Two hours down, two to go. It was when you were alone like this, nothing to do, no one to talk with, that the time went hard. It was a hundred times better to run in convoy and be busy as hell; a station to keep, the zigzag plan to run, ships to watch out for. It was when you were alone like this, no ships and no Dolan to engage the front of your mind, that it got bad. You started thinking then, and that was always bad. Never think: that was one of the two great lessons Roberts had learned. The other was, once started, how to stop thinking. When his mind started to work in the all too frequent pattern — subjectively, wishfully, unrealistically or too realistically, and, in the end, despairingly — there was only one thing to do and that was to stop it; to wipe his mind blank and clean as a slate washed with a sponge, and to keep it that way.

He had learned to do that, and he considered the knowledge a priceless boon. He could stand for hours as he did now, his mind shuttered like a lens; and the tiny corner of it that would never quite close completely engrossed with such an external as the mast pirouetting among the stars, or the phosphorus that flared in the bow wave. And sooner or later the watches always ended — he had learned that too — they always ended.

There were footsteps on the ladder and Dolan was back. He busied himself for a moment in the wheelhouse, getting the two o'clock readings; then he came out. He was eating an apple and he handed one to the officer.

"Clocks go back an hour tomorrow night," Dolan said between bites. "Not on our watch though."

"Midnight?" Roberts said.

"I guess so. Jeez they'd better. I think we've caught all the long watches so far. And then when we go the other way and the clocks go ahead we miss all of those."

Dolan worked on his apple down to the core and then threw it over the side. "What time does Frisco keep?" he asked suddenly.

"Frisco?" Roberts said. "I think plus seven. Why?"

"Plus seven," Dolan mused, "plus seven. We're in minus eleven now. That's six hours difference." He ticked off on his fingers. "Man, do you know what time it is in Frisco right now? It's eight o'clock!"

"That's right," said Roberts. "Eight o'clock yesterday."

"Sonofabitch!" Dolan was impressed. "Think of that, Mr. Roberts. Eight o'clock. Just the time to be starting out in Frisco!"

Roberts didn't say anything and the quartermaster went on: "Man, how I'd like to be down on Turk Street right now. Just going into the old Yardarm. Things would just be starting to pop down there! Were you ever in the Yardarm, Mr. Roberts?"

Roberts smiled. "Once."

"I knew it!" Dolan chuckled. "I knew it! I might have known you'd get down there. It's all right, ain't it, the old Yardarm?"

"A little strenuous," Roberts smiled.

"More beasts down there than you can shake a stick at!" Dolan was getting enthusiastic in his recollection. "You know what, Mr. Roberts? The last time I was there, that was a year ago, man, I found a fine little beast down there. Cutest little doll you ever saw, blonde, a beautiful figure, really a beautiful girl. I was pretty stupid drunk but I saw her and I started dancing with her and, boy, I sobered up in a hurry. I said, 'Let's go some place else, baby,' and she said, 'Let's go,' and we went out the door and I said, 'Where we going?' and she just says, 'Come with me.' And she led me and we got in her car and she drove me out to her apartment 'way out by U. C. Hospital. She had an apartment all to herself and this fine car and, man, I was shackled up with her for a month. Her old man owned three bars and she was always getting me liquor and I was driving all over town in that Plymouth convertible and all the time shackled up with that fine beast. That was all right!" He shook his head wonderingly.

Dolan was all wound up now. He went on and on, recalling other conquests in San Francisco. Roberts listened for a while but gradually his mind wandered. He nodded his head at the right places, and smiled at the right places, but he was no longer listening. Against his will, knowing he shouldn't be doing it, he was thinking of San Francisco; he was back there himself now, reconstructing his own version of the town. He was thinking of eight o'clock, the hour when the evening came to life; drawing upon his in-

tensely maintained recollections of two and a half years ago. He was thinking of the signs lighting up along Geary Street, and the lineup waiting for taxis in front of the St. Francis, and the cable cars climbing Nob Hill, and the dusk settling on Nob Hill, filling up from the bay and from the city below.

Eight o'clock in the nice bars — the St. Francis and the Cirque room at the Fairmount and the Top of the Mark and the Zebra room at the Huntington — the air bright and murmurous with the laughter and the clink of glasses and the foolish, confidential talk and over it all, soft and unheard and really astonishingly sad, the deep, slow rhythms of American dance music. And the girls, the fine, straight clean-limbed American girls in their tailored suits, sitting, leaning forward, each talking with her escort, one hand extended on the table and just touching his sleeve. Or dancing tall and proud to the music that promised them bright and lovely and imperishable things.

And at the bar all the young officers, the bright-eyed, expectant young officers, watching the girls, looking for something — they didn't know what — something that called at night with the dusk and the neon lights and swore to them that tonight, this very night, in this town, this bar, something of desperate loveliness was going to happen if only they found the right girl, found the right bar, drank enough liquor, smoked enough cigarettes, heard enough talk, laughed enough. But they must hurry, they must hurry; the bars were closing, the trains were leaving, the ships were sailing, youth itself was running out. What was it they were seeking? It wasn't just a girl, although a girl was necessary. A girl wasn't the total; she was just a factor. It was more than that, Roberts thought; what was it?

And the angry, critical refuting voice arose inside him and answered: Why you goddamn knucklehead! Who're you trying to kid? The bars are so goddamn noisy you can't yell from one table to the next. The women are a bunch of beasts with dirty bare legs and stringy hair. The boys are out for just one thing. Who're you trying to kid, anyway? . . .

5

DOLAN was asking him something. He wanted to know: "Any chance of this scow ever getting back to the States?"

Roberts said mildly, "You know better than that."

"Yeah," Dolan said, "I guess so. But the engineers keep saying we've got to get in a yard pretty soon."

"And they've been saying that for two and a half years. There's nothing wrong with these engines that can't be taken care of right out here."

Dolan shook his head sadly. "Yeah, this bucket will be running around here till the war's over." He added determinedly: "But this kid is sure as hell going to get back before then. As soon as I get eighteen months in, if they don't send me back then, whiz over the hill I go!"

Roberts turned and smiled. "What are you going to do, swim?"

"If necessary!" Dolan said emphatically. "If necessary! Do you know there are thousands of bastards lying around the States who've never been to sea? Yeomen and storekeepers and all that crap. Thousands of them!"

"That doesn't help us any."

"No, but it should," Dolan said. "How long have you been out of the States, Mr. Roberts?"

"How long? Two and a half years. Thirty-three months exactly."

"Kee-ri-st!" Dolan said, impressed. "That's a long time! How come?"

Roberts pinched his ear thoughtfully. "I have a theory that all my records have blown out the window at the Bureau."

"But thirty-three months! That's a *long* time!"

Yes, Roberts thought, it probably was a long time. He wasn't sure just how long, but it must have been quite long. He thought of his little sister for a greater comprehension of thirty-three months than the calendar provided. Thirty-three months had been long enough for his little sister, four years younger, to meet a man, fall in love with him, marry him, and bear a child for him. It was long enough for his sister, who had been slim and blonde and pretty, to become, according to the evidence of the camera, no longer slim, no longer pretty, and more than thirty-three months older. It had been long enough, he wondered, for how many couples to fall in love and marry and have children? If all the couples who met and married in that period were to march four abreast past a given point, how long would the procession take? A hell of a long time, he decided; probably another two and a half years. . . .

"I know one thing," Dolan was saying, "when I do get back I'm sure as hell going to get married. Little girl in Lakeland, Florida. Cute as hell. Did I ever show you her picture?"

Roberts shook his head and Dolan said: "I got it right here." He pulled a wallet out of his dungaree pants and in the ample moonlight they stood and examined the likeness of a round-eyed, gentle-looking girl with bobbed blonde hair. "Very pretty girl," Roberts said.

"I'm going to marry that gal," Dolan said, "and then when I get out I'm going to settle down right there in Lakeland and raise ferns. Make a million dollars growing ferns."

"Ferns?"

"Hell, yeah. There's a lot of money in them. People just don't realize. You can make a lot of money growing ferns if you get a little good ground."

"I didn't know," Roberts said politely.

"Yeah, hell yes," Dolan said. "What are you going to do when you get out?"

Roberts picked up a pair of glasses and raised them to his eyes. "I haven't the faintest idea. Run a chain of whore-houses, maybe. Grow ferns. Sell apples. Shine shoes."

"What were you doing before you came in?"

Roberts looked through the glasses a moment without answering; then he put them down. "I was going to school," he said. "Medical school. I'd just finished my first year."

"Medical school? How come they got you in this outfit?"

"I came in. It was my own idea."

"Yeah, but how come? The draft couldn't get you in medical school, could it?"

"No."

"And you still joined this outfit?" Dolan insisted. "When you didn't have to?"

Roberts smiled crookedly. "That was right after Pearl Harbor. For some reason I felt that I had to get in the war." He shrugged as though to dismiss the subject. "I don't understand it myself now."

But Dolan was not to be put aside. "Jeez," he said. "I shouldn't think you would. If I had a chance like that to stay out I sure as hell wouldn't be here now!"

"Jeez," he said again; and after a moment: "How many times a day do you kick yourself, Mr. Roberts?"

"Several hundred," Roberts said quietly. "An average of several hundred."

"Are you going back to medical school when you get out?"

Roberts shook his head and squinted up at the foremast. "Too old," he said. "I was twenty-three when I came in, I'm twenty-six now, I'll be twenty-eight when I get out. That's too old. I'd have to take a year of refresher work, then three more years of med school, then two years interning. That would make me thirty-four before I even started practicing. That's too much."

The quartermaster was quiet a moment. "Jeez," he said after a moment, softly. "Why in the *hell* did you want to get in the war?"

Roberts answer wasn't really an answer at all. "I didn't know then that there were such things as auxiliaries," he mused. "I just took for granted that I'd get on a can or a wagon or a carrier right in the middle of it. Instead I end up on a tanker in the Atlantic and this thing out here."

"Jeez," Dolan said again. He shook his head doubtfully and looked at his wrist. "Three o'clock," he announced, "five after." He went into the wheelhouse to get the readings. He came back and leaned on the pelorus and the two stood together and looked out at the sea. A minute passed, and then another, and then, like an army in rout, the watch collapsed, fell apart, was finished. One minute it was three o'clock, and the next it was four. One minute Dolan was telling a story about the girl friend of Dowdy's who got her picture in *True Detective* for shooting her husband, and the next it was three thirty and time to call the reliefs. And from three thirty, the clock jumped to a quarter of four and Dolan was making an informal salute and spiling all in one breath and almost in one word, "I've been relieved sir Garrity

has the watch," and then there was Pauley standing beside him, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"A hell of a time to get a man up," Pauley mumbled.

And the watch was over, swallowed, put down. "It is that," Roberts agreed. "It is that."

Pauley scowled around the horizon. "What's the dope?"

"Two five eight. Seventy-two turns. No course changes. No zigzag. Stupid has a call in for six."

Pauley nodded. "I saw that. Okay," he said. "I got it."

"Okay," said Roberts. He turned to go.

"Say," called Pauley, "have you got *God's Little Acre*?"

"No, I don't have it. Keith had it the last time I saw it."

"He's too young to be reading that," Pauley pronounced soberly.

"That's very true." Roberts went on into the charthouse to write his log. When he had finished he sat for a moment slumped on the stool at the chart table, rubbing his eyes. He considered for a moment going down to the wardroom for something to eat, then he remembered there was nothing there. He got up slowly and went down the ladder to his room.

Nothing had changed: it could have been seconds that he had been gone. Langston was still breathing with the same rhythm and the same intensity. With the same whine the fan was pushing the same air across the room. The clock ticked on and on. Roberts undressed in the dark and got into bed. He lay on his back, his arms cradled beneath his head, his eyes open and staring into the darkness. Helplessly, before he could stop himself, he thought again of San Francisco. Now, as he saw it, it was midnight there and the bars were letting out; the couples walked arm in arm down the streets and the women laughed, and all of them were rich with the knowledge of some incomparable party to follow. A boy and a lovely, slender girl with shining black hair came out of the Mark and stepped into a taxicab, and as the taxi pulled away the girl lay back in the seat and turned to the boy with a slow, happy, secret smile. And down the steep face of California Street, past the careless, oblivious couples, a young man walked alone, back to the ship, the camp, the empty hotel room; another night spent of the dwindling supply, and nothing bought. What was he looking for? What was he missing? What had he lost?

And then the sudden, angry voice clamored: Will you knock it off? Will you for Pete's sake knock it off?

Abruptly as turning out a light Roberts stopped thinking, shut off his mind, composed himself for sleep. Mechanically, through the tiny corner left open, he calculated the day ahead: four hours of sleep now, the four to eight watch in the afternoon, and then all night in — no watch until eight the next morning. A whole night in — that was something to look forward to.

THE SPARK GAP—TRIESTE

by GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

1

TO BE in Trieste is to be in the spark gap. The Yugoslavs crowd us in on two sides from the hills, where the Partisan boys love to cut loose with small arms at night, just to remind us that they are there and intend to come back. This is the so-called Morgan Line, which must have been traced after much hard bargaining, for it leaves out a vast chunk of ex-Italian territory, the so-called Zone B, which is now Yugoslav by simple right of occupation. Zone B includes the port of Fiume and the Istrian Peninsula. But Istria is not quite so Slav as the Slavs would like to make out. Tales of terror still seep out from there. On the other hand, we hold on our side of the line, as it runs north, tens of thousands of Yugoslavs who do not accept even our temporary rule, and who have recently gone in for aggressive non-coöperation. I wanted to see this hell's kitchen where the future is cooking.

"You can have my car," the Major had said. "But mind you keep to the approved road. The Yugs are trigger-happy, and you might land yourself in the clink for the night. I'll give you Jock. The two of you in uniform ought to get through all right."

So here we are on the road, having passed the frontier inspection a couple of miles from Trieste. The houses violently proclaim in stencil the joy of belonging to the Federative Democratic Progressive Republic. The road echoes that joy in slogans running crosswise and lengthwise on the asphalt until they form an uncouth carpet pattern. Yugoslav soldiers watch us from the slopes. At the first bend, we have to brake sharply; two men are in front of us, the red star on their caps and tommy guns slung across their shoulders. They move over unwillingly to make way. They do not seem reconciled to the fact that this is a convoy route.

"There they go," says Jock cheerfully. Jock is a truck driver from Lancashire, and his sympathies are with the laboring masses; but he does not understand

foreign ways. He eyes in silence couple after couple of Partisan militia walking along in full accoutrement. At a bridge, an armed threesome scrutinizes us some more. This is the police (they always go in threes or sixes): OZNA, regional, and Partisan police, watching over everything and also over each other.

As we climb up a hill, Jock surveys the thin-earthed landscape, scarred by the cruel white stone of the Carso cropping up everywhere. "What I don't understand," he says, "is why people want to fight for this kind of land."

"They like it as it is," I reply listlessly as I watch the tommy-gunners go by. What admirable faces, one feels, open and sturdy, deeply engraved with character — individualized faces. No better stock than the Slovene peasant anywhere. This is not fascist material. The contrast is clear between those faces and the mass-produced slogans screaming from every house wall. *Zivio Tito*, Stalin, the Allies, Stalin and Tito, the Federative Democratic Progressive Yugoslavia. We want Yugoslavia. This is Yugoslavia. This is Yugoslav Istria. A young chorus of fine athletic specimens, eyes fierce and yet gentle, lit by holy fire. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord —

Bingo. A squealing of brakes. Road block. A triplet inspects us, salute, all right.

The road now bends towards the coast. Triplets and more triplets. Stalin Tito, Stalin Tito, Stalin Tito.

"In this part of the world," says Jock, still following his thoughts, "I'm told even hens have to join the Union for Red Aigs."

We speed along the seashore in the wonderful morning air, with the mountains of Italy lightly modeled in the distance, between earth and sky, away across the open sea. The ancient town of Capodistria, with the graceful arches and svelte spires, reaches out into the waters as if to rejoin the motherland. The situation there is known and clear-cut: a town 100 per cent Italian, and not happy.

I overheard the other day in a streetcar an argument between a Communist worker from Trieste and a man from Capodistria — both Italians, each wishing himself on the other side of the line. "You can have your unprint-fathered obscenity of an Italian

A physicist and philosopher, a graduate of the University of Rome, who came to this country in the 1930's and has taught both at Harvard and at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, GEORGE DE SANTILLANA is now an American citizen who has served the *Atlantic* well as our foreign correspondent in Italy and as an observer inside Tito's lines.

government," the worker was shouting. "Italy only gave us Fascism and Cosulich. If we get back under it, we'll be run by another fascism upheld by the Anglo-Saxon Reaction. We want to be an autonomous republic in the Yugoslav federation. D'you get that, you bum?"

"Well and maybe Italy is what you say," retorted the Capodistrian, "but my mother's my mother, and whatever you call her, I'd rather have her than any stepmother."

2

BACK in the States, I used to imagine that we should have no more of the old Trieste problem. An exchange of populations, anything, so long as this boundary sore which had wasted a million lives was put out of existence. I had figured it all out. The only valid settlement was that which could be reached on the spot by the local patriots united for the first time against the Germans.

Since then, I have heard these very same thoughts spoken by Yugoslav leaders — and the more I hear them the less do I recognize them. A federation of local autonomies, wonderful. But what do those words — autonomy, union, federation — mean to the Slav side? The way they handled Trieste during the forty days of occupation was nothing like federative respect.

The Garibaldi Brigades were, at one time, what they were meant to be — united Italian patriots under Yugoslav command. Since those days, however, they have been purged of Socialists, of Actionists, of everybody not of the strict Communist obedience. This fanatical core, then, was indoctrinated and sent back to filter into Italy with definite instructions. Totalitarian democracy, as one of them put it.

They are winning people, to be sure, these young Yugoslav leaders. Eager beavers all, utterly sincere, the difficulty is they use our concepts only to hit us below the belt. No way of common discourse.

We have skirted the huge rusting carcass of the *Rex* lying on its side in the shallow waters offshore. We have left behind us the ancient Venetian cities of the coast. We are driving now into the interior, which is supposed to be generally Slav.

Looks still like Italian countryside to me. More Italian even than Trieste, which is still an Empire city. The way the houses are set, the Euganean grace of the hills, the contours and vine festoons organizing the terraced fields — no question. Now, above us, a dark-walled borough on top of a hill. Don't swerve, Jock. Let's drive in. They can't mind if we look for cigarettes.

The square is crowded with Yugoslav soldiers who stare at us stonily. In the little dark store there is a knot of townsfolk who brighten up on seeing my uniform. Any Red Stars? Sure, lots. Want five packages?

"How are things around here?"

An uneasy silence.

"Someone answer quick," grins a gray-haired man, obviously the drugstore keeper, "before They follow you in."

He has no sooner spoken than two massive shapes edge their way into the den, managing their Breda guns through the doorway as oxen would their horns.

"I see. How much? Forty? So long, boys."

Off on the road again, overlooking the beautiful sweep of the valley of the Quieto, with ancient hill-towns scattered on the tops. I realize that so far we have not met the usual patient knot of civilians waiting for a lift at every crossing. Wonder what that means. Here is a man just ahead, laboring up the grade with a biggish pack on his back. "Let's try and pick him up," I suggest.

"Now, sir," remonstrates Jock, "don't you know there's standing orders against pickups this way? People get compromised."

"Never mind, Jock. Do as I tell you."

As we stop by him, the man gives us a frightened look and waves us off. We drive on in silence.

"I say, Jock, don't you think the radiator needs water?" I ask after a while.

"Maybe it does."

"Then let's stop at that house down there."

The road stretches out straight and empty ahead. No one in sight in the bare fields. We borrow a bucket from an old farmer. "I say, Grandpa, what's the matter that people won't let us give 'em a ride? Too proud?"

"It's because of the Allies, God knows," mutters the old man bitterly. "We can't even look at them."

"Now are you satisfied, sir?" says Jock as we pick up speed again.

"Not quite yet. Let's try the next village."

A village after Visinada. We pull up beside a wall proclaiming: "Istria to the Istrians. We want the rights of the Atlantic Charter." I walk into the store. Any cigarettes? Sure.

"Nice-looking country here," I remark casually. "How's the maize this year? It was all burned up in Veneto."

"So-so," says the owner. Two Red Stars with tommy guns have walked into the shop and lean against the counter on either side of me.

"Maybe the wine is better this season. I'd like to try it."

"Down the street, sir, to your right."

Down we go. The little low tavern is utterly bare. The woman has a nice homely peasant face.

"We'd like a glass of wine. How are things this year?"

The woman does not answer as she pours it out, but looks steadily at us with a sickly, pathetic smile of resignation. Sort of unnatural smile. Suddenly it fades. I turn around; the *empistolados* have walked in after us. The woman's face has taken on the look of closed despair that one remembers from Flemish paintings of the Crucifixion. No use going on.

"Have a drink, sirs," I say holding forth the glass. They are taken aback, mumble embarrassedly. We

drink in silence. They look rather foolish as we walk out past them, Jock the image of British insolence.

"I'm getting new ideas on the Atlantic Charter," says Jock as we take up the road again. "That wine was nothing much. And by the way, sir, did you see those little boys up in taown? Regular Hitler youth."

3

ECONOMICALLY, Central Europe is going to be a stray for years to come. Politically, a kind of Oliver Twist. Do we want to keep contacts with Vienna, with Prague, with Budapest, with Yugoslavia itself? The contacts they are asking for? Then we have to stay right here. Trieste does not mean only the port: it means the freight rates to that port, it means the whole rail network beyond it, it means the land base of disputed territory. Otherwise —

Clear out? Today, the Tito boys would like to bring the torch of social liberation to Italy (they would have done it in May, but for the British), but the Italians are correspondingly losing their yen for Red leadership. They feel that they have been plenty liberated by the Allies already.

By letting go, we should merely postpone the problem a few years; whereas now we still have our foot in the door. Which is maybe a shoddy simile, a Fuller Brush proposition, but it means peace.

We are heading south in a silent landscape — a monotonous plateau of sagebrush and white stone.

The ground slopes everywhere into funnels, some of them full of good arable earth at the bottom, others deep as mine shafts. The *foibe*. Much has been written and clamored in Italy about the executions in the *foibe* last year. There are no eyewitnesses, since people knew better than walk about in those dread nights. They closed their shutters and prayed. Hundreds have certainly vanished down those bottomless pits. Not so many, anyway, compared to what happened in the mine pits of the Donets at the hands of the Germans.

What the Italians are not ready to see is that this was really popular justice of a rough sort; most of the victims had been agents of the Fascist regime. Agents is a vague word, of course. I myself talked to the only known survivor of a *foiba*, and he certainly might have been spared. He was a young man who had joined the Fascist militia in order to avoid being drafted to Russia. The usual Hobson's choice. He was taken with five others at night near one of these pits; their hands tied behind their backs with wire and weighted with stones. They were told to jump. This man hesitated at the brink. The guards fired a few rounds to push him over, and he felt the stone drop, freed by a chance bullet. He jumped with all his strength to avoid out-jutting rocks, hit the water eighty feet down, came up struggling, swam with his legs only until he reached a ledge in a cavern recess where he could steady himself. He saw his comrades plummet down one after another and vanish in the

deep. Then he worked for two hours at the twisted wire, tearing his wrists (the deep scars still show) until his hands were free. He climbed up the rocky funnel before dawn and escaped.

No conclusion to be drawn from this. Just contemporary reality. The Italians have executed sixty thousand of their own fascists, and there are still plenty left.

Feud and counter-feud have been pyramiding executions since 1930, from Spain to the China Sea, and there is no end in sight. As we speed on, we pass a clump of trees with red wreaths and a placard: to twelve patriots hanged there by the Germans, "enduring witnesses to Italo-Slovene brotherhood." That was indeed our hope. Now it has become a tricky slogan for a party. No conclusion here, either.

Down we race into Pola, the ex-naval base of the Hapsburgs, today a dead and shivering city. Right in front of the Roman Arena, I run into the man I was looking for. He is with some friends. More tales of sorrow. A Slav lawyer, respected by the Partisans for his anti-Fascism, says: "I'd rather go clean drains in Italy than live under this multiple of Fascism."

The time has come to start on the road back. Jock is also mindful of his tea.

I am trying to add up the score.

A plebiscite? But if it were held freely and in pre-liberation conditions (a squaring of the circle) the Italianized Slavs would make a majority for Italy. The other side would never accept it. A line through the middle? Unnatural. An exchange of populations? Or rather, a pushing out of this population? On what basis? Ethnographic? Linguistic? The only criterion would be fear and flight.

The Italian officials from Italy badgered and oppressed the Slavs. Now the Slavs from over there are meeting it out in triple measure to the Italians. A local affair in terms of universal slogans. This unhappy peninsula, in the spark gap between East and West, reveals more clearly the tensions between race and culture, between modern hopes and old hatreds. As a racial problem Istria makes no sense. That's flat. Not even folklore will help. A mixture of Italian colonists from the Venetian Empire, Croatized Serbs, Serbified Croats, Slovenified Albanians, and what not, including the mysterious "Cici."

The tension is between the Western way of life of the towns and the new aggressive Slav peasantry. Now a new "popular culture" is rolling in from the East, powered by Popular Culture Departments, and the Italianate people have to go. Ancient individualism vs. modern organization. The tension is really between two forms of society. Culture? What kind of culture?

Dignano. A road fork. "Approved Allied road" to the west. The hell with it, Jock, let's take east and see what happens. We're on our own today.

The forbidden road is white and dusty, but how much more beautiful. Soldiers on bicycles (Army men this time) stare at us in surprise before they are

swallowed by the choking dust. A chapel by the way-side, St. Mary of the Sea, set among oak trees, of ancient Romanic simplicity, a jewel worthy of Tuscany or Provence. The region here is still Italian according to the population map, but there is no doubt of its having become solidly Slav.

The types and bearing of peasants tell the story. Buxom women ask for a lift without embarrassment and chat easily. No longer the mechanized bellowing of red stencils on houses, but free scrawls. This is Croat Istria, we don't like Dragoljub, *Zivio* the Twenty-third Congress of something or other. Come to think of it, there was no mention of congresses in the western zone. The land, too, is different, set in confusion, roads messy, fields in unfamiliar patches. But the whole is vital. White oxen on the red earth, young and old behind the plow still in Partisan uniform with red stars on their caps. One imagines their guns resting behind a bush. It is almost like a print out of the French Revolution. The landscape seems to be humming "Ça ira."

Blown bridges, charred and gutted houses, the reminder of bloody Partisan fighting, underscore the new hope. One would say that these people, like the British, live at home. "There's one thing Mussolini has done," Jock says meditatively. "He's united the Slavs."

A startled road block forgets to inspect us. We speak English, act confused, ask for the road to Trieste. This way, this way.

The sun is setting. People are going home to their dusky houses on the heights. Girls in groups, carrying their shovels like rifles and singing.

One thing seems clear to all of them: the state is a serious thing. It is *the* serious thing (there is absolutely no talk except of politics in the Balkans). Who can blame them? We used to take the state easy, in our old easy world. But the poor people on the receiving end had known in their bones that the state was a serious thing. They always seemed to know what it was about. Today the state acts purposefully, because it is the business committee of the bourgeoisie. Today, in the new classless society, the state has only the interests of The People to mind; therefore the state can do no wrong. This dreadful logic out of books.

4

WHAT, then, is this freedom? Never the freedom of the self, always the freedom of the We. The freedom, as one of these men had told me, "of achieving great things." Yes, and I had reminded him of how many times we had heard that word in Hitler's speeches. Too bad. Great things can only be achieved together — there you have your logic again. No escape. How right was Plato when he said that to refrain from what could be done was the true mark of the intellect. But this is our time. Intellect means operation. Big things, still bigger things.

The car is now speeding along a hill crest, with the valleys already plunged in the shadows. The landscape is only an outline of darkness and peace against the western glow. A village. As we turn inside it at right angles, our headlights sweep the vast walls of a church and explode another riot of pronouncements. Progressive federative democratic Tito Stalin Zivio Zivio. We don't want Peter. To hell with Peter. Tito is ours and we are Tito's. Darkness now, and the rush of the road. We ruminate. On and on, wrapped in the night, the countryside lost.

Is this the new faith? There are so many outside it. I remember the words of a candid observer who knows a lot about the Balkans: "Do you know what would topple Tito just like that? Don't believe me if you don't want to. Just an American military band playing in Belgrade."

But maybe this *is* the new faith. There is no other, unless we take our good old labor liberalism to be one still. Maybe it is, too. But not the way we mean when we think of early Christians. This is it. I have seen the Comrades.

Yes, but, *is* it? These are not really early Christians, even if the hope is there. No slow growth, no hidden certainties that take on substance in passing from father to son. No architecture of myth and dream. Cold pragmatism, the loud-speaker truck, the advertising slogan.

The "Titos" leap at us from the curbstones in spectral succession. Jock breaks the silence at last. "It's not so healthy to be around at this time. They might take a pop at us."

"It's all right, Jock. We're almost there."

We are not there yet. We are inside the inimical night, heavy with suspicion. Words have lost the power to communicate. We mean nothing to Them, they little to us. Everything is perilously poised. But we should hold on. Our own words mean so little now. War and progress, for instance. We shall have to find new ones. They too. At times, one feels as if a miraculous and very simple idea were just around the corner. A kind of intellectual mutation. I have seen too many people wondering what it all means.

Up a long grade, another road block. The flag. Why, this *is* the border. A young soldier scrutinizes our papers under an oil lamp, all the while trying to prevent his tommy gun from tumbling over them as he labors at deciphering the, to him, undecipherable. All right. Pass on.

A hundred yards beyond, the Allied guard post. Two New Zealanders with modest-looking carbines wave us in. We join a long line of UNRRA trucks waiting for inspection.

Two Yank drivers sit on a running board. They are leaning against each other and crooning: "It must be love — because I feel so well —"

Deep down below, beyond the curve in the road, a few harbor lights show the vast outline of the muted city. Above it, the huge beams of Navy searchlights subtend the sky. This is Trieste.

NUREMBERG — A FAIR TRIAL?

Dynamic Law

by HERMAN PHLEGER

1

ON December 8, 1945, I set out from Berlin for the Nuremberg War Trial. I had followed the preparatory steps: the London Agreement of August 8 creating the Tribunal, the presentment of the indictment in Berlin on October 18, and the commencement of the trial in Nuremberg on November 20. But only the trial itself could answer the question whether it was to be no more than an exercise of victorious power under a cloak of legal form, or whether it was to be a dispassionate application of the principles of international justice, and a significant step forward in the long struggle to establish the supremacy of the law.

When we reached Nuremberg, we found it largely in ruins. The old walled city is a thing of the past; it is not even rubble, it is dust. The trial is held in the Palace of Justice, which is outside the devastated area and little damaged.

Shortly before ten the room begins to fill. The defendants are brought in by the Military Police and are seated in their box. The Colonel-bailiff raps for order and directs those present to rise. Thereupon, through a door opening directly onto the Bench, the members of the Tribunal enter: first, the French members, M. Henri Donnedieu de Vabre and his alternate; then the British members, Lord Justice Lawrence and his alternate, Sir Norman Birkett of the High Court of Justice; then the American members, former Attorney General Biddle and his alternate, Judge John J. Parker of the Circuit Court of Appeals; and finally the Soviet members, Major General I. T. Nikitchenko, Vice President of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R., and his alternate. All wear black robes except the Soviet members, who are in uniform. The alternates sit with the members and appear to take an active part in the proceedings and deliberations though they have no vote save in

the absence of their principals. Lord Justice Lawrence is President of the Tribunal and presides over all its sessions.

Mr. Justice Jackson, American Chief of Counsel, sits at one of the counsel tables, surrounded by his staff, among whom well-known members of the American bar are readily recognized. At the British table is Sir Hartley Shawcross, Attorney General. M. François de Menthon, former Minister of Justice, leads the French counsel. The Soviet Chief of Counsel, General R. A. Rudenko, sits at a table at which I noted Professor Mankowski, Professor of Private International Law at the University of Moscow, whom I had known in Berlin as a member of the Soviet Legal Directorate. I also noted the presence of a number of well-known authorities on international law — including Professor Quincy Wright of the University of Chicago and Professor Hersch Lauterpacht of the University of Cambridge.

On the first attendance, the proceedings opened with the introduction by Mr. Sidney Alderman, one of Mr. Justice Jackson's associates, of evidence of the Nazi plans for the invasion of the U.S.S.R. I was unprepared for the wealth of direct evidence of a course of conduct I had anticipated would be difficult to prove. Similar evidence is being produced in support of other charges of the indictment.

That such evidence is available is due to the German passion for thoroughness and detail. Copies of "top secret" orders were distributed to key officers and departments, who retained them in their files. Hitler held frequent conferences with the defendants, and stenographic records of the meetings were preserved. As though to provide material for future autobiographies, many of the defendants including Jodl, Frank, and Rosenberg, kept diaries. Ribbentrop kept notes. The Admiralty kept a diary. Many entrusted with the commission of shocking crimes seemed so anxious to obtain credit for efficient discharge of their assignments that they not only made detailed reports, but often documented them with photographs, both stills and moving pictures. Typical is Stroop's report describing the destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto. Literally tons of original documents of this character were captured.

A leader of the San Francisco bar, HERMAN PHLEGER graduated from the University of California in 1912, studied at the Harvard Law School in 1913-1914, and then after two years of service in the Navy in the First World War returned to the West Coast, where in 1925 he became a partner of Brobeck, Phleger & Harrison. From July through December, 1945, he was Associate Director of the Legal Division of the Office of Military Government for Germany.

In an ordinary conspiracy trial, the prosecution is fortunate if it has evidence as to where and when the conspirators met. The jury is usually asked to infer from other evidence what took place at the alleged meetings. Here, there are available stenographic reports of the actual meetings, originals of the orders based on the decisions reached, diaries of the participants, and reports of the execution of the plans agreed on. The decision of the prosecution to present its case largely in the form of documentary evidence, notwithstanding the fact that many German officials are willing to testify, is easily understandable.

The general character of the evidence was exemplified in the case of the invasion of the U.S.S.R. The Nazi-Soviet non-aggression pact was made on August 23, 1939; German troops invaded Soviet territory, without warning, on June 22, 1941. Mr. Alderman introduced the original order signed by Hitler months before the invasion, directing the preparation of plans, under the operational title "Barbarossa." As I remember it, this paper was initialed in colored pencil by Jodl and Keitel. Then followed a succession of other original documents; military directives as well as stenographic reports of Hitler's conferences, and the elaborate plans of Rosenberg for the permanent incorporation of captured Soviet territory into Germany. Rosenberg pointed out that Germany would require most of the food of the Ukraine, and this unfortunately would result in the starvation of many inhabitants. Göring's plan for the dismantling and transfer to Germany of Soviet industries was offered in evidence.

The directives made clear that the invasion would take place even if Britain did not succumb in the meantime — it could be dealt with after the Soviet collapse, which was expected a few months after the attack. Indeed, the plans included a partial demobilization of the German Army after the Soviet defeat, since the British invasion would not require such a large army.

As document after document was produced, the effect on the defendants was noticeable. Some appeared stunned by the realization that these secret documents were in Allied hands.

The members of the Tribunal followed the proceedings with close attention, making notes and checking the statements of counsel against the documents, copies of which had been supplied to them and to the defense. From time to time counsel was admonished by the President against offering merely cumulative evidence. Counsel for the defense followed each document as it was referred to. Dr. Dix, counsel for Schacht, speaking for all the defense counsel, asked the President for a clarification of a ruling respecting statements and arguments by the defense and was assured that a full opportunity would be given for these.

The second day of my attendance was taken up by a showing of motion pictures, mostly official German sound film. The rise of the Nazi Party from the Munich beer hall *Putsch* in the early twenties was

shown; the Party rallies, the rearming of Germany, the persecution of Jews and dissident elements, the Youth Movement, the wars of aggression, and the concentration camps. In one film, Rosenberg made a full exposition of the ideology, plans, history, and accomplishments of the Nazi Party. So closely did it follow the conspiracy count in the indictment that it almost seemed to have been designedly made to support it.

When the film showed Hess calling a Party rally to order, or Schirach addressing the enraptured Hitler Youth, or Göring presiding over the Reichstag, their faces glowed with the memory of former grandeur. When the concentration camps, the war horrors, and the German devastation were shown, it was a different story. Faces were grim and gloomy.

Three particulars impressed me: the ecstasy of the Hitler Youth when listening to Hitler; the back-slapping and dance of Göring and Mussolini at Munich after Chamberlain and Daladier had left; and the sarcasm and downright contempt shown by Hitler, Göring, and other Nazi leaders when Hitler told the Reichstag of his answer to Roosevelt's note asking Germany's intentions toward other European nations. The categorical answer, you will remember, was that Germany had only peaceful intentions.

2

FROM what I saw and heard I am convinced that the proceeding is one of which we as Americans can be proud. The consensus is that the trial will not be concluded before May at the earliest. But the pattern is set, and I should be greatly surprised if the future procedure varies much from the past. The defendants will have an opportunity to meet all the issues with documentary and oral testimony. They will produce many witnesses; probably all will testify; and their counsel will present argument, which will doubtless be lengthy and learned. But despite the manifold uncertainties attendant upon any criminal proceeding, I am confident that when the trial is concluded, thoughtful people everywhere will have reason to believe that the defendants have had a fair hearing and have been fairly judged.

In any consideration one must bear in mind the factual and formal basis of the trial. Punishment of the individuals responsible for the war has long been one of the United Nations' declared war objectives, formalized in the Moscow Declaration of November 1, 1943. President Truman, on May 2, 1945, appointed Mr. Justice Jackson as Chief of Counsel for the United States. On August 8, 1945, in London, he joined, on its behalf, with representatives of Great Britain, France, and the U.S.S.R. in executing the Agreement establishing the International Military Tribunal.

Many are under the impression that the Tribunal makes its own law and determines its own procedure. This is not the fact. The Charter annexed to the

Agreement specifies the constitution, jurisdiction, and functions of the Tribunal, defines the crimes, and prescribes the trial procedure. The crimes over which the Tribunal is given jurisdiction are: (1) crimes against peace — the waging of aggressive war; (2) war crimes — violations of the laws of war such as killing prisoners of war; and (3) crimes against humanity — murder and inhumane acts against civilians. The Charter prescribes that there shall be individual responsibility for such crimes; that a head of state shall not be exempt from responsibility; and the fact that a defendant acted under orders shall not free him from responsibility.

The Charter further provides that an indictment containing full particulars be filed, and a copy given to each defendant a reasonable time before trial; that the proceedings be in or be translated into a language understood by the defendants; that each defendant be entitled to counsel, and to produce evidence and cross-examine witnesses. Finally, it specifies that convictions shall be only by the affirmative vote of three members of the Tribunal, that the judgment shall give the reasons on which it is based, and that, in case of conviction, sentences shall be carried out by the Control Council for Germany, which may reduce or modify, but not increase, the punishment.

Other United Nations may join in the Agreement, and thus far fifteen additional nations, including Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Norway, have done so.

On October 18, 1945, in Berlin, the Tribunal met, and received the indictment, copies of which were then delivered to the defendants, and widely published. It contains forty-three pages, in four counts. Count 1 charges that the defendants participated in a common plan or conspiracy to commit crimes against peace, war crimes, and crimes against humanity, and in furtherance of this plan formed the Nazi Party, acquired control of the German government, wiped out internal resistance, mobilized the country for war, and launched aggressive wars which contemplated, and resulted in, violations of the laws of war and crimes against humanity. Count 2 is based on crimes against peace; Count 3 on war crimes; and Count 4 on crimes against humanity. The specifications in the indictment are in detail — dates, names, places.

Why do I believe the defendants are having a fair trial? Because, in the first place, they are fully informed of the law which they are charged with violating (the claim that it is *ex post facto* I shall consider in a moment); they were served with a specification of the offenses charged, in their own language, well in advance of trial; they are represented by counsel acceptable to them, including some of the most eminent lawyers in Germany. Dr. Dix, Schacht's counsel, is one of the most prominent lawyers in Berlin; Ribbentrop's counsel is Dr. Fritz Sauter, long a leader of the German bar; all give an impression of competence and courage. The defendants have the right to introduce evidence, to cross-examine wit-

nesses, to testify, and to address the court. The proceedings are in, or are translated into, a language understood by them.

The proceedings are public. The press of the world is represented, and within the limits of available space visitors are admitted. Every word of testimony is recorded and preserved, both in the original and in translation, and daily transcripts are made available. Exhibits are furnished the defendants in advance.

The whole atmosphere of the proceeding is dignified and orderly. The Tribunal displays a high regard for the defendants' rights. The law to be applied is fixed by the Charter, not the Tribunal. Its function is to decide, under the law prescribed, whether the evidence produced proves the charges of the indictment. This duty I am sure the court will discharge with courage and scrupulous fairness. The defendants will be deemed innocent unless and until proved guilty by evidence produced in open court, responsive to the charges of the indictment. Any judgment will be in writing and will state the reasons on which it is based.

It has been observed that the victors are here sitting in judgment on the vanquished; that the accusers are trying the accused. But in the trial of any crime, the state is the aggrieved party; and it declares the law, establishes the court, and appoints the judge. Here, as in other criminal cases, everything possible has been done to surround the proceeding with the traditional safeguards that experience has shown will most surely result in a fair trial, including the appointment, as judges, of men of high character, who no one can doubt will fairly, conscientiously, and courageously perform the duties of their office. Theoretically, it seems desirable that the Charter and the Tribunal should include neutral nations and neutral judges. But in a world where there are few, if any, genuine neutrals, and where the feeling was general that no nation should remain neutral with such issues at stake, this end was obviously not possible of attainment.

Having in mind that this Tribunal is the joint institution of four nations, plus fifteen others, all with varying legal procedures, and with differing conceptions of justice and law, I take it as a remarkable display of international coöperation that agreement should have been reached on a matter so close to the national prejudices of all, and that the resultant procedure, both in theory and fact, should conform so closely to our own ideas of justice.

3

TURNING now to the legal basis for the trial, the question most often asked is whether the defendants are being tried under an *ex post facto* law — that is, whether the Charter makes criminal, acts which were innocent when done. *Ex post facto* laws are prohibited by our Constitution and are rightfully considered contrary to good morals and natural law.

The only charge in the indictment which can be claimed to be *ex post facto* is the one involving the waging of aggressive wars. All the other accusations, including those of mistreatment of prisoners and other violations of the laws of war, as well as those of wholesale murder and other crimes against humanity, relate to acts which have been recognized universally as criminal and punishable under the laws of all civilized communities.

Every legal principle of general application, such as the prohibition against *ex post facto* laws, is founded on reason. Does the reason apply here?

Blackstone in his Commentaries makes it clear that the reason for the rule is that law, to be valid, must be prescribed; it must be notified to the people who are to obey it, "not like Caligula, who (according to Dio Cassius) wrote his laws in a very small character, and hung them upon high pillars, the more effectively to ensnare the people," but in the most public and conspicuous manner. And Blackstone continues, "There is a still more unreasonable method than this, which is called making of laws *ex post facto* (after the fact); when after an action (indifferent in itself) is committed, the legislator then for the first time declares it to have been a crime, and inflicts a punishment upon the person who has committed it. Here it is impossible that the party could foresee that an action, innocent when it was done, should be afterward converted to guilt by a subsequent law; he had therefore no cause to abstain from it; and all punishment for not abstaining must of consequence be cruel and unjust."

Apply the principle here. Do we find that the planning and waging of aggressive war by these defendants was an act "indifferent in itself" at the time; or that these defendants could have believed their conduct was "innocent when . . . done" and would not be subsequently punished, and "had therefore no cause to abstain from it"?

It seems clear from what follows that these defendants not only knew that aggressive wars were outlawed and unlawful when they planned them, but they also knew they would be individually punished if they were not successful. They did not rely upon any principle of international law; indeed they had no respect for international law, and only used its forms to make more complete the surprise attendant upon its later violation. These defendants were not entrapped or taken by surprise.

The doctrine that aggressive warfare is an international wrong is not an invention of the London Charter; it was established by a series of agreements in the interval between the two world wars. The Treaty of Versailles arraigned the former German Emperor for violating international morality and the sanctity of treaties, and he was saved from trial only by the failure of the Netherlands government to surrender his person. By the Treaty of Locarno, to which Germany was a party, it was stipulated in 1925 that the signatories would "in no case invade or resort to war against each other." In 1927 forty-

eight members of the League of Nations, including Germany, agreed through their representatives that a war of aggression constitutes an international crime. By the Briand-Kellogg Pact of 1928, practically all the nations of the world, including Germany, Italy, and Japan, agreed to renounce war as an instrument of national policy and to settle disputes by pacific means. This succession of solemn international agreements established a common world-wide understanding that wars of aggression were illegal, and rendered obsolete the nineteenth-century view that the law would not inquire into the justice of a war between sovereign powers.

International law is not embodied in any fixed code; its principles are to be found in established custom, treaties, conventions, the works of writers, court decisions, and like pronouncements. If it is to grow and progress in the future as it has in the past, changes in legal conceptions which have occurred must be recognized and applied. The absence of judicial precedent for the Charter provision on crimes against peace does not prevent its being an accurate declaration of existing law.

"International law, or the law that governs between states, has, at times, like the common law within states, a twilight existence during which it is hardly distinguishable from morality or justice, till at length the *imprimatur* of a court attests its jural quality." So said Mr. Justice Cardozo in *New Jersey v. Delaware*. The Charter, joined in by nineteen nations, declaring, recognizing, and defining the crime of aggressive war, would seem to be a sufficient *imprimatur* to attest the outlawry which had earlier been openly declared against wars of aggression. Its application to the individuals who are being tried by the Tribunal does not have the quality, either in principle or in form, of an *ex post facto* law.

No principle of international law requires that we shall stultify the Briand-Kellogg Pact by accepting the proposition that an illegal war is a legal cloak under which its perpetrators are shielded from responsibility for its inevitable consequences. To those who believe it does so in some technical sense, it may be said that a refusal to execute the Charter on that ground would have been to grasp at the shadow of the past, and to sacrifice the substance of the present and the future.

4

THE Charter provides that there shall be individual responsibility for the specified crimes, that the position of an individual as a head of state shall not be a defense, and that the fact that an individual acted under orders shall not free him from responsibility but may be considered in mitigation.

These declarations have substantial precedent in international practice. Individual responsibility for violations of the laws of war, as well as for piracy and brigandage, has always been recognized. Similar responsibility for murder and enslavement of civilians

is in accord with universally accepted principles of law.

The unreasonableness of the idea that the head of the state should be immune from criminal liability for international crimes was well expressed by Mr. Justice Jackson in his opening statement:—

Nor should such a defense be recognized as the obsolete doctrine that a head of state is immune from legal liability. . . . We do not accept the paradox that legal responsibility should be least where power is greatest.

At the conclusion of the First World War, the Preliminary Peace Conference created a Commission on the Responsibility of the Authors of the War and on Enforcement of Penalties, which rendered a report in March, 1919. This report, recognized as a precedent by the Supreme Court of the United States in the *Yamashita Case*, decided February 4, 1946, says, concerning personal responsibility:—

The Commission desires to state expressly that . . . there is no reason why rank, however exalted, should in any circumstances protect the holder of it from responsibility when that responsibility has been established before a properly constituted tribunal. This extends even to the case of heads of states. An argument has been raised to the contrary . . . [which] would involve laying down the principle that the greatest outrages against the laws and customs of war and the laws of humanity, if proved . . . could in no circumstances be punished.

The representatives of the United States and Japan expressed reservations to this statement; but the eight other nations on the Commission concurred in the report, thereby recognizing the principle that acts of a chief of state which violate international law are not to be regarded as within his immunity, even assuming it exists, but are his individual acts, for which he may be punished criminally.

In view of these considerations, these defendants cannot justly claim to be surprised that immunity from liability for their crimes is refused to them on this ground.

Collective responsibility under international law, by which the innocent are made to suffer with the guilty, has not proved effective in the past as a deterrent to war. There is certainly no universal principle that prohibits the punishment of individuals, both high and low, for breaches of international law, and the definite declaration of nineteen nations that such responsibility exists and will be enforced, is a distinct step forward and is to be commended.

The defense of superior orders is a complex subject, and the precedents are not harmonious. Most military codes require obedience to lawful orders only, from which it would follow that a superior's order to commit a crime is no defense. On the other hand, a common soldier ordered to shoot by his superior, has no choice, and at least where the order is not plainly illegal, the soldier should be protected. This, I feel sure, is what the result will be under the rule declared by the Charter.

But in the present case the admirals and the generals were not obeying superior orders: they were giving orders. They are charged, not with having executed the order of a superior, but with being Nazi conspirators, who, equally with the others, actively joined in the rise of the Party, its seizure of power, and its subsequent career of aggressive war, murder, and oppression. They are not being tried because they are soldiers, but because they are politicians.

Certainly it does not seem that the provisions of the Charter declaring individual responsibility, making former chiefs of state subject to the same law as are lesser figures, and making obedience to superior orders in the commission of a crime matter in mitigation rather than an absolute defense, are subject to valid criticism either on the ground that they are new law, or that they are bad law. It would indeed be an anomaly if these defendants were all to escape on pleas that some acted under superior orders, and that all who did not so act were immune from punishment as chiefs of state.

5

IT HAS been suggested that the parties to the Charter had no power to provide for the punishment of crimes committed in Germany by Germans against other Germans, in some cases before the war began.

The indictment charges in detail that the defendants planned and perpetrated, deliberately and systematically, a multitude of crimes against their own fellow citizens. In executing these plans, hundreds of thousands of utterly harmless men, women, and children were tortured, murdered, and subjected to inhuman treatment unknown to the Western world for centuries. In effect, this provision of the Charter declares that the community of nations may, and must, assume responsibility for the punishment of such crimes. The decision of the Powers to assume this responsibility is understandable. There is room for the conviction that the civilized world simply cannot afford to condone, by inaction, this wholesale negation of the very foundation of Christian morality.

But aside from these considerations, the fact is that so far as concerns the present defendants, there is adequate legal basis for their prosecution by this Tribunal. In the first place, the murders and other crimes committed under their direction were criminal under the law of all civilized states, including the law of Germany, and in the words of an authoritative writer, "principles of criminal law generally accepted among the different nations are a proper source of international law." In the second place, the declared purposes of these crimes were an integral part of the Nazi plan of international aggression. The fact that these defendants, because of their absolute control over the German state, were factually immune from punishment does not deprive their acts of their criminal character. As a result of the

unconditional surrender of the German armies, the occupation by the military forces of the Allies, and the collapse of the German government, the Allies are now the government of Germany.

The Declaration of Berlin of June 5, 1945, promulgated by the governments of the United States, Great Britain, the U.S.S.R., and France, declares that these governments assume supreme authority with respect to Germany, "including all the powers possessed by the German government, the high command and any State, municipal or local government or authority." The occupying powers, therefore, have not only the power but the duty to punish crimes against German law, including crimes committed before they assumed the powers of government. These defendants have committed crimes against German law, for which they were not prosecuted prior to the occupation, and are therefore subject to prosecution now. The practical inefficacy of trial by German courts in such a situation was demonstrated after the First World War.

On the other hand it is asserted by some that the defendants are obviously guilty, and should be summarily executed; that a trial is but a form to cloak what is clearly justified as an act of retribution. This sounds strangely like Nazi doctrine. Under our conception of justice, every man is presumed innocent until proved guilty. These defendants have entered pleas of not guilty, and the maintenance of our standards of justice, not to mention our self-respect, requires that they be given a full and fair opportunity to meet the charges brought against them, whether their defenses be legal, factual, or both. It will indeed be a salutary example to the German people, inured to the summary judgment of the People's Court or imprisonment in a concentration camp without hearing, to witness a fair trial accorded men charged with such revolting crimes.

But in addition to the desirable objective of punishing those responsible for the war and its atrocities, other ends are attainable as a result of the trial. One is that of furthering the cause of future peace through actual enforcement of rules of international law by imposing effective sanctions against those who wage aggressive war. Another is the making of a true record of the facts of the war that will be available to all, for all time.

The desirability of developing international law to provide effective punishment for its breach is obvious. The deterrent effect on prospective violators seems clear. The trial is a step in the right direction. One nation cannot have its own way in international matters. The United States could not write the specifications alone. The fact that the four great nations and fifteen others have, despite their varying conceptions of law and procedure, agreed upon a common formula is a remarkable victory for international coöperation. Only at times such as this, when world conditions and relationships are fluid, are such results attainable.

The relationship built by the necessity of fighting a common enemy provided an opportunity which, to judge by the last war, might not be of indefinite duration. The relinquishment of this opportunity merely because of hope that at some future time something better might be developed would be wholly unjustified. Those who have an uneasy feeling that some of the participating nations may not have a perfect record on the score of aggressive war should comfort themselves with the thought that having joined in a solemn international definition of the crime, and in the conduct of a trial for its violation, the participants have all made a commitment on the subject that might otherwise be difficult or impossible to obtain.

Experience after World War I demonstrates that unless a full record, one that will command public acceptance, is made of the facts surrounding this war, there will arise in a short time two schools of thought concerning almost every aspect of what occurred, and German historians and politicians will soon be asserting that no atrocities were committed, that all the wars they commenced were defensive wars, justified by the acts of their enemies, and that only another war can redress the injustices done them in this.

The defendants may, and no doubt will, controvert and explain much of the evidence produced by the prosecution. The resultant record of the causes and events of the war, tested by the procedure of actual trial, will be unique in the history of the world. What would we give for such a record of the last war, or of some of the great trials of history? This will be no "white paper," written *ex parte* in some nation's Foreign Office. The public is entitled to know the facts; this trial will supply them.

In the final analysis, the effect of the Charter and the trial on the future course of international law and on the attainment of peace is what is important, not the punishment of twenty or a thousand men. On balance, the score is overwhelmingly in favor of the Tribunal. There were only three alternatives: to let the defendants go free; to punish them summarily; or to try them. Only the last alternative held any hope for the future. The trial, authorized by the Charter, will be conducted by the Tribunal with scrupulous fairness; of that we may be sure, considering the character of its members and of counsel for the prosecution, all of whom realize that while the defendants are being tried by the record in this proceeding, the court and its officers will be subject to the verdict of history.

This verdict may be confidently awaited; moreover, if this trial shall have established for all time the rule of law that any person who commits the acts of which these defendants are accused shall be subject to individual accountability under international law, then out of the miseries and sacrifices of this war, some good will have come, and the millions of innocent men, women, and children for whose torture and murder these men are being tried will not have died in vain.

NUREMBERG—A FAIR TRIAL?

Dangerous Precedent

by CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

1

THE Nuremberg War Trial has a strong claim to be considered the most significant as well as the most debatable event since the conclusion of hostilities. To those who support the trial it promises the first effective recognition of a world law for the punishment of malefactors who start wars or conduct them in bestial fashion. To the adverse critics the trial appears in many aspects a negation of principles which they regard as the heart of any system of justice under law.

This sharp division of opinion has not been fully aired largely because it relates to an issue of foreign policy upon which this nation has already acted and on which debate may seem useless or, worse, merely to impair this country's prestige and power abroad. Moreover, to the casual newspaper reader the long-range implications of the trial are not obvious. He sees most clearly that there are in the dock a score of widely known men who plainly deserve punishment. And he is pleased to note that four victorious nations, who have not been unanimous on all post-war questions, have, by a miracle of administrative skill, united in a proceeding that is overcoming the obstacles of varied languages, professional habits, and legal traditions. But the more profound observer is aware that the foundations of the Nuremberg trial may mark a watershed of modern law.

Before I come to the discussion of the legal and political questions involved, let me make it clear that nothing I may say about the Nuremberg trial should be construed as a suggestion that the individual Nuremberg defendants or others who have done grievous wrongs should be set at liberty. In my opinion there are valid reasons why several thousand Germans, including many defendants at Nuremberg, should either by death or by imprisonment be permanently removed from civilized society. If preven-

tion, deterrence, retribution, nay even vengeance, are ever adequate motives for punitive action, then punitive action is justified against a substantial number of Germans. But the question is: Upon what theory may that action properly be taken?

The starting point is the indictment of October 18, 1945, charging some twenty individuals and various organizations, in four counts, with conspiracy, crimes against peace, war crimes, and crimes against humanity. Let me examine the offenses that are called in Count 3 of the indictment "war crimes," in the strict sense.

It is sometimes said that there is no international law of war crimes. But most jurists would agree that there is at least an abbreviated list of war crimes upon which the nations of the world have agreed. Thus in Articles 46 and 47 of the Hague Convention of 1907 the United States and many other countries accepted the rules that in an occupied territory of a hostile state "family honour and rights, the lives of persons, and private property, as well as religious conviction and practice, must be respected. Private property cannot be confiscated. Pillage is formally forbidden." And consistently the Supreme Court of the United States has recognized that rules of this character are part of our law. In short, there can be no doubt of the legal right of this nation prior to the signing of a peace treaty to use a military tribunal for the purpose of trying and punishing a German if, as Count 3 charges, in occupied territory he murdered a Polish civilian, or tortured a Czech, or raped a Frenchwoman, or robbed a Belgian. Moreover, there is no doubt of the military tribunal's parallel right to try and to punish a German if he has murdered, tortured, or maltreated a prisoner of war.

In connection with war crimes of this sort there is only one question of law worth discussing here: Is it a defense to a soldier or civilian defendant that he acted under the order of a superior?

The defense of superior orders is, upon the authorities, an open question. Without going into details, it may be said that superior orders have never been recognized as a complete defense by German, Russian, or French law, and that they have not been so recognized by civilian courts in the United States

CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., is Judge of the United States District Court for Massachusetts, to which he was appointed in 1941. He had previously served as solicitor for the Department of Labor in Washington, and later as a Special Assistant to the Attorney General and on the staff of the Solicitor General, Department of Justice. He represented the United States at Geneva in sessions of the Governing Body of the International Labor Organization.

or the British Commonwealth of Nations, but they tend to be taken as a complete excuse by Anglo-American military manuals. In this state of the authorities, if the International Military Tribunal in connection with a charge of a war crime refuses to recognize superior orders as a defense, it will not be making a retroactive determination or applying an *ex post facto* law. It will be merely settling an open question of law as every court frequently does.

The refusal to recognize the superior-order defense not only is not repugnant to the *ex post facto* principle, but is consonant with our ideas of justice. Basically, we cannot admit that military efficiency is the paramount consideration. And we cannot even admit that individual self-preservation is the highest value. This is not a new question. Just as it is settled that X is guilty of murder if, in order that he and Y, who are adrift on a raft, may not die of starvation, he kills their companion, Z; so a German soldier is guilty of murder if, in order that he may not be shot for disobedience and his wife tortured in a concentration camp, he shoots a Catholic priest. This is hard doctrine, but the law cannot recognize as an absolute excuse for a killing that the killer was acting under compulsion — for such a recognition not only would leave the structure of society at the mercy of criminals of sufficient ruthlessness, but also would place the cornerstone of justice on the quicksand of self-interest.

Of course, there always remains the fundamental separateness of the problem of guilt and the problem of treatment. And no one would expect a tribunal to mete out its severest penalty to a defendant who yielded to wrongdoing only out of fear of loss of his life or his family's.

2

IN addition to "war crimes," the indictment, in Count 4, charges the defendants with "crimes against humanity." This count embraces the murder, torture, and persecution of minority groups, such as Jews, inside Germany both before and after the outbreak of war. It is alleged in paragraph X of the indictment that these wrongs "constituted violations of international conventions, of internal penal laws, of the general principles of criminal law as derived from the criminal law of all civilized nations and were involved in and part of a systematic course of conduct."

I shall pass for the time being the last phrase just quoted, for that is merely a way of saying that the Nazis persecuted the minority German groups to harden the German will for aggression and to develop an issue that would divide other countries. In other words, the legal validity of that phrase rests upon the same considerations as the validity of the charge of "crimes against the peace."

I consider first the legal validity of the other phrases upon which is premised the charge that murdering, torturing, and persecuting German Jews and other

non-Nazis from 1933 to 1939 as well as from 1939 to 1945 are crimes. And before I say anything of the legal question, let me make it abundantly clear that as a human being I regard these murders, tortures, and persecutions as being morally quite as repugnant and loathsome as the murders, tortures, and persecutions of the civilian and military personnel of American and Allied nations.

In paragraph X of the indictment, reference is first made to "international conventions." There is no citation of any particular international convention which in explicit words forbids a state or its inhabitants to murder its own citizens, in time either of war or of peace. I know of no such convention. And I, therefore, conclude that when the draftsman of the indictment used the phrase "international conventions" he was using the words loosely and almost analogously with the other phrase, "general principles of criminal law as derived from the criminal law of all civilized nations." He means to say that there exists, to cover the most atrocious conduct, a broad principle of universal international criminal law which is according to the law of most penal codes and public sentiment in most places, and for violations of which an offender may be tried by any new court that one or more of the world powers may create.

If that were the only basis for the trial and punishment of those who murdered or tortured German citizens, it would be a basis that would not satisfy most lawyers. It would resemble the universally condemned Nazi law of June 28, 1935, which provided: "Any person who commits an act which the law declares to be punishable or which is deserving of penalty according to the fundamental conceptions of the penal law and sound popular feeling, shall be punished." It would fly straight in the face of the most fundamental rules of criminal justice — that criminal laws shall not be *ex post facto* and that there shall be *nullum crimen et nulla poena sine lege* — no crime and no penalty without an antecedent law.

The feeling against a law evolved after the commission of an offense is deeply rooted. Demosthenes and Cicero knew the evil of retroactive laws: philosophers as diverse as Hobbes and Locke declared their hostility to it; and virtually every constitutional government has some prohibition of *ex post facto* legislation, often in the very words of Magna Carta, or Article I of the United States Constitution, or Article 8 of the French Declaration of Rights. The antagonism to *ex post facto* laws is not based on a lawyer's prejudice encased in a Latin maxim. It rests on the political truth that if a law can be created after an offense, then power is to that extent absolute and arbitrary. To allow retroactive legislation is to disparage the principle of constitutional limitation. It is to abandon what is usually regarded as one of the essential values at the core of our democratic faith.

But, fortunately, so far as concerns murders of German minorities, the indictment was not required to invent new law. The indictment specifically mentions "internal penal laws." And these laws are

enough in view of the way the question would arise in a criminal proceeding.

Under universally accepted principles of law, an occupying belligerent power may and indeed often does establish its own tribunals to administer the domestic law of the occupied country for the inhabitants. Thus if Adolph killed Berthold before the American Army occupied Munich, it would be normal for the United States government to set up a military tribunal to try and to punish Adolph.

But suppose Adolph raised as a defense the contention that he was acting pursuant to orders from superiors which were the law of Germany. If that defense were raised, and if we assume (contrary to what some German jurists tell us) that in Germany there were on the statute books pertinent exculpatory laws, nonetheless under well-known principles of German law, going back to the Middle Ages and differing from current Anglo-American theories, the superior order could be disregarded by a court applying German law, on the ground that it was so repugnant to "natural law" as to be void. That is, perhaps a German tribunal or one applying German law can disregard an obviously outrageous statute or executive order as offensive to natural law just as the Supreme Court of the United States can disregard a statute or executive order as offensive to the United States Constitution.

But further suppose that Adolph raised as a defense the point that the wrong was so old as to be barred by some statute of limitations. If there is such a statute in Germany, the limitation may be set aside without involving any violation of the *ex post facto* principle. As our own Supreme Court has pointed out, to set aside a statute of limitation is not to create a new offense.

3

I TURN now to Count 2 of the indictment, which charges "crimes against peace." This is the count that has attracted greatest interest. It alleges that the defendants participated "in the planning, preparation, initiation and waging of wars of aggression, which were also wars in violation of international treaties, agreements and assurances."

This charge is attacked in many quarters on the ground it rests on *ex post facto* law. The reply has been that in the last generation there has accumulated a mounting body of international sentiment which indicates that wars of aggression are wrong and that a killing by a person acting on behalf of an aggressor power is not an excusable homicide. Reference is made not only to the Briand-Kellogg Pact of August 27, 1928, but to deliberations of the League of Nations in 1924 and subsequent years — all of which are said to show an increasing awareness of a new standard of conduct. Specific treaties outlawing wars of aggression are cited. And, having regard to the manner by which all early criminal law evolves and the manner by which international law grows, it is

claimed that now it is unlawful to wage an aggressive war and it is criminal to aid in preparing for such a war, whether by political, military, financial, or industrial means.

One difficulty with that reply is that the body of growing custom to which reference is made is custom directed at sovereign states, not at individuals. There is no convention or treaty which places obligations explicitly upon an individual not to aid in waging an aggressive war. Thus, from the point of view of the individual, the charge of a "crime against peace" appears in one aspect like a retroactive law. At the time he acted, almost all informed jurists would have told him that individuals who engaged in aggressive war were not in the legal sense criminals.

Another difficulty is the possible bias of the Tribunal in connection with Count 2. Unlike the crimes in Counts 3 and 4, Count 2 charges a political crime. The crime which is asserted is tried not before a dispassionate neutral bench, but before the very persons alleged to be victims. There is not even one neutral sitting beside them.

And what is most serious is that there is doubt as to the sincerity of our belief that all wars of aggression are crimes. A question may be raised whether the United Nations are prepared to submit to scrutiny the attack of Russia on Poland, or on Finland, or the American encouragement to the Russians to break their treaty with Japan. Every one of these actions may have been proper, but we hardly admit that they are subject to international judgment.

These considerations make the second count of the Nuremberg indictment look to be of uncertain foundation and uncertain limits. To some the count may appear as nothing more than the ancient rule that the vanquished are at the mercy of the victor. To others it may appear as the mere declaration of an always latent doctrine that the leaders of a nation are subject to outside judgment as to their motives in waging war.

The other feature of the Nuremberg indictment is Count 1, charging a "conspiracy." Paragraph III of the indictment alleges that the "conspiracy embraced the commission of Crimes against Peace; . . . it came to embrace the commission of War Crimes . . . and Crimes against Humanity."

In international as well as in national law there may be for almost any crime what the older lawyers would have called principal offenders and accessories. If Adolph is determined to kill Sam, and talks the matter over with Berthold, Carl, and Dietrich, and Berthold agrees to borrow the money to buy a pistol, and Carl agrees to make a holster for the pistol, and all of them proceed as planned and then Adolph gives the pistol and holster to Dietrich, who goes out alone and actually shoots Sam without excuse, then, of course, Adolph, Berthold, Carl, and Dietrich are all guilty of murder. They should not be allowed to escape with the plea Macbeth offered for Banquo's murder, "Thou canst not say I did it."

If the conspiracy charge in Count 1 meant no

more than that those are guilty who plan a murder and with knowledge finance and equip the murderer, no one would quarrel with the count. But it would appear that Count 1 means to establish some additional separate substantive offense of conspiracy. That is, it asserts that there is in international law a wrong which consists in acting together for an unlawful end, and that he who joins in that action is liable not only for what he planned, or participated in, or could reasonably have foreseen would happen, but is liable for what every one of his fellows did in the course of the conspiracy. Almost as broad a doctrine of conspiracy exists in municipal law.

But what is the basis for asserting so broad a substantive crime exists in international law? Where is the treaty, the custom, the academic learning on which it is based? Is this not a type of "crime" which was first described and defined either in London or in Nuremberg sometime in the year 1945?

Aside from the fact that the notion is new, is it not fundamentally unjust? The crime of conspiracy was originally developed by the Court of Star Chamber on the theory that any unlicensed joint action of private persons was a threat to the public, and so if the action was in any part unlawful it was all unlawful. The analogies of the municipal law of conspiracy therefore seem out of place in considering for international purposes the effect of joint political action. After all, in a government or other large social community there exists among the top officials, civilian and military, together with their financial and industrial collaborators, a kind of over-all working arrangement which may always be looked upon, if its invidious connotation be disregarded, as a "conspiracy." That is, government implies "breathing together." And is everyone who, knowing the purposes of the party in power, participates in government or joins with officials to be held for every act of the government?

To take a case which is perhaps not so obvious, is everyone who joins a political party, even one with some illegal purposes, to be held liable to the world for the action that every member takes, even if that action is not declared in the party platform and was not known to or consented to by the person charged as a wrongdoer? To put upon any individual such responsibility for action of the group seems literally to step back in history to a point before the prophet Ezekiel and to reject the more recent religious and democratic teachings that guilt is personal.

4

TURNING now from the legal basis of the indictment, I propose briefly to consider whether, quite apart from legal technicalities, the procedure of an international military tribunal on the Nuremberg pattern is a politically acceptable way of dealing with the offenders in the dock and those others whom we may legitimately feel should be punished.

The chief arguments usually given for this quasi-judicial trial are that it gives the culprits a chance to say anything that can be said on their behalf, that it gives both the world today and the world tomorrow a chance to see the justice of the Allied cause and the wickedness of the Nazis', and that it sets a firm foundation for a future world order wherein individuals will know that if they embark on schemes of aggression or murder or torture or persecution they will be severely dealt with by the world.

The first argument has some merit. The defendants, after hearing and seeing the evidence against them, will have an opportunity without torture and with the aid of counsel to make statements on their own behalf. For us and for them this opportunity will make the proceeding more convincing. Yet the defendants will not have the right to make the type of presentation that at least English-speaking persons have thought the indispensable concomitant of a fair trial. No one expects that Ribbentrop will be allowed to summon Molotov to disprove the charge that in invading Poland Germany started an aggressive war. No one anticipates that the defense, if it has the evidence, will be given as long a time to present its evidence as the prosecution takes. And there is nothing more foreign to those proceedings than either the presumption that the defendants are innocent until proved guilty or the doctrine that any adverse public comment on the defendants before the verdict is prejudicial to their receiving a fair trial. The basic approach is that these men should not have a chance to go free. And that being so, they ought not to be tried in a court of law.

As to the second point, one objection is purely pragmatic. There is a reasonable doubt whether this kind of trial, despite the voluminous and accessible record it makes, persuades anyone. It brings out new evidence, but does it change men's minds? Most reporters say that the Germans are neither interested in nor persuaded by these proceedings, which they regard as partisan. They regard the proceedings not as marking a rebirth of law in Central Europe but as a political judgment on their former leaders. The same attitude may prevail in future because of the departure from accepted legal standards.

A more profound objection to the second point is that to regard a trial as a propaganda device is to debase justice. To be sure, most trials do and should incidentally educate the public. Yet any judge knows that if he, or counsel, or the parties regard a trial primarily as a public demonstration, or even as a general inquest, then there enter considerations which would otherwise be regarded as improper. In a political inquiry and even more in the spread of propaganda, the appeal is likely to be to the unreflecting thought and the deep-seated emotions of the crowd, untrammelled by any fixed standards. The objective is to create outside the courtroom a desired state of affairs. In a trial the appeal is to the disinterested judgment of reasonable men guided by established precepts. The objective is to make inside

the courtroom a sound disposition of a pending case according to settled principles.

The argument that these trials set a firm foundation for a future world legal structure is perhaps debatable. The spectacle of individual liability for a world wrong may lead to future treaties and agreements specifying individual liability. If this were the outcome and if, for example, with respect to wars of aggression, war crimes, and use of atomic energy the nations should agree upon world rules establishing individual liability, then this would be a great gain. But it is by no means clear that this trial will further any such program.

At the moment, the world is most impressed by the undeniable dignity and efficiency of the proceedings and by the horrible events recited in the testimony. But, upon reflection, the informed public may be disturbed by the repudiation of widely accepted concepts of legal justice. It may see too great a resemblance between this proceeding and others which we ourselves have condemned. If in the end there is a generally accepted view that Nuremberg was an example of high politics masquerading as law, then the trial instead of promoting may retard the coming of the day of world law.

Quite apart from the effect of the Nuremberg trial upon the particular defendants involved, there is the disturbing effect of the trial upon domestic justice here and abroad. "We but teach bloody instructions, which, being taught, return to plague the inventor." Our acceptance of the notions of *ex post facto* law and group guilt blunt much of our criticism of Nazi law. Indeed our complaisance may mark the beginning of an age of reaction in constitutionalism in particular and of law in general. Have we forgotten that law is not power, but restraint on power?

If the Nuremberg trial of the leading Nazis should never have been undertaken, it does not follow that we should not have punished these men. It would have been consistent with our philosophy and our law to have disposed of such of the defendants as were in the ordinary sense murderers by individual, routine, undramatic military trials. This was the course proposed in the speeches of the Archbishop of York, Viscount Cecil, Lord Wright, and others in the great debate of March 20, 1945, in the House of Lords. In such trials the evidence and the legal issues would have a stark simplicity and the lesson would be inescapable.

For those who were not chargeable with ordinary crimes but only with political crimes such as planning an aggressive war, would it not have been better to proceed by an executive determination — that is, a proscription directed at certain named individuals? The form of the determination need not have been absolute on its face. It might have been a summary order reciting the offense and allowing the named persons to show cause why they should not be punished, thus giving them a chance to show any mistake of identification or gross mistake of fact.

There are precedents for such executive determi-

nation in the cases of Napoleon and of the Boxer rebels. Such a disposition would avoid the inevitably misleading characteristics of the present proceedings, such as a charge presented in the form of an "indictment," the participation of celebrated civil judges and the legal formalities of rulings on evidence and on law. It is these characteristics which may make the Nuremberg trial such a potential danger to law everywhere. Moreover, if it were generally felt that we ought not to take a man's life without the form of a trial, then the executive determination could be limited to imprisonment. The example of Napoleon shows that our consciences would have no reason to be disturbed about the removal from society and the permanent detention of irresponsible men who are a threat to the peace of the world.

To be sure, such an executive determination is *ex post facto*. Indeed, it is a bill of attainder. To be sure, it is also an exhibition of power and not of restraint. But its very merit is its naked and unassumed character. It confesses itself to be not legal justice but political. The truthful facing of the character of our action would make it more certain that the case would not become a precedent in domestic law.

As Lord Digby said in 1641 regarding the Strafford bill of attainder, "There is in Parliament a double Power of Life and Death by Bill, a Judicial Power, and a legislative; the measure of the one, is what's legally just; of the other, what is Prudentially and Politically fit for the good and preservation of the whole. But these two, under favour, are not to be confounded in Judgment: We must not piece up want of legality with matter of convenience, nor the default of prudential fitness with a pretence of Legal Justice."

This emphasis on procedural regularity is not legalistic or, as it is sometimes now said, conceptualistic. If there is one axiom that emerges clearly from the history of constitutionalism and from the study of any bill of rights or any charter of freedom, it is that procedural safeguards are the very substance of the liberties we cherish. Not only the specific guarantees with respect to criminal trials, but the general promise of "due process of law," have always been phrased and interpreted primarily in their procedural aspect. Indeed it hardly lies in the mouth of any supporter of the Nuremberg proceedings to disparage such procedural considerations; for may it not be said that the reason that the authors of those proceedings cast them in the form of a trial was to persuade the public that the customary safeguards and liberties were preserved?

It is against this deceptive appearance, big with evil consequences for law everywhere, that as a matter of civil courage all of us, judges as well as lawyers and laymen, however silent we ordinarily are, ought to speak out. It is for their silence on such matters that we justly criticize the Germans. And it is the test of our sincere belief in justice under law never to allow it to be confused with what are merely our interest, our ingenuity, and our power.

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR

by BERGEN EVANS

1

THE little fishes that come down in heavy storms are one of the most delightful and persistent of meteorological myths. Generous narrators sometimes throw in a few frogs for good measure, and enthusiasts have added worms, snails, mussels, snakes, turtles, and even "a whole calf." One at least has claimed that it has rained milk which "the vehement heat of the sun" draws up from the udders of the cattle. Possibly to feed the calf.

Mr. Charles Fort, who collected "authentic" instances of bizarre downpours, was of the opinion that far stranger things than calves and milk have rained down. In addition to a dozen species of fish and reptiles, his records include fungi, stones (with and without inscriptions), formless masses of protoplasm, hatchets, masks, and "the ceremonial regalia" of savages.

But the orthodox confine themselves to fish. The animated shower is usually brief, though there is a claim that "in the Chersonesus it once rained fishes uninterruptedly for three days." Usually the fish are deposited within a small area — a few square yards, a ditch, or even in a rain barrel. In some narratives, though, they cover acres, thirty-two square miles being the record. Most of them are small, from one to three inches on the average, though a woodcut published in Basle in 1557 shows fish "of quite marketable size" coming down upon the delighted townsfolk. Perch, stickleback, trout, herring, and eels have been identified. Some accounts have the fish dead; others have them leaping merrily in the meadows. In 1931 the *New York Times* described a rain of perch at Bordeaux so heavy that "motor cars were compelled to halt." Some witnesses have regarded them as evil portents and refused to touch them; others, more skeptical — or more hungry — have popped them into skillets.

Worthy of special mention are the two *living* frogs found, on June 16, 1882, inside a hailstone by "the

foreman of the Novelty Iron Works," at Dubuque, and the remarkable eruption — described by Baron von Humboldt — of the volcano Carahuairazo, which in 1698 sprayed boiled catfish over Ecuador.

Several explanations of these rains have been offered. Mr. Fort, whose theories are hardly less amazing than his facts, was of the opinion that there is a "Super-Sargasso Sea" hovering a few miles above the earth, "just beyond the reach of gravity," in which is collected interstellar flotsam, fragments of which are dislodged, from time to time, by cosmic storms and sprinkled over our planet.

The majority of believers, however, stick to two less imaginative explanations. One is that heavy rains flood frogs out of their hiding places and revive estivating fish. The other is that waterspouts may sweep up shoals of small fish and drop them inland. But the first of these is no more than an embarrassed apology for mendacity, for no one doubts that frogs and even, under certain conditions, small fish have been seen on the ground after a cloudburst. The second is possible though not probable. It has the support of Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, who has examined the question with great care. But against him and those who share his credulity may be advanced the facts that many of the rains occur far inland, that many of the fish are fresh-water fish, and that the collapse of a waterspout on a luckless town would hardly be mistaken for rain.

Minor dalliers with false surmises have suggested that the fish may have been flying fish that had lost their bearings in a fog. But this hopeful contribution is founded on the assumption that flying fish fly, whereas they merely propel themselves from wave to wave in prolonged glides. And the most unfortunate flying fish could scarcely get himself fifty feet inland, and the most sanguine fabulist could hardly expect the most credulous listener to regard the discovery of a small dead fish on the beach as a supernatural event.

To the skeptic, stories of rains of fishes offer two lines of conjecture: Do they have any basis in fact, however slight, and what makes them flourish so?

As for the first, it would be dogmatic to deny the waterspout theory flatly, but no trained observer has

Of a skeptical turn of mind and with a collector's passion for odd "historical" phenomena, BERGEN EVANS, Professor of English at Northwestern University, has made an assault upon some of the more preposterous legends which mankind insists on believing. From his forthcoming book, *The Natural History of Nonsense*, which Alfred A. Knopf is to publish this spring, we have drawn these delightful pages.

ever been on hand when such an event happened. Some of Dr. Gudger's more reliable witnesses make the interesting point that the fish which descended on them were headless, rotten, and partly eaten — suggesting birds to the incredulous, and God knows what to the credulous.

Von Humboldt's story, preposterous as it sounds, has a faint claim to credence. Lakes do form in the craters of dormant volcanoes. Fish do live in such lakes. If the volcano suddenly became active, the lake *might* be transformed into a geyser and the fish, pressure-cooked, be shot abroad like buckshot. But since this particular free lunch was distributed long before von Humboldt was born, his evidence is only hearsay.

2

TO THE skeptic's second question — what is the vital principle that keeps these weird stories alive? — two answers have been proposed. One is that they are a remnant of the old belief in spontaneous generation, and the other is that they are fossilized "evidence" for the waters which the Bible says are "above the firmament."

Until less than a hundred years ago it was generally believed that certain forms of life were created by the action of sunlight on mud. "Your serpent of Egypt," says Lepidus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, "is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun. So is your crocodile." Even the doubting Sir Thomas Browne granted that the sun was "fruitful in the generation of Frogs, Toads and Serpents" and that grasshoppers "proceeded" from the frothy substance on the stalks of plants that boys call cuckoo spit.

It was not until fairly late in the nineteenth century that this belief was overthrown, and in the battle that then raged over paleontology these rains of fishes were put forward as a non-evolutionary explanation of the presence of marine fossils in mountainous districts. The defenders of special creation had to confess that the fossils did resemble existing marine forms; but that, they insisted, did not prove that the area must have been at one time under water. Rather, they said, "seeds" and small specimens had been carried inland by one of these fabulous showers, and there, out of their true element, they had developed "abortively." This last was to account for the fact that while the fossils were similar to living species they were not identical with them. And it is interesting that of the forty-four "authentic" narratives that Dr. Gudger was able to find, forty were published during the period of this controversy.

Whether there are or are not waters above the firmament is a question that has long ceased to agitate anyone. But it was once a crucial issue upon which the veracity of Holy Writ was staked and which, therefore, had to be defended at any cost, and among the costs of theological disputes truth has

never been spared. A few fish slipping through a celestial crack were as nothing compared to some of the "evidence" presented. Thus Gervase of Tilbury, a thirteenth-century chronicler, tells us of a citizen of Bristol who, "as he sailed on a far-off ocean," accidentally lost his knife overboard, which very knife "at the same hour fell in through that same citizen's roof-window, at Bristol, and stuck in the table that was set before his wife."

Furthermore, coming out of Mass one misty, moisty morning, certain folk, Gervase says, saw an anchor let down from a cloud-ship and grappled to a tomb, and heard cries of mariners in the fog above them. While they gazed, a cloud-sailor came down the rope hand over hand to free it, but "he was caught by those who stood around and gave up the ghost, stifled by the breath of our gross air even as a shipwrecked mariner is stifled in the sea." And after an hour or so, his fellows above, "judging him to be wrecked, cut the cable, left their anchor, and sailed away."

Who can doubt, Gervase sternly asks, "after the publication of this testimony, that a sea lieth over this earth of ours?" Plainly there must have been waters above — though not very far above — the firmament to support these aerial voyagers. Unless, of course, one prefers to believe that the ship had been swept inland by a waterspout and was even at that moment precariously balanced on top of it.

Both of these theories will most likely seem as fantastic to the common reader as the yarns whose persistence they seek to explain. But he will hesitate to believe that his daily paper prints myths and that his radio echoes medieval controversies. Yet we are nearer the past than we know, and spooks and demons play leapfrog with dreams of plastics and television in our minds.

The American conviction that progress is to be measured by the increase of material conveniences and creature comforts is an idea that is very important in our national life. An insistent and expensive advertising campaign has connected it with the calendar; the average American is apparently convinced that all mechanical contrivances automatically improve every three hundred and sixty-five days, and under the spell of this illusion he has bought millions of cars and radios and refrigerators which he did not need, to the profit of those who fostered the illusion.

The idea of progress is one of our great national investments. The amount of money spent in the schools, in the newspapers, and on the radio to protect it exceeds computation. It is part and parcel of "boosting," of that mass optimism which has made us, for good and evil, what we are today. Nothing is more treasonable to the basic American spirit than to doubt that we have improved and are improving — every day in every way.

And, for reasons which the social historian can perhaps explain, the bathtub has become an especial symbol not only of our material progress but of our

spiritual progress as well. For we set great store by things of the spirit. Nothing is more warmly rejoiced in than our superiority to the grimy Europeans in the matter of bathtubs. Cleanliness is far ahead of godliness.

No argument against public housing has been used more consistently than the assertion that if you give bathtubs to the poor they will only dump coal in them. To point out that most housing projects are centrally heated and supplied with gas and electricity, so that their occupants have no need of coal, is to earn the reproach of being frivolous. It is absolutely "known" that all occupants of housing projects put coal in their bathtubs. And their so doing indicates such depravity that to build houses for them is practically contributing to moral delinquency. The poor have been weighed in the bathtub and found wanting.

Mere mistakes in point of fact do not in themselves make vulgar errors. They are often the starting point, but the fallacy is always the product of certain processes in popular thinking — of arguing from negatives and analogies, of making false generalizations, of worshiping coincidence, of taking rhetoric for fact, of never questioning or even perceiving the underlying conceptions that make for prejudice, and, above all, of a romantic delight in the wonderful for its own sake.

Popular logic is Erewhonian logic. Whereas the trained mind accords belief to plausible evidence only and grants a possibility solely on the basis of a sound inference from established facts, the untrained mind insists that a proposition must be true if it cannot be disproved. "You can't prove it *isn't* so!" is as good as Q.E.D. in folk logic — as though it were necessary to submit a piece of the moon to chemical analysis before you could be sure that it was not made of green cheese.

Analogical argument — the inferring of a further degree of resemblance from an observed degree — is one of the greatest pitfalls of popular thinking. In medicine it formerly led to what was known as the doctrine of signatures, by which walnuts were prescribed for brain troubles because walnut meats look something like miniature brains, foxes' lungs were prescribed for asthma because foxes were thought to have unusual respiratory powers, and bear grease was rubbed on the head for baldness because bears have hairy coats. Hundreds of futile remedies were based on such false analogies and they have not all been cleared off druggists' shelves yet, though the survivors are, no doubt, "scientifically" prepared and packaged.

Nor was this form of reasoning confined to medicine. It invaded every department of life. It led our grandfathers to wear red flannel underwear because heat is associated with the color of fire. It endowed various gems with properties suggested by the resemblances of their colors, and it has led modern telepathists to insist that the radio justifies their metaphysical assumptions.

Many popular fallacies are rooted in verbal confusions. Few people who dismiss unwelcome evidence by saying that "the exception proves the rule" have any idea of what the saying actually means. So enmeshed is error in words that a whole new science, semantics, has sprung up which offers, with little danger of being challenged, to produce the millennium as soon as people know for sure what they are talking about. But since much of the vagueness and confusion is in the words themselves, since all words are in a sense abstractions, the semanticists will probably not get anywhere until, as Swift suggested two hundred years ago, they abandon language altogether and carry about with them the objects to which they wish to allude. This solution of the problems of logic, however, raises even greater problems in logistics.

The common mind is intensely literal. The public loves rhetoric and is continually taking rhetoric for fact, often with far-reaching and unpleasant consequences. It would be impossible to estimate, for example, how many lives have been blighted and how much human misery has been augmented by the concept of "blood" as a transmitter of heredity. Yet the term is merely a trope. It has no reality whatever.

3

THE power of this tendency to create myths has recently been demonstrated in the famous assurance that "there are no atheists in foxholes." As near as the origin of the formula can be traced, it was first uttered by Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear in a story of Bataan's final weeks, delivered during the "Army Hour" program over the NBC Red Network in 1942. Colonel Clear attributed the immortal observation to an unnamed sergeant who had shared a foxhole with him during a Japanese bombing raid. No pretense was made that there had been an official catechism of every man or that the sergeant was a trained theologian. It was simply meant to be an emphatic way of saying that all men in the moment of peril seek the support of religion.

Whether they do or do not is as much a question as whether it is creditable to religion to claim that they do, but neither question was widely agitated. For the populace the rhetorical flourish was a military fact, and for the papers it was news, however frequently repeated. At first it was only the foxholes of Bataan that were distinguished for their conversional powers, but as the war spread the *mana* was found in any sheltering declivity, and the trenches of Port Moresby and Guadalcanal delivered their quotas of converts.

There was no reason why divine favor should be confined to the infantry, and other branches of the services were soon touched with similar grace. By December, 1943, according to an article in the *Reader's Digest*, atheists had been pretty well cleaned out of cockpits (where God, it will be re-

membered, had been retained in the inferior position of co-pilot); and Rickenbacker's celestial sea gull drove them even from rubber rafts. A few skeptics may have gone on lurking in the glory holes of the merchant marine, but their enlightenment merely waited for the first torpedo.

There were, of course, dissenting voices. Poon Lim, a Chinese steward, who existed for one hundred and thirty-three days alone on a raft in the South Atlantic, stated, on being rescued, that nothing in the experience had led him to believe in a merciful Providence, even though he too had had a sea gull. But then he was a heathen to begin with.

The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism felt that the phrase was a reflection on the patriotism of their members and did their best to refute it. They managed to find at least one sturdy doubter in the Army who had had his dog tag stamped "Atheist," but, unfortunately, though he had once been run over by a tank, he had never been in a foxhole, and hence could not technically qualify. A better candidate, whom the A.A.A.A. overlooked, was E. J. Kahn, Jr., who in one of his articles in the *New Yorker* confessed that he was not a religious man and in another that he had dived into a latrine trench when Jap planes were overhead. Of course, an unbeliever in a latrine is not exactly an atheist in a foxhole, but the faithful would probably have been willing to accept it as a reasonable facsimile.

Not that it would have done the Association any good to have found a whole regiment of atheists encamped in a thousand foxholes — as they probably could, had they gone to our Russian allies for assistance. The phrase was intended to confirm prejudice, not to describe combat conditions, and prejudice is not open to conviction.

On the other hand, fortunately, it is not very convincing either. Prejudices are never shaken by counter-prejudices, because we never perceive our prejudices to be such. We take them for reasoned conclusions or revealed truths, and the most serious prejudices of all, those that affect our thinking most, are generally below the level of consciousness. We think within the framework of concepts of which we are often unaware. Our most earnest thoughts are sometimes shaped by our absurdest delusions. We see what we want to see and observation conforms to hypothesis.

The popular mind, irrational and prejudiced, makes some effort to examine evidence, but it has very little knowledge of the true nature of what it is looking for or of the forces at work to frustrate and confuse it in its search. It generalizes from exceptions, and from a mass of experience selects only those elements that confirm its preconceptions — without the faintest awareness of what it is doing. Most of what is called thinking — even up to and including much of what goes on in the brains of college faculties — is actually a seeking for confirmation of previous convictions. The true scientific

spirit that leads men to be particularly suspicious of all beliefs they hold dear is utterly incomprehensible to most people. Skepticism to the naïve often seems malicious perversity: only "some secret enemy in the inward degenerate nature of man," said Topsell, could lead anyone to doubt the existence of the unicorn.

4

IN THE eternal search for verification of the supernaturalism which engrosses so much of popular "philosophy," nothing passes for more cogent evidence than coincidence. The marveling over unexpected juxtapositions is at once the mark and diversion of banal minds, and most of them do not require very remarkable happenings to constitute a coincidence. Those who for lack of knowledge or imagination expect nothing out of the ordinary are always encountering the unexpected.

One of the commonest of "coincidences," as Professor Jastrow has pointed out, is the crossing of letters in the mail. It happens a thousand times a day, yet thousands of men and women whip themselves into amazement every time it happens. As far as they are concerned, it is complete and final proof of the supernatural, whether it be telepathy or Divine guidance or merely soul calling to soul. There it is, sealed, stamped, and delivered. Yet of all human happenings, what is more likely than that lovers or relatives should simultaneously decide to write to each other?

The wonder of most coincidence is subjective. As far as sheer unlikelihood goes, an unsolicited advertisement in the mail is a greater marvel than a letter from someone to whom we have just written. But since we have no emotional interest in the advertisement we rarely meditate upon the "miracle" of its arrival; and even where some occurrence is unusual enough to justify comment, a desire to exalt ourselves or a complete preoccupation with our own affairs usually prevents us from evaluating its true nature. That the working of the law of averages has no effect whatever on individual instances is a fact that even trained observers sometimes seem reluctant to face.

It is very easy to see marvels if you are looking for them. It has been estimated, for example, that a bridge hand consisting of all the spades in the pack can be expected, according to the law of averages, only once in approximately eight hundred billion deals. Apprised of this, any man dealt such a hand could easily permit himself to be awe-struck, and it would be impossible to convince him that there was nothing remarkable about the hand except that it happened to be a desirable one. For exactly the same odds prevail for any hand whatever.

Attempts to point this out, however, would probably be met with resentment, since they would detract from the importance of the individual concerned. He would prefer, most likely, to go on be-

lieving that the normal order of things had been suspended for his advantage. For the popular love of the marvelous is, at bottom, egotism. That is why it is so easy to encourage it, as the popular press does, inflating every commonplace into a wonder or manufacturing marvels outright.

Half the "wonders" of modern times are pure journalistic fabrications. The success which they can achieve was shown in November, 1929, when the *Boston Globe* sent a million and a quarter people stampeding into the cemetery at Malden, Massachusetts, by playing up sensational "cures" which were said to have taken place there. A hysterical woman who had been unable to walk for a year, although her hospital record showed no organic trouble, leaped with joy under the healing influence of the flash bulbs. A blind boy was said to have regained his sight. His own pathetic insistence that he was no better was suppressed, despite his father's indignant efforts to get the papers to retract the story of his "cure." Crippled children were stripped of their braces and photographed quickly before they sprawled, crying, in the mud. Meanwhile extras sold like hot cakes and the mayor knelt in reverence for the rotogravure.

Deliberate misrepresentations and creations of the incidents they "report" are a staple activity of all but half a dozen papers and news magazines in the country. Consider the unwearied zeal with which they have labored to sustain "the curse of Tutankhamen." No one in any remote way connected with the discovery or opening of the tomb can die, at any age whatever, but his death is seen as the working of the "curse." Edgar Wallace, writing in *McCall's Magazine*, said that the very day the tomb was opened a cobra ate the chief explorer's canary, and from that day to this, Egyptian vengeance has stalked the entire party. In the papers, that is. As a matter of prosaic record, the members of the expedition seem to have enjoyed remarkable health and have been blessed with longevity far beyond actuarial expectancy.

The retelling of the myth, of course, has earned many a penny and added to the success of many a raconteur. People dearly love the old lies, while truth, as Milton said, "never comes into the world but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her birth."

5

IRRATIONALITY must come close to being the largest single vested interest in the world. It has a dozen service stations in every town. There are twenty-five thousand practicing astrologers in America who disseminate their lore through a hundred daily columns, fifteen monthly and two annual publications. (This does not include the half-dozen "confidential" news letters that keep business executives consistently misinformed about the future.) It is even said that there is a movement on foot to have

a Federal astrologer appointed as an officer of the government, and considering the official recognition given to other forms of clairvoyance, the movement may succeed.

A great deal of this exploitation is open and shameless. The supply house, for example, that sold nearly half a million steel-jacketed Testaments and Prayer Books, at exorbitant prices, to the pathetic and gullible relatives of servicemen, under the vague assurance that they were "capable of deflecting bullets," was, as the Federal Trade Commission implied, obtaining money under false pretenses. The metal shields, for all the "God Bless You" stamped on them and the sacred literature under them, might, if struck by a bullet, turn into shrapnel and produce fatal wounds.

There is a lot of this sort of thing going on, and those who practice it in a small way frequently end up in jail. But those who practice it in a big way frequently end up in *Who's Who* and *The Social Register*. They are our prophets and publicists. They do not actually do the stealing; they supply the sanctions for those who do, and they function chiefly by sonorously repeating clichés. They do not have to prove that the proposed reform is wrong. All they have to do is to say that "soft living weakens a nation." They do not labor to defend racial discrimination; they support "innate differences."

One of their most effective catchwords of late has been "science." "Scientists say," or "Scientists agree," or "Science has proved" is a formula of incantation which is thought to place any statement that follows it above critical examination. They love to recall the doubt and scorn that were heaped on scientists in an earlier day, not as a rebuke to those particular doubters, — they are still doing a brisk business at the old stands, — but as a rebuke to doubt itself. For the thing they must defend is not this or that belief, but the spirit of credulity.

No error is harmless. "Men rest not in false apprehensions without absurd and inconsequent deductions." Some of the deductions seem inconsequential as well, but in their larger aspects they are not. It cannot do much harm to believe that hair turns white overnight, or that birds live a happy family life, or that Orientals have slanting eyes; but it can do a great deal of harm to be ignorant of physiology or zoology or anthropology, and the harm that may result from forming an opinion without evidence, or from distorting evidence to support an opinion, is incalculable.

Obscurantism and tyranny go together as naturally as skepticism and democracy. It is very convenient for those who profit by the docility of the masses to have the masses believe that they are not the masters of their fate and that the evils they must endure are beyond human control. It was not surprising to find the author of *Man the Unknown* collaborating with the Nazis. The mist of mysticism has always provided good cover for those who do not want their actions too closely looked into.

FREE NEWS AND RUSSIA

by RALPH MCGILL

AT THE Teheran airport a C-47 was waiting for us. We took off quickly, hardly warming the motors, and began the precipitous climb up to a 13,000-foot pass through the hurdle of the Elburz Mountains. On the take-off we all leaned forward from our carpeted bucket seats and held the freight and baggage piled in the aisle. This is much simpler than the American custom of lashing them carefully in place so that they will not slide back into the tail on a take-off, or forward on landing. The passengers have nothing to do, and this simple bit of coöperation, in which they are eager to engage, knowing full well what a sudden shift in load means in a take-off, saves time and equipment.

We were a mixed crowd of Russians and Americans, all very amiable. We kept climbing. There were still gas fumes in the cabin from the take-off. A tall, friendly Russian, who had helped us with translations, moved forward to sit on one of the extra gas tanks, installed forward, and lit a cigarette as he began a conversation with a friend.

I tugged nervously at the sleeve of a small sergeant in a fur cap, who seemed to be a sort of flight officer. He followed my eyes. His face wreathed itself in smiles. He threw up one thumb: "Boom!" he said, happily. And still smiling, he reversed his hand and swept it downward in a swift gesture. "Boom! Boom!" he said, and, still smiling happily, he leaned back and resumed his nap.

The tall Russian left his seat on the gas tank and came back to say we soon would see the Caspian Sea. We flew across one long corner of the sea, out of sight of land. Not until then did I notice that the usual load of rafts and radio equipment found in American planes crossing large stretches of water was missing. I understood it was superfluous. Nevertheless I mentioned it casually to the tall Russian. He translated, smiling, to the blond, cheerful pilot, who was back in

the cabin speaking briefly with friends, the co-pilot having taken over.

The pilot spoke rapidly, smiling, and the tall Russian grinned and relayed it on: "He says tell you he never lost a foreigner yet."

So, with stops for refueling, we came to the great airport at Moscow; then to the National Hotel and old newspaper friends, — Eddie Gilmore and Daniel De Luce, of the Associated Press, — vodka and cheese and warmth.

1

WE WERE calling on S. A. Lasovsky, Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs. Ambassador Averell Harriman had presented us and taken his leave for another engagement. We knew of S. A. Lasovsky that he was "an old Bolshevik." He had been one of those who helped to make the Revolution. He was short and he wore a beard in the manner of Lenin. He could smile and he could be dead serious. We began with the usual pleasantries. Then Vice-Commissar Lasovsky began to ask questions.

He wanted to know if the American Society of Newspaper Editors included all shades of opinion — liberal, reactionary, conservative. He wanted to know how much editors had to do with making the policy of their papers. He asked what support American papers had given the declarations made at Yalta. Were the *Chicago Tribune* and the Hearst Press represented on our Committee?

We said they were not.

"Explain them," he requested.

God knows, many critical studies have been made of those papers and the men who publish them. I myself have seen some profiles and books on the subject. But explaining, in that small office in Moscow, that in America you may disagree with and even hate what another man says, but will defend his right to say it, was not easy. We tried. Hard. I remember that I was sweating from my effort to be both lucid and honest.

Then he wanted to know what we meant by a free flow of news.

We said we believed that news should be allowed to come in and go out of a country without censorship in times of peace, since the wartime need for security

Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, friend and campaign manager of Governor Ellis Arnall, who made such a clean sweep in Georgia, RALPH MCGILL is a Southerner, vigilant, four-square, and fearless. He was one of a committee of three, the others being Wilbur Forrest of the *New York Herald Tribune* and Dean Carl W. Ackerman, Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, who were sent as representatives of the American Society of Newspaper Editors on a 40,000-mile world tour to examine conditions affecting freedom of the press.

is no longer involved; that foreign correspondents should be allowed to send messages out of Russia in the same way that Russian correspondents are allowed to send messages from other countries; that freedom of the news involved newspapers, agencies, and radio.

He thought for a moment. Then he reminded us that until some eight months before the war came, Russia had allowed dispatches to be sent out, even telephoned out, without censorship. He said, "Our own concept is that our press here in Russia is free. Ours is the freest there is, since it serves only the people, interpreting their wishes. Nevertheless if we could get together on a common ground to fight Germany and find a common ground on which to build a new system of international security, we surely could get together on some agreement for an international flow of information — which, after all, is a smaller problem than the other two."

He waited a moment, meditating that, and apparently decided it would stand. He went back to questioning. What was the political make-up of our Committee?

I don't think he believed us when we said that, quite by accident, it was made up of a Republican, a Democrat, and an independent.

There came an inevitable question: "You say American newspapers, too, reflect public opinion. How can you say that when, in every one of Mr. Roosevelt's elections, most of your press was against him and yet he won? It would not seem you reflected opinion or had any influence."

We tried patiently to explain that even those newspapers which opposed Mr. Roosevelt gave him generous space, that often they carried daily columns by men and women who daily supported Mr. Roosevelt, and that the people could get enough information on which to make up their own minds.

2

OUR Committee talked about the desirability of an exchange of more books and magazines, and of professional journals, with Vladimir Kemenov of *Voks*, who is in charge of cultural relations. We called at Tass, the news service which supplies 10,000 newspapers, daily and weekly, in the Soviet Union and which brings in some 15,000 words daily on the United States. The file, I am sorry to say, does not give a balanced picture of the United States.

We talked of the future of Tass, of whether it might become an association in the world field, such as Reuters or United or Associated Press. I think perhaps P. G. Palgunov and Joseph Chernov, director and assistant respectively, were a bit suspicious of us. One or two columnists in England had suggested that we might be doing a survey job for the American Press associations, and now and then we got a hint of that untruth following us around.

On Sunday we had our first big round table.

Ambassador Averell Harriman opened the discussion. Many Americans, he said, believed that the Russians tried to export Communism, and that belief caused them to be suspicious of Russia. Also, he said, many Americans thought that every day Marshal Stalin — or perhaps, even, Mr. Lasovsky — wrote every word in the Soviet newspapers. Both countries had been concerned primarily, until war came, with domestic growth, and had been more or less isolationist peoples. Such a policy, he said, made both peoples resent foreign criticism and perhaps attach too much importance to statements by persons who did not really have any voice in the foreign policy of either.

The surest way, he said, to make an American politician popular with some Americans was for a foreign nation — England, France, Russia, and so on — to criticize him. He went on to say there was a tremendous interest in America in all things Russian, in its press and its people. The war, he continued, had enabled them to know more than had been known before about the qualities of the Soviet soldier and the people behind the Russian Army. Their feeling was one of friendship and admiration.

It was well, he concluded, not to take too seriously the relatively few critical articles in the American press. He was of the opinion that the Russians saw only such articles, and did not see the great mass of tribute paid to their nation. He was afraid, too, that some American reporters seemed to think that the most important news to send out of Russia was criticism of the United States.

It was an able, informal introduction.

Vice-Commissar Lasovsky replied.

He was glad to know, he said, that Americans read the Soviet newspapers. The Soviets read the American papers and they could not understand how an ally could permit such scurrilous lies as were told about Russia by some sections of the American press.

As for Communism, any intelligent adult should know that it is not possible to export a political system. He went on to say that the future peace of the world depended on close alliance between the United States and the Soviet Union. After praising the work done by Ambassador Harriman he proposed a toast of friendship between the two countries.

That night at the American Embassy I felt two things for sure. One was that between us there was a very real desire to have a meeting of minds. The other was that in the minds of some of the Soviet editors was a suspicion we were setting the American system of newspapering up as a perfect one, talking down to other peoples. God knows this was not true. We tried to say early that we were not interested in what sort of system they had for themselves; all we wanted was to try to create a sentiment for a free flow of information in and out of all countries, uncensored at the source or receiving end.

All the while there was with us the fact that both nations, the United States and the Soviet Union, had been isolationist nations, the latter more so perhaps than any other major power. We knew little about

each other's culture or background, and suspicion was native to us both.

Nor could they understand why, when Russia came into the war, there still were newspapers — and they named always the Hearst-McCormick press — which kept on attacking them and their conduct of the war. Used only to party papers, as is all Europe except England and Scandinavia, they could not understand that American newspapers, with all their admitted faults, do give some measure of expression to those they oppose. So, while we said we did not defend, and often deplored, the policy of these critics of an ally, we did defend their right to say what they pleased.

A. Danilov, of *War and the Working Class*, said he recently had returned from London, where he had attended the International Labor Conference. There, he said, he had seen the possibility of unity and the great need for it to continue in peace as in war.

Up stood P. N. Posvelov, of *Pravda*, to say that the discussion so far had revealed to him that American editors did not always represent public opinion, as they often had majority opposition to their policy. (Here again was the old clash between the concept of a party newspaper as opposed to a newspaper. But in it, too, was revealed one of the weaknesses of the American system: the failure to interpret news properly and to make clear the position of a paper.) The Moscow papers, he continued, learned what the people wanted and followed that line. Too often the American newspapers seemed to represent many interests other than the people's.

It interested and puzzled him, he said, that American newspapers were allowed to print complete untruths about the Soviet Union. He referred, he said, only to charges made which later had been revealed as untrue but which had received no correction or apology from the American papers telling the untruths. He was, he said, all for friendship, but the Soviet press could not fail to take seriously these attacks by any American papers.

L. F. Ilyichev, of *Izvestia*, took the same course. He was bound to reach the conclusion, he said, that many American editors were not well-informed and did not even take the trouble to try to learn the facts. This ignorance, he said, caused them to take many positions with regard to the Soviet Union which subsequent developments revealed as ludicrous. He mentioned specifically the position taken by many American newspapers, that the Soviet Army paused before Budapest, and did not go any farther, for political reasons. Actually, he said, any informed person could have seen that the pause was for the purpose of bringing up supplies and reinforcements, as the Red Army had announced. When the Army went on to take Budapest, no paper making that ludicrous charge had corrected it or admitted being wrong. They went blithely on, he said, as if they had been entirely right about the matter.

General N. A. Talensky, editor of *Red Star*, who later was to discuss with me Stonewall Jackson's Valley campaign, praised the American Army and

American aid. He declared that Red Army and American soldiers had a real respect for one another.

He believed, he said, that the two nations were friends and would be friends, but that, as an old hunter, he knew that the worst enemy a hunter had was mosquitoes, and that when a hunter encountered a place where there were many mosquitoes he tried to avoid that place thereafter. The Soviets wanted friendship, but the mosquitoes of the hostile American press with their stings of untruth made it difficult.

These men illustrate the Soviet position. In addition to them there were present, from the Soviet Union, B. S. Burkov, editor of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (Young Communist Truth); the almost legendary Michael M. Borodin, who edits the weekly *Moscow News*; K. K. Omelchenko, editor of *Trud*; P. G. Palgunov, of Tass; K. E. Zinchenko, acting Chief of Press of the Foreign Office; and U. S. Okov, member of the Soviet Information Bureau. Each of them spoke, but more briefly than the others.

The Embassy staff also was present. The dinner and round table lasted until one o'clock in the morning.

3

THE older Soviet newspapermen worked in exile or underground during the Revolution; the younger men are the product of the Revolution and its policy. That has been their entire newspaper experience. Their newspapers are strictly party papers. In fact, in almost all Europe, Asia, and the Middle East, papers are party papers. Even though they know, more or less generally, what the American system is, they cannot conceive of the American press as having no measure of restriction as to what it may publish — excluding, of course, obscene and pornographic material.

This was why they were astounded that an ally could be, and was, criticized by some American papers. The fact that no apology was made, when some of this criticism was revealed, as they assert, to be ridiculous and false, puzzled and angered them. And they rarely saw the great mass of favorable comment on Russia in American papers.

While they are well-informed as to international affairs, economics, and history, the Russians are lamentably uninformed about the domestic United States and its culture — just as the average American knows little about the Soviet Union.

The Soviet editors realize that the Soviet standard of living, which was just beginning to climb when the war came, is painfully low. They know the people's awareness of this shortcoming in the Russian economy. They resented such criticism as is contained in Bill White's book, which was something of an oversimplification and dealt in a good many generalities.

It is true that we have not always sent impartial correspondents to Russia. A few have gone in with chips on their shoulders. A few others have gone in

seeking some sensational story which would make them a temporary bit of fame. These attitudes are not conducive to factual reporting.

At the offices of *Izvestia* and *Pravda* we spent some three or more hours on successive evenings in discussions with the editor and his immediate staff of assistants.

The circulation of *Izvestia*, restricted by war and newsprint scarcity, is about 1,300,000. It is published in four cities, — Moscow, Leningrad, Baku, Kuibishev, — with plans for other cities when peacetime newsprint production permits. Mats are flown by plane when possible. On other days the news is sent by radio, identically to each. (*Pravda's* figures and facts follow closely those of *Izvestia*.)

Newsprint was scarce because the Germans occupied the largest newsprint-producing area. It will continue to be scarce for a time because the plants were destroyed. The wartime standard was four pages (standard size), instead of six or eight as before the war. Russian papers have no carrier delivery. The papers go by mail or are sold in kiosks. There are also special windows where the papers are displayed, page by page, to the public. There are individual and group subscribers.

The papers hold staff meetings, as in America. They also delight in a scoop and call attention to it with a page 1 box. They have promotion men, and their readers and agents are encouraged to send in complaints and suggestions. They publish a "letters to the editor" column. We all had a good laugh when Editor Ilyichev asked, rather plaintively, if in America eccentric characters called on newspapers.

The newspaper buildings are state-owned and all equipment also belongs to the state. But each paper must make a profit and pay for amortization, rent, and so on. There is little advertising — only a few brief advertisements from theaters and operas, largely an announcement of what is playing. Profit comes from circulation.

Izvestia is the paper of the Soviets, and the editor is elected by the Supreme Council. *Pravda* is the paper of the Communist Party, and the editor is named by the council of that party. The trade unions appoint the editor of *Trud*, and so on. Editor Ilyichev was a professor of psychology at Moscow University who was active in politics.

At both offices we were questioned as to the control of the American press by advertisers. On questioning, we learned that the two books they had read on this subject were George Seldes's *Lords of the Press* and Upton Sinclair's *Brass Check*; they had also read a few pamphlets.

Our reply was that there probably were one or two such papers — at least, two of the Committee members thought they could name them — but that, in the great bulk of the American press, the advertiser asked only that his advertisement bring results; he was not interested in the paper's politics. The test of

a paper's success is the man with the nickel or the three cents. Readers have confidence in the advertisement because they have confidence in the paper.

We tried to explain, with undetermined success, that many persons read newspapers without bothering about the political opinion of the editorial page. This attitude they could not understand at all. They see few American newspapers and they persist in thinking of them as party papers because the papers often are identified as Republican or Democratic in politics.

When peace really appears, the Soviet papers plan to have more correspondents in America.

There was a farewell dinner with the editors and with Ilya Ehrenburg, gadfly extraordinary, and Mr. Marshak, poet and translator, who was enchanted when I told him I had twice met Robert Frost.

There was a night for the opera. There was time for us to walk about the city, to get a rare tour through the Kremlin, to visit the art galleries, to visit cold, snow-drifted, onion-domed St. Basil's. There was time to visit the shops, the peasants' stores, the government special shops with their high prices, the Bolshoi Theater.

There was time to talk with the newspapermen, with Anna Louise Strong, who is something of a legend; to tramp the streets; to go to the library to see old books on the ballet; to see movies of the capture of Budapest.

Finally, we arose before dawn one morning and went out to the airport. It was cold. There was no carpet on the bucket seats. Cold from the metal seemed to move slowly both ways, up the spine and down the legs.

The pilot flew at 500 feet all the way out of the snow to Astrakhan. We climbed out of the plane into a buffeting wind and walked across the flat, packed-clay surface to a small wooden building. We had with us bread and butter and a huge roll of sausage, which we shared with two Soviet passengers, a young Navy CPO who was going home after eighteen months of duty in Moscow, and the two crewmen. One of the Russians believed this food called for vodka and he bought a round. Courtesy called for us to respond. Then the other passenger and the CPO followed suit. Russian glasses are small.

Soon we were back on the plane and flying over the delta of the Volga and over the Caspian Sea. Farmers had burned their fields, and the excited CPO, pressing his nose to the small windows of the C-47 transport, shouted, "My God, they really mean it when they say they scorch the earth! Look at that, will you!"

At Baku we unloaded and jolted along to the Intourist Hotel in a Soviet-made bus. The oil fields were about us and the smell came in through the windows. The night came on as we drove, and when we pulled up to the hotel the moon was silver on the Caspian.



THE DEATH OF BUCHAN WALSH

by JOHN HERSEY

BUCHAN called me up at a very bad time. I was in the middle of writing a story about him. I should have known better than to take a close friend as the central character of a story. I should have known. It's easy to say now: I should have known.

Ann and I were living then near Cornwall, on a hill sloping down to the river. From my study I could see an open field, the main north-south road, some clumps of birch and maple, the Housatonic, and over against the sky four round, rock-scabbed timbered hills. The stretch of river across from us was calm and broad. Off to the right I had a fine view of the old wooden covered bridge, and I could just see the line on the water before the bridge where the quiet river broke off into rapids.

Buchan's call was not a surprise — we were in fairly close touch in those days — but it was an annoyance. It was going to kill the story. He didn't know I was writing about him, so I had a bitter little joke with myself when I answered him. "I was just thinking about you," I said.

"You were?" Buchan's voice sounded dull. "Come down and see me. I want to talk to you."

"You're talking to me now."

"Come down and see me. I want you to come down and see me."

I began to remind Buchan that I had a wife and a new baby and work to do and —

He interrupted me. "I'm in trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"I don't want to talk about it on the phone. Come on down."

"You're a hell of a lot of bother to your friends."

"Can you come this afternoon?"

I gathered up all my notes and the summary I had written and the drafted passages of my story about Buchan and took them with me on the train. I knew they were no good now. I just sat there with the stuff on my lap and thought about the three weeks I had wasted and about my friend Buchan, my outrageous, hopeless friend Buchan.

I had met him in college, and I had often thought about using him in a story. There were many dabs of Buchan in my notebooks. The first was a short note I had written about two years before: that is to say, in 1938, when I was newly married and was working in New York. "Buchan Walsh called up last evening and asked if he could come and spend the night with Ann and me. I asked him what was wrong with his apartment. He said, 'Nothing, I just want to go visiting.' He came up about ten o'clock, had one drink, said he was tired, and disappeared into the bedroom and presumably went to sleep. He was out this morning before we were up."

Later I had written, "As usual, Buchan is in a quandary. He can't seem to decide whether to take a year off and travel around Europe. If I had that choice!"

Buchan decided not to go, or at any rate he defaulted the trip by not deciding anything, and I made another note in December that year. "Had lunch with Buchan. The way he orders his food fascinates me. He spends nearly five minutes giving the menu a going-over. I got the impression he was less interested in pleasing his stomach than in being certain that he would make no mistake in front of the waiter and me — and I think the waiter was the more important of

JOHN HERSEY is one of the ablest of the young writers to emerge from the experience of the war. A correspondent in the Pacific and in the European Theater, he gained at close hand the material for his three books, *Men on Bataan*, *Into the Valley*, and *A Bell for Adano*. Since writing his last novel Mr. Hersey has made an extended trip to Russia, and recently he has gone to China to watch as a free-lance the human and political developments in that emerging state.

us. It was a French place, and Buchan seemed to be studying out each item of French nomenclature precisely. He finally settled for an omelet and a salad, both of which he named in full, in excellently pronounced French."

Early in 1940 I had set out a longer sketch of Buchan, for by then I felt fairly sure I would write a story about him. "Buchan," I wrote, "is a man of inaction. Nothing much happens to him and quite likely nothing ever will. He simply can't make up his mind about anything. He is indecision. He is quite good-looking, and his appearance is forever inviting him into situations with which he hasn't the desire — or the ability, for that matter — to contend. The sad part of it is that he has quite a lot of talent, both for people and for work. I remember scores of things he hasn't been able to make up his mind about: what courses to take at college, where to live, whether to go to Europe, what job to take, and so on. He reached a decision about a career after months of anguished debate and then switched careers three times within two years. At the moment he's working for a rayon company. His father is a successful manufacturer of hairbrushes in Toledo. Buchan used to talk about indulgence on his parents' part as if it had been responsible for his best qualities, whereas in fact it must have been an undermining force.

"He compensated for his want of decision by having much too certain opinions. He argues loudly and with unconvincing authority about events in Europe. He is helped in this sport by a good memory. The other day I heard him arguing against the possibility of a German offensive flanking the Maginot line. It happens that I had read the dispatch to NANA by Liddell Hart on which he was basing his case (without credit) and I was amazed at the way he reeled it off almost verbatim, as if he had just thought of it all. But in spite of his arguing, he clearly sets much store by the approval of his fellows, and his arguments are not so much intended to explore disagreements as to show off a basic community of knowledge and taste. Buchan also compensates for his unsureness by extreme modesty and meticulousness in dress. He usually wears dark double-breasted suits and silk ties traversed diagonally with broad stripes of dull colors.

"Although he is not, and never will be, a man of action, neither is he a man of deep thought. I doubt, in fact, that he has been bothered by a single consecutive full minute of logical thinking since he graduated from college, which was six years ago. I imagine he indulges in quite a bit of daydreaming, which may pass with him for thinking; he drops remarks which hint a vague kind of ambition for himself, in whatever line of work he happens to be dallying at any given time, but he gives no corollary conviction of being about to achieve the ambition, whatever it is.

"I've noticed that he's much more alive — his mind is better integrated and his body better coördinated — when he is with women than when he is with men. Talking with men he is diffident, and much of the time he looks bored: wears an air of being in

another room at some other time on some other errand of amusement. But with women he is alert, considerate, and almost witty. He is also clearly on the make. He disguises his intent thinly and so flatters and pleases most women. I doubt that he ever goes far in his flirtations, because he would never be able to make up his mind to do anything requiring organization and delicacy. I'm sorry to say that I think he's rather parasitical in general. His father allows him enough money — about six thousand a year, I would guess — to live well. He works at his various jobs not because he likes them or because he feels any duty toward society, but simply because he feels he would be despised if he did not work, and because any addition to what his father gives him is gravy.

"I write all this about Buchan as if I thought of him with distaste, not to say disgust. Perhaps I do. And yet I like him. I enjoy being with him. I suppose it's because he seems so helpless, in spite of his sharp mind and obvious ability. He's extremely demanding. I remember once when I lived in town he called me up at about two in the morning and insisted that I come downtown and lend him some money, because he was stuck with a bill at a night club that refused to cash a check for him. He used to ask if I'd mind giving my laundress a couple — which usually turned out to be half a dozen — of his shirts to wash. It is curious that these encroachments on his friends' time, energy, and privacy should be the very episodes that endear him to us. He makes it seem wonderfully kind to help him out. Therein, I suppose, lies his truly parasitic talent: he makes it seem blessed to give — specifically to Buchan Walsh. But I wonder what it is that makes such a waste of him."

2

I HAD decided to complement Buchan, in the story, with a type almost his opposite. I based the girl of the story on a single paragraph which I had written in a notebook early in 1939. "Last night at dinner," it said, "I was put next to a girl who took my breath away. She was an animate moral force. I guess you'd call her a career woman, though she had none of the usual masculine and domineering qualities. Her voice was sweet, soft, and soprano. Her figure was fine — didn't make her look, as the figures of so many career women make them look, as if she were a habitual associate, if not a distant relative, of a horse. Her cheek was clear and looked soft. She had dressed and decorated herself becomingly. Her face was not particularly pretty, but it was mobile and expressive, and it reflected some kind of inner heat — whether of conviction or of sex I was uncertain, and therein lay a pleasing ambiguity — and altogether she was quite a thing. She seems to be on a dozen committees: for the Spanish Loyalists, against the poll tax, for this and against that. She's on one which is called, with what seems to me fantastic

politeness for this year of grace, the Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression. She knows what's going on and she knows where she stands on everything. She's a Park Avenue Pasionaria. She's very sure of what's right and what's wrong. I guess she's got what the psychos call a highly developed superego — a terrific conscience, not only for herself but for all mankind. I was obliged to tell Ann, as we drove home, that I thought the girl would be nifty, though possibly somewhat argumentative, in bed."

The girl's name escapes me now, but I still recall, with startling clarity considering how long ago it was, our conversation, or rather her monologue, that evening. She talked furiously of an alleged British plan to withdraw recognition from the Spanish Republican government on the pretext that the President, Manuel Azaña, was in Paris, and that therefore the Republican government could not be legally functioning. She talked enthusiastically of Lillian Hellman's *Little Foxes*, which had just opened and which she had seen the night before. I remember that she also talked, with the same engaging fire, of a pair of shoes she had bought that morning.

It was my idea, that summer, to mate Buchan, or at any rate a character fashioned on his model and bearing some other name, with this girl. The story had possibilities as a story, but I think deep down I was casting about for some solution for Buchan, some way of bringing him to life, if only in my imagination.

According to my rough draft, the man and the girl met, one day in the summer of 1939, in a Madison Avenue haberdashery. The man (I shall call him Buchan for convenience) was standing at the necktie counter, trying to decide between two cravats which were alike in every way except color. The girl, who had never seen him before, was waiting for him to make up his mind so that the clerk would be free to sell her a tie.

She finally lost her patience and said: "Why don't you buy them both?"

"No, I only need one."

"Well, for goodness sake, make up your mind. Buy that one."

"Do you think so?" Buchan spoke absent-mindedly at first, as if he took her voice to be that of a floorwalker or of another clerk. Slowly he turned to her after this line and, noticing her beauty, he lifted the tie to his neck and said: "Do you think so? Does this one look well on me?"

"It looks exactly the same as the other would."

"I want it to be a prosperous tie."

"Well, please buy one of them. I'm awfully late."

"Buying a tie for your husband?"

He asked this insolent, exploratory question looking absolutely innocent, but she answered with a somewhat curt evasion that didn't tell him whether she was married or not. "For my father."

"Buy this one." He picked up the tie on the counter, his alternate choice, and handed it to her.

"All right."

"Wait a sec. I don't know. I think I like that one better than this."

"Either way. Only decide."

"I want to look rich. Does this tie make me look rich? I'm going to a luncheon to let some dull people ask me for money."

She asked quickly: "What luncheon?"

"Oh, one of those godawful things in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf. For Spanish refugees, tomorrow. I always get a new tie for those lunches. I like to go in looking rich and get their hopes up. I eat their food and listen to the first three speeches and then I leave, just before they start hollering for the checks."

"I'm on the committee for that lunch. Don't you dare."

"Wonderful! Do you think you could arrange for us to sit together?"

Surprisingly she said: "I think so." Then came the point: "If you'll give some money."

"Sure I will." He turned to the clerk. "I won't be needing this tie."

The luncheon set up the full counterpoint between Buchan and the girl, and opposed her scorn for his lack of convictions, of beliefs, of moral anger, and of vital energy, to his skepticism of the depth and validity of those qualities in her. Each shook the other a bit; each liked the other.

"How far back does all this fervor of yours go?" he asked. "I'll bet five dollars you got it all just last year, and I'll bet ten dollars you were in love when you got it."

She smiled and said, "Almost right on both counts. But at least I have it. How can anyone live twenty-odd years — how old are you, anyhow? —"

"Twenty-six."

"— twenty-six years without believing anything?"

She said later: "Didn't Arruze's speech move you, or persuade you, or anything?"

"I don't like his looks. I'll bet he beats his wife."

"Does that make any difference?"

"It does to me. Don't get me wrong. It's not just that he's a Spanish Republican. A Pennsylvania Republican with that kind of mouth would make me feel the same way."

"Then you do believe in something: you believe in personal integrity."

"I believe in not beating one's wife."

"Well, that's something."

3.

THAT was as far as my rough draft went when Buchan called. My summary of the rest of the story went on: "During the luncheon they made a date which perpetuated their conflict — and their attraction. In their developing relationship, he took a passive, though definitely male, role; she was the feminine agitator. He enjoyed lingering a long time over dinner, just talking, while she pressed always for

a concert, a play, a movie. He liked to sit at home taking passes at her, which she methodically rejected. In their arguments his memory and wide reading always stalemated her emotional vigor, and the stalemate would produce a kind of vindictiveness in both of them. Once she criticized his conservative, uniform-like clothes; he had the sense to know that she had criticized his personality, which was, he realized, as rigid as one of his blue suits. He was annoyed with her for this and yet grateful. He soon felt, and stabbed at, her real vulnerability: whereas she was undeniably sincere in her many worthy activities, she had a weakness for a set of habitual comforts and luxuries (aisle seats at the theater, Grand Marnier after dinner, Shalimar behind the ears, dresses from Bendel) which were paradoxical in her, not to say hypocritical, considering the causes for which she spent so much time. His pointing out this incompatibility angered her — and made her like him more than ever (especially since he also catered to her hedonism). Gradually, through a number of rubs like these, they quarreled themselves into love.

“Under subtle pressure from her, he proposed to her, and they were married. They seemed, for a long time, very happy. His suits grew more somber and well pressed; her committee meetings more frequent. They seemed to be giving way very well to each other’s habits, without either one relaxing his or her own — quite the contrary: they indulged their respective ways. He put on a little weight; she managed to avoid pregnancy, which would have interfered with her campaigning for the third term. Their friends all considered the marriage a great success.

“But one night they had a horrible blowup, in the course of which they uncovered only one agreement, and that was repugnant — namely, that their principal common interest, sex, was not proving as variously rewarding as they had planned. They also faced the facts that, no kidding, he really did not believe in her virtuous activities and that she despised him for not having any moral or political program whatsoever.”

At that time I was full of the Connecticut countryside. Ann and I had always been suited to each other, but it was not until we had run away from the city that we began to consider ourselves happy. That spring I had bought a canoe, and had spent a lot of time on the Housatonic. I had worked up gradually to the rapids that began at the covered bridge, and the very first time, I had mastered the stretch without spilling into the turbulent and cold (though, I must admit, not specially dangerous) water. It was this triumph, really, that had given me the impulse to write the story about Buchan, because, by some strange transference, my physical success had refreshed my intellectual self-confidence — and I imagined some such cross-play might help a man like Buchan.

And so, in my notes for the story, “they took stock, the day after their wild argument, and found themselves so alarmed at the sudden eruption that they

decided to take a week’s vacation. They went to Kent. There, toward the middle of the week, Buchan learned about a company that rented canoes and trucked them up the Housatonic to whatever point the renter might choose, depending on how long a run, ending back at Kent, he wanted to take. Buchan persuaded his wife to spend a day on the river with him, though she had never been in a canoe before.

“They started their run up around Lime Rock, on a warm, clear morning. They drifted lazily with the current. They stopped for a swim and a picnic lunch at a stretch where the rude shoulders of the Connecticut hills drew back from the table of the river-level, an open place under the sky. Then, going on, they came in sight of the covered bridge. Their admiration of the old wooden frame was shattered by the sudden first step-down of the rapids.

“Buchan’s wife, up front, in clear view of every rock and drop, was panic-struck. Buchan himself felt a reckless pleasure, and with natural timing and balance, compensating not only for the river’s jostling but also for his wife’s jerks and shouts and starts, got the canoe through to the quiet water beyond. His composure was tremendous — and it was unexpected to him and amazing, penetrating even through her terror, to her.”

In the great American literary tradition, I had deferred putting an end on the story — the working out of the exact dimensions of the new relationship — until I could consult my agent and find out what magazine she thought she might persuade to buy it. Now, on the train to New York, I knew there would never be an end — to that story.

4

I MET Buchan at the University Club at seven o’clock. We went to Tim Costello’s and stood at the bar.

If I had been worried by Buchan when I started the story, I was shocked now. This was partly because my hopeful picture of him, strengthened and renewed at the end of my fiction, was so sharply at variance with the picture I saw beside me. All his rigid elegance had crumbled. He wore the usual clothes, but now they did not seem neat on him. He needed a shave and his fingernails were dirty. He had called me all the way down from the country, and yet he was so absorbed in himself that he hardly seemed aware of my presence. He seemed to talk to himself rather than to me, and sometimes he ignored my questions.

He had told me in the taxi that his trouble was being in love. I had laughed at him.

Then, with an uneasiness of which I myself could see the nonsense, I had asked the girl’s name. Margaret Tomlinson. I had never heard the name before and I was sure it was not the girl I had met that night at dinner — not the girl with whom I had thrown Buchan in the story. I had found myself relieved at this discovery and I had laughed again.

However, when we talked at Tim's, I began to be very pleased with my literary judgment and with my analysis of Buchan. From what he told me, the girl he had actually chosen was almost exactly like the girl he had chosen in my story.

"She's eating me up," Buchan said. "I've lost nearly twenty pounds. I don't know what it is that attracts me to her, unless it's just physical. I want to work her over all the time. But I don't know — she's so damn triumphant. She always feels good about the future of the world and she always makes me feel bad. She's a committee woman and she's going to repair everything singlehanded. She's trying to repair me, too, that's the trouble, she's got a Committee for the Moral Rehabilitation of Buchan Walsh, she wants to repair me — but she won't even let herself go. I'm all mixed up, I don't know what the hell to do."

"Did you ever know what to do?"

My first selfish flush of complacency was soon erased by a realization of my obvious errors in judgment about Buchan. I had been disastrously wrong about the effect on him of an efficient and conscience-ridden woman. I had pictured a tightening process, a good impact at first; and yet in fact Miss Tomlinson had brought about a serious disintegration of his personality. I had been dreadfully off the mark on his way of speaking: in my sketches for the story I had made his speeches articulate, succinct, and almost narrative. Actually he spoke repetitively, vaguely, without direction; nevertheless very much to the point.

I said: "You care an awful lot about what people think of you, don't you?"

Buchan seemed not to have listened. "My father must have been an awful guy," he said. His father had died a few weeks before. "He used to tell me, the way fathers talk, he used to say, 'You've got to look out for your own skin, son, you've got to take care of yourself. No one else is going to do it for you.' I suppose he was O.K. in some ways — he made a hell of a lot of money and he was happy, at least I guess he was — but I'm just beginning to realize things."

I said, "Do you remember one time, oh, a long time ago, you called us up and asked if you could spend the night? Why did you do that?"

Buchan looked at me. "Sure," he said, "I remember. I just wanted to visit somebody. That's the trouble nowadays. You've got to call up to make a date, you've got to make arrangements way ahead, you've got to see what's coming, you've got to plan for a war and think about unemployment next year. What the hell, it's getting so a lonely guy can't think about tonight, what'll I do tonight?"

It took some time for the weight of the word "lonely" to lift itself out of that rambling protest, and it was quite a bit later in the conversation that I asked, "Why do you think you're lonely?"

"Marg says it's because I don't want to get involved in anything unselfish. She says the only way

to have real friends is to share danger with them. She sees danger in everything and it makes her god-awful happy when she and her fellow committee members overcome some of it. She's right. I'm no use to anybody, so why should they be any use to me? I'm lonely because I have no drive, I'm not working for anything."

I was getting an idea. I suggested that Buchan bring Miss Tomlinson up to spend a week-end with us. I pictured to him the possibility, during a lazy and peaceful stay in the Housatonic countryside, of shaking down perspectives. A long walk in the hills, a picnic, a dip in the cold river might, I suggested, straighten them out with each other, or at least begin the process. I did not mention a canoe ride, though my compulsion was beginning to form.

I asked, "Have you thought about marrying her?"

"She's suggested it," he said.

"Well, maybe a week-end like that might help you to decide."

I had to use quite a lot of persuasion before he finally accepted.

5

THEY came up on Friday afternoon. Ann noticed that I noticed that Miss Tomlinson was nice to look at; Ann spoke later about the gleam in my eye. The girl was bright and saucy on the surface, and yet she was obviously deeply serious. Buchan looked like a second-rate Hamlet, melancholy and disheveled.

Friday evening was stiff all around. Saturday it rained the whole day, and the house seemed too small for the four of us. I had primed Ann, and we managed to keep Miss Tomlinson off the kind of conversation that would make Buchan feel worse. Ann talked about her garden and the ducks and the baby; I talked about college and village characters and, inevitably, about the thrills of canoeing on the river.

Miss Tomlinson turned out, after all, not exactly like the girl of my story. She did have the same force and conscience, but she was all of a piece. She did not have the vulnerabilities I had given the girl in the story, and I realized that the materialism and hedonism were weaknesses of Buchan's which I had, in my optimism for him, given to the girl. Miss Tomlinson was not as well off as my girl; though she was now earning a good salary working for a broadcasting company, she did not have any such expensive tastes as I had imagined for Buchan's girl in my notes. If Miss Tomlinson had a fault, it was a dogmatic turn of mind, a positiveness which had obviously long since overwhelmed Buchan's false assurance in discussion. This quality in her made me keep right on calling her Miss Tomlinson.

Buchan was, much of that rainy day, silent. When we talked about my plans for repairs to the house and barn, it was not long before Miss Tomlinson had crystallized some of the plans for the barn and actually put us all to work. It was a good enough way to spend a rainy afternoon.

Later, over drinks and dinner, we were tired and friendly. Buchan opened up wonderfully. He was very funny about his current boss, a Mr. Poynton; and once or twice he teased Miss Tomlinson. She was playful and more yielding than she had been during the day. Buchan himself brought up a discussion of the war — we were then in the last few days of the “phony war,” just before the breakthrough into the Lowlands — and he did well. When Ann and I went to bed, our visitors said they were not very tired; they would stay up and talk a while.

To my delight, Sunday came up bright and warm. I withheld my scheme until midmorning, when Buchan and I took a walk up the dirt road toward the hills behind us.

“Do you see what I meant about Marg?” he asked.

I said I thought she was charming.

“Sure, so was Circe charming. If I could just get in control —”

Then I made my suggestion. I asked whether Buchan had ever done any canoeing. He said he had done a bit at camp as a boy. Then I told him how I thought a run down a stretch of the river might affect his relationship with Miss Tomlinson. At first he laughed at the idea. I must say I don’t blame him now, but I’d been working on the story so long that I was able to be quite eloquent and more convincing, I dare say, than I ought to have been. I actually used some phrases I had planned to use in the story. Before long he began to come round, and at lunch he proposed the ride. I had told him all about the rapids, and had passed on to him a few pointers as to the easy ways through. He did not tell Miss Tomlinson about the rapids; they were to come as a surprise. She thought an afternoon on the river would be splendid.

About three o’clock I got out the car and hitched on the low-slung trailer which I had fixed up with jigs to hold the canoe. My heart sank when Buchan came out of the house dressed in a basque shirt and a pair of gray flannel shorts. His arms and legs were terribly thin, and he looked good for nothing but scaring crows. He seemed cheerful and game, however. Miss Tomlinson, in a play dress of Ann’s, looked formidably happy.

We drove down to the main road and went north about a mile. I cut in towards the river by a private driveway the use of which I had negotiated. We put the canoe in the water. I told Buchan I’d meet them at a landing about four miles down the river in an hour and a half, and they shoved off. I was delighted at the confidence with which Buchan handled his paddle.

I drove home and waited. I’m sure I was far more nervous than Buchan. I tried reading a few pages of *The Possessed*, but I couldn’t concentrate. I went out and pulled up crab grass from the lawn back of the house. I didn’t want to stay in sight of the river.

I had been home about half an hour when I heard a commotion at the front of the house — shouting and a door slamming. I made out Miss Tomlinson’s voice,

calling my name. I had just started for the back door when she came out.

She was wet. Her hair was plastered down on either side of her face. She must have run the half mile up from the river. She was pale and wild.

“He’s dead!” she gasped. “Come quickly, he’s dead!” Sobs and heavy breathing choked her. In the midst of this hysterical demonstration I suddenly remembered, for some reason, Buchan’s phrase, “she’s so damn triumphant.” She said, “Hurry, for godsake!”

We ran around the house to the car. I slammed the car down the hill to the main road. She pointed to the right and when we got to the turnoff to the covered bridge she had me turn there.

I couldn’t get a coherent story from her. She kept crying and jabbering about how horrible Buchan looked. She did get out the fact that the canoe had tipped over, which was obvious, and said that she had pulled him ashore somehow and that he wasn’t breathing, he was dead.

6

I PULLED the car to the side of the road just before the bridge. Miss Tomlinson scrambled out and ran off to the right, down the bank. I followed her.

We hadn’t run far when I saw Buchan. He was sitting on a rock on the edge of the river, not fifty yards below the bridge, with his feet in the water and his head in his hands. When we came closer we saw that he had been vomiting and was still spitting.

Miss Tomlinson, showing a gentleness that I shouldn’t have expected from her, ran to him and threw her arms around him and began to make him thoroughly uncomfortable with her clumsy, ecstatic caresses. She seemed genuinely surprised and relieved to see him alive.

Buchan turned a pair of watery eyes up toward me, and said, “That was a great idea of yours.”

I couldn’t help laughing. Then I asked, “What happened?”

“Oh Christ,” Buchan said, “little Miss Pocahontas here stood up. I guess I hit my head on a rock. I just now came to.”

Miss Tomlinson began crying again.

I had my hands full getting that pair up to the car. When we reached home, Ann and I put Buchan to bed and gave Miss Tomlinson a big slug of brandy. We called our doctor and he came a couple of hours later and decided that Buchan might have a slight concussion and ought to stay in bed two or three days.

Miss Tomlinson was noble and called her office to say that she was sick and wouldn’t be in for a couple of days. She nursed Buchan with both efficiency and tenderness, I must say. The shock lifted Buchan right out of his depression and he became gay and unself-conscious as I had not seen him since college. A new strain of sobriety began to show itself, too.

On Tuesday afternoon, while Miss Tomlinson was

napping, he said to me, "You know, it's funny, Marg believing I was dead, and well, more or less being dead for a while — that's all made me think things over. She certainly has been right all along. I've got to pull my weight better than I did."

At this first sign of what I had so long imagined, I was filled with perverse disgust and a sense of ridiculousness. "Oh hell," I said, "you sound like a reformed drunk."

Buchan looked at me with grave eyes and said, "No, really, I mean it."

"Nuts," I said. "You know damn well if we got in the war, you'd sit by with your fine bored air and watch all the damn fools run off to get shot at."

"This time I mean it."

I laughed and changed the subject.

Of course he didn't mean it. His euphoria gradually faded, and with it his earnestness. He and Miss Tomlinson did fall in love as a result of the accident, or perhaps as a result of her caring for him in bed for four days. But he never did marry her. I guess he couldn't make up his mind — she couldn't even make

up his mind — and things dragged along between them for over a year and the war came and Miss Tomlinson went into the WAC. If it hadn't been for the war, they might have married.

Buchan was drafted late in 1942. About a year ago I heard he had been killed in Germany. His mother wrote me asking if I could find out how he died. Just the other day I finally tracked down his sergeant.

The sergeant says they found Buchan's body, and four others from his platoon, the morning after a night reconnaissance. He told me that Buchan, who was a corporal, had taken a squad out that night. At one point Buchan called the sergeant by walkie-talkie and said: "They've begun to drop mortars on us. Shall we come back or go through with the mission?"

The sergeant says he answered: "What the hell, Buck, have I got infra-red eyes? I can't see what you're doing. You'll have to decide for yourself."

He didn't hear from Buchan for about ten minutes. Then he heard one sentence. Buchan had thought things over for ten minutes and he said one sentence: "I guess we'll just stay here."



THE JAPS LOOK AT THE YANKS

by LT. JOHN ASHMEAD, USNR

I

WITH another Navy interpreter from the base at Yokosuka, I took the train to Kamakura (about a twenty-minute ride) to see the Tsuruoka Shrine and the great bronze golden-eyed image of Buddha. Our self-appointed guide, a small, neatly dressed railway official, invited us to have lunch with him a few days later. Because of the great shortage of food, we did not wish to accept, but were finally persuaded. On the appointed day, armed with chocolate bars for his child, we got off the train at his village, and after first shaking a couple of enterprising young ensigns who were under the impression that we were in search of a suburban geisha house, we unwittingly inquired at the police station as to where our host lived.

There may possibly be some system in the way a house is numbered in Japan, but one thing is clear: the numbering has only a tenuous connection with

the street. Assisted by the chief of police, however, which was not our idea at all, since we did not want our host to die of "kidney trouble" after we had left him, we found our host, whom I shall call Nakamura. Nakamura had a discussion with the chief of police as to whether it would be all right to have us in. The chief reluctantly consented, but warned Nakamura to discuss only general subjects with us.

We entered the house after first stopping in a little anteroom to remove our shoes. Since Japanese who wear Western-style shoes never untie them, Nakamura was much faster at this than we were. We were then led into what was evidently regarded as the best room. On the wall was a single insipid picture of a golden-haired child à la *Saturday Evening Post* cover. The only furniture was a midget-sized chair and table and a bookcase. We sat on gay-colored *zabuton* (cushions), which are quite comfortable, largely because the mats under them are soft and resilient.

We began to discuss the art colony at Kamakura. This includes two or three authors, four or five painters, and a couple of actors; also an organization known as the Kamakura Pen Kurabubu (Pen Club), whose functionings I simply do not understand.

A native of New York City, LT. JOHN ASHMEAD, USNR, prepared for college at the Loomis School and took his A.B. degree with high honors at Harvard in 1938. On entering the Navy, he was assigned to the Japanese Language Training School in Berkeley. He participated in the Kiska and Leyte landings and, after serving in Japan on the staff of the Commander of the Fifth Fleet, became a member of the information section of SCAP.

Sounds of activity began in the kitchen about eleven o'clock; we saw no one except an attractive little child in a bright-red costume, who occasionally darted out from the kitchen, took a look at us, and then ran back laughing to his mother.

Everything in the house, we discovered as we began looking around, seemed to have a very impermanent aspect, largely because all the walls and partitions were made of paper on the thinnest of wood and could be slid back to make the whole house either one room or nothing but a roof. The house was on the main street, which was just wide enough for an oxcart. Occasionally one of these passed with a load of odoriferous night soil in tubs. About twelve, there was a loud but not unpleasant clatter from school children returning for lunch, all wearing wooden clogs. Several of them stopped near our house and began to sing one of those songs which sound haunting and fragile and which, when you get around to translating them, are usually about some soldier pouring out his blood on a battlefield.

At this point Nakamura himself served us our lunch, something I had never seen done in Japanese homes in the States. We had a clear soup with a strong taste of seaweed, small quantities of two or three different kinds of fish, pickled *nasube* (a long, slender eggplant), and rice. We had been served tea when we first arrived, and we received it again at the end of the meal. When a second helping of rice was pressed on us, I tried to avoid taking more than a small quantity but was unsuccessful.

After luncheon we began a discussion of different types of Japanese silk, since my friend, like every other married man in the armed forces, is engaged in an almost hysterical hunt for Japanese garments to send back to his beloved. At this point, for the first time, we saw our host's wife and mother, who came out to show us their best kimonos. At no point were we introduced, although the women of the house, when they were in the room with us, did not seem at all shy. The different parts of the kimono — the jacket, the long, wide belt, and so on, were usually in a very heavy silk with a floral pattern, with evidently different colorings for winter and summer wear.

The present costume for women is a jacket which resembles the one worn with a kimono, and slacks which are tied around the ankle. Before the war this costume was regarded much as shorts are still regarded in some parts of the States; but now it is all that is issued by the ration board. The men wear a national costume which resembles an army uniform and which makes our officers and enlisted men feel that they are surrounded by demobilized troops.

We then discovered that next to us was what we judged to be a sleeping room, since the child, covered with a short quilt, was sound asleep on the floor. The room had a recess in which was hung a scroll, and before this were two empty vases for flower arrangements. Next to this recess was a smaller one which contained in gold letters on a black wooden stand the names of the deceased relatives of Nakamura. At

this point Nakamura told us that he was a Buddhist and that almost no one was a Shintoist. In view of the large number of people we had seen at the Shintoist shrines, this seemed a curious remark.

After supplying the Nakamura child with chocolate and exchanging good-byes with Nakamura's wife and mother, we went for a stroll in a large Buddhist shrine in North Kamakura. The arrangement of the grounds was baffling, but seemed to consist of a number of temples and assembly halls, with fire ladders and cement water tanks scattered everywhere in the central area, and with houses for the priests and their families and occasional shrines, containing such items as a genuine tooth of Buddha, on the outskirts. There was also one building on the grounds which belonged to the German ambassador. He was no longer in residence, and his exact connection with the religious activities was not made clear.

Nakamura seemed eager to have us visit one of the painters of the art colony. After we agreed, with some reluctance, Nakamura in turn became quite shy of the whole idea, but finally led us to the master's house. The housekeeper, hostess, or wife (we never did understand her status) informed us that he was suffering from a bad cold and could not possibly receive us — that we should come back in a month or so. There followed a long, rapid discussion between her and Nakamura, whom we were trying to get to call the whole thing off. Suddenly it was announced that we were to enter. Feeling somewhat uneasy, we were led into an attractive small room with a single *kakemono* hanging in the usual recess.

The three of us sat down on *zabuton* and waited guiltily for the "housekeeper" to get the painter off what had been described as practically his deathbed. Then a distinguished-looking elderly man, apparently in good health, came in and greeted us and we realized that this was the painter. He led us down a long corridor with at least twelve rooms opening off it, into a large room which contained enough *zabuton* for all, including the "housekeeper." We sat down and had tea. In the recess was hung a *kakemono* of a deer, which we were told was several hundred years old. Next to the painting was a suit of armor of the Kamakura period. (One of the great treasures which Nakamura had shown us was a miniature suit of Kamakura armor.)

Our new host very sensibly asked us what we wanted to talk about. We asked him to explain the meaning of the word *shibui*, which comes up frequently in discussions of Japanese art. From his remarks, we decided it means something like "beautifully simple." We admired the painting of the deer, and the artist explained that it was intended to be unlikelike in order to make more obvious the real qualities of the deer. This baffling remark resembled many I have heard in art classes at Harvard, and I began to feel that I was on familiar ground.

After saying good-bye to the painter, we went back to the station to take the train for Yokosuka.

On the way to the station we passed a group of women who said to Nakamura, a little too politely, laughing as they did so, "Are you acting as honorable guide?" Nakamura smiled politely and we walked on.

At the station, Nakamura wanted to buy our tickets, but we assured him that we traveled free, courtesy of General MacArthur. He accompanied us to the next station and we parted after agreeing to visit him again.

2

ON MY next excursion I went alone to Tokyo. Occasionally there is a second-class car on the train (second class means it has seats), but the train I caught had only third-class cars (there are no first-class cars) and these have very few seats. I resigned myself to an hour and a half of standing in the closely packed car (everybody in Japan feels that his day is incomplete unless he or she takes at least one baby and a large bundle from one point to another).

I began reading my Tokyo guidebook. When two prosperous-looking Japanese who had been chattering next to me saw that I was reading a Japanese book, they looked at each other in alarm. One of them said to the other, "It's all right. We didn't say anything we shouldn't." I pretended that I had not heard this remark. They asked me if I found the guidebook easy. I replied that I did (since it was a textbook for ninth-graders) and they were impressed. This reaction struck me as queer until I discovered later on that many Japanese, in spite of the country's claim to have the highest literacy rate in the world, are able to read only the headlines in the newspapers because of the difficulty of remembering the Japanese characters.

By this time we were beginning to pass through the outskirts of Yokohama, which is a tangled mass of orange steel wreckage with green wild grass growing in the ruins. After a few tributes to our *B-nijukyu* planes, they asked me hopefully if their balloon bombs had done any damage in the States. I replied that as far as I knew, they had done no damage and were not worth a damn. Everybody around us laughed heartily; evidently I had said something very funny.

On arriving in Tokyo I changed to the elevated. There one of the many Japanese who are under the impression that they speak English came up and tried out on me in rapid succession Greek, Russian, English, and one unidentified tongue. At last he repeated over and over the phrase, "We have *maketa* [been defeated], do you understand?" after which he would laugh as though he had made an amusing joke. Every night millions of Japanese are taught English phrases over the radio and people constantly come up to you and say, "What is the o'clock?" or "I wish to have conversation with you, prease." Japanese crowds aboard an elevated are very rough, and it was with a feeling of great relief that I got off at my station without my latest acquaintance.

I asked a heavy-set Japanese who was wearing

an expensive-looking gabardine topcoat the way to the Imperial Palace. He introduced himself as a manufacturer of screws whose factory was burned in one of our raids. He insisted on accompanying me to the palace, and since he spoke very good Tokyo Japanese, which is attractive to listen to, I did not try to get rid of him.

As we came up to the main entrance of the palace, two Buddhist priests beating gongs came out and were promptly surrounded by our troops with cameras. They wandered out of the palace grounds, still banging away. I was unable to get any sensible explanation of the reason for this maneuver.

My guide next took me to the Ginza, the great shopping district, where we looked around a few of the *depato* stores. At Mitsukoshi I asked for some Japanese novels I wanted to read, and was told that novels have been all sold out for some time now but will be reprinted shortly. I then chanced on a book which at the time I could not understand, but which had some very attractive reproductions of modernistic Japanese paintings buried in its text. I bought a copy and my guide bought one too, saying that it was the best book which had come out recently. When I returned to the ship and began plowing through it, I discovered it listed by months difficult Japanese words which have a seasonal flavor, and definitions of them. Under October, for example, are listed *akikaze* (autumnal breeze), and *kinoko* (mushroom), together with phrases, possibly famous, in which these words are used. Presumably in response to popular demand this was reprinted September 5, 1945.

I parted from my guide at Tokyo station and he left me his name and address with an invitation to visit him. At this point an old man came up and told me how to get the train to Yokosuka. I was to go to platform 7 and turn left, he said, pointing to the right as he did so. But I found the train without too much trouble, since it had the most Navy officers in it, and managed to squeeze aboard.

On the way to Yokohama a Japanese silk dealer who spoke very good English asked if we had made great progress in nylon manufacture during the war. I decided not to tell him that many people now prefer it to silk. Instead, I seized the opportunity, since we were speaking English, to ask him if he had expected the end of the war. He said that it came as a great surprise, although many people had been quietly uneasy at the absence of Japanese ships and planes towards the end of the war, and that there had been no news at all, since the Japanese had jammed our broadcasts.

3

ON MY next trip to Tokyo I went to Waseda University. Since I lost my way on the elevated several times, I still have only a vague idea where it is. It has had several buildings damaged in air raids. This and the fact that students wear black uniforms and black visored caps with a badge on them which

reads "*daigaku*" (university), and another little enameled badge which indicates the department, made the campus seem as depressing as those of our own universities in wartime.

There I met a young graduate of the business college, with whom I shared the two chocolate bars which constituted my lunch. It was the first chocolate he had seen in five years. I asked him if he had heard about the atrocities committed by Japanese troops, and he said that they had been broadcast and printed in the papers. He said he believed them to be true. I asked how he knew that they were not just propaganda.

His answer was interesting: he said that if our troops had behaved badly during the occupation he would have paid no attention to the stories; however, our troops had behaved well, and as a result the stories were beginning to be believed fairly widely. His theory for the origin of this behavior was that education in Japan has been practically nonexistent for the past ten years and a whole generation has been brought up like savages. He said our troops treated the Japanese civilians better than their own troops did.

His liberalism, however, did not extend to condoning the Emperor's visit to General MacArthur, which caused almost more excitement in Japan than the surrender itself. This he disapproved of because it had not been ordered by MacArthur. Like many students, this man commutes from some distance in the country, and we returned to Tokyo station together. As we passed the Yasukuni shrine to Japan's war dead, everyone in the little trolley took off his cap and bowed towards the shrine.

My latest exploit was a two-day jaunt around Mount Fuji. Six of us, including a British liaison officer, started off in a station wagon (a typical Navy touch) from Yokosuka, and went through Miyano-shita (where the Germans are quartered) to Gotemba. Here a Japanese Jesuit priest gave us (in English) the wrong directions to a little town in the foothills near Gotemba which marks the beginning of one of the trails up Fuji. An Army expedition — with much fuss, dozens of medics and photographers, and many post-factum memoirs — had recently climbed the sacred mountain, and we intended to go up to the summit and then issue our statement: "Ridiculously easy. Can't see what they made all that noise about."

The first thing that happened was that the road turned into a creek bed. It was mysterious country. Occasionally there were huge army barracks, — uninhabited, — and once a sort of hut with long waiting lines marked off by railings, also deserted.

We gave up that trail and set off for Subashiri, another starting point. On the way we learned that the roads are repaired once a week, which is not often enough. Subashiri looked unpromising and we plunged on to a little town named Hirano, beside Lake Yamanaka.

In Hirano we met a very amiable police chief,

"Fast River," who conducted us first to a deserted European-style hotel — the New Grand — and then, after much prompting, to a Japanese-style hotel which was superb. Here we delivered our K rations to the baffled proprietor and went out for a look at the scenery. I discovered two very pretty girls named Yamaki, in a near-by coffeehouse, who made us tea with saccharine — dreadful — and told us how our planes used near-by Fuji as a landmark. I told them the meaning of a certain whistle our troops perform — the equivalent of the view halloo in fox hunting.

We returned to the hotel, where we put on Japanese quilted robes and trundled down to our bath. Here we were joined by "Fast River," who wanted to take a bath with us, but no dice. We practically got all six of us into a deep tub of boiling water with a raging fire under it. After we were done to a turn, we staggered out, beet red, near total exhaustion, and went back to our rooms. We sat on the *zabuton* on the deck, barefooted, in our robes and dissolved in laughter. Meantime the innkeeper had located some *budoshu* — local wine — and after a preliminary glass of medicinal brandy, we set to work on an amazing combination of brown rice, potatoes, and various K ration elements.

Towards the end of the meal, in came old "Fast River" and we had a long conversation with him and the hotel proprietor. They were both amazed at the behavior of our troops — they obviously expected raping, looting, and killing on a large scale. They also described our troops as good-humored and understanding.

The conversation was identical with those I have had many times now. It revealed a complete lack of understanding of our reaction to Pearl Harbor, which the Japanese regard as a very clever attack. There was a marked change in their attitude towards the war after the first year, when there was a general realization that Japan would not win, but none of them expected to lose. Near the end, they developed a feeling of hatred towards their top leaders, not because these leaders had plunged them into war, but because they had led them into a losing war.

As yet, the one thing which has not been published in the papers or analyzed by Japanese editorial writers is our violent reaction against the Japanese after Pearl Harbor, which persists in a probably permanent mistrust. I don't know how it is with civilians, but that is certainly the attitude of our officers and men, and is something considerably more than the normal feeling of confusion towards a foreign country.

After I played, and nearly won, a game of *shogi* — Japanese chess — with the proprietor's son, we went to bed. Here we discovered that the Japanese head consists of a porcelain slit trench with an interesting echo effect.

Next morning we were up bright and early for a magnificent view of Fuji all red and glowing in the sunrise. We then walked around Lake Yamanaka, where there were all sorts of fairly large farmhouses

with yellow corn drying under the eaves, and rosy-cheeked girls threshing red beans with wooden flails. We saw Fuji reflected in the lake, with one white cloud suspended from the tip of the cone.

There are several "deployed" schools in this area. At Yamanaka village we watched one school at its exercises. The principal was up on a platform, two men were beating drums, and the schoolteachers — both men and women — were out in front. Little girls and boys from six to thirteen were striding along first in columns of two, then four, then eight, weaving in and out as they marched in figure eights and other formations. Then they did some exercises which consisted largely of thrusting their fists against the sky, quite different from the scientific tortures of our naval training school, which left no muscle unwrenched. All this to the sound of drums and military commands. At the count of 8 everybody yelled in unison, but each time a number of children yelled at the count of 7 — like everything Japanese, it was completely organized and completely fouled up.

We stopped at another little school tucked away in the woods and found the teachers roasting herrings over a charcoal brazier. We were informed that the schoolbooks are to be changed to make them more liberal — but no enthusiasm was expressed. Another order had come from above, as orders have for a thousand years, and it would be obeyed. When we left this school, all the girls bowed in unison — it is certainly a national trait which is acquired early.

After lunch at our hotel, the British liaison officer and I, equipped with logistic support in the form of K rations and a bottle of Vat 69, set off by ourselves, and the rest returned via station wagon to Yokosuka. We waited at the coffee shop for a bus to take us to Yoshida, and from there thought we might make the Fuji ascent. Everything in Japan is *sugu* — immediately. The bus was coming *sugu*, "Fast River" informed us — this, it turned out, meant three hours. In the meantime we watched Fuji turn a deep blue in the afternoon haze, and chatted with the Yamaki girls and "Fast River."

Generally speaking, the women are much easier to talk to on political subjects than the men, and put little stock in such concepts as Bushido. I have seen a few samples of the Japanese male at work, both here and in the Philippines, and I trust very few of them. But certainly this feeling of mine does not apply to the women and children. The part of women in the re-education of Japan will be most important, especially now that women have the vote. Giving them the vote was a very bright move.

From the balcony where we were talking we had a good view of the local police, about forty strong, who had marched over from Yoshida that morning on an outing. One of the policemen took a group picture of the ugly little band clad in ill-fitting black uniforms with silver shoulder marks and wearing long swords. The photographer got hopelessly tangled in a red cape he used to cover the camera. At the end they were lined up in ranks and counted off. As usual, one of

the key men was missing and had to be found — again something was completely organized and completely fouled up. Then they faced left, formed a column of fours, took one magnificent goose step forward, and after that turned into a shambles of a column. What a picnic — to march three hours for a picture, saccharine tea, and one cake, and then back again!

4

AT LAST the bus came. It had seats for sixteen and held fifty people. We were pushed to the head of the waiting line by the driver and conductress. Inside, all was turmoil as packages were handed in and out the windows. A country woman gave us each an apple and we started off. On everything except level and downhill the speed of the rickety charcoal burner was about 2 knots, and we beat the policemen to Yoshida by some 500 yards. At Yoshida we decided, unwisely as it turned out, to go to the Fuji View Hotel and on arriving there discovered (a) I had lost my wallet, and (b) the hotel had been taken over by the Army for the benefit of the Germans. The lieutenant in charge turned us out of the hotel at eight o'clock in the evening.

We looked at the Germans streaming in and out and felt pretty fed. I managed to talk to the hospitable Japanese who ran the hotel. He telephoned to the police about my wallet, gave us five demobilized soldiers as guides to Kawaguchi Lake, which was *sugu* down the road, — about four miles, as it turned out, — and we set off again. I went to great lengths to impress upon the former soldiers that my grandfather had been decorated by the Emperor Meiji, just in case they got any ideas, and we set off down the road.

It was a long, not unpleasant walk, except for our harsh thoughts about Army lieutenants. After trying in vain to spend the night at a hotel which was a deployed girls' school, we located one run by a bearded, disreputable-looking character who tried to exchange the shirts off our backs, and then accepted cash. His very attractive daughter attended to cooking our K rations, which completely baffled her, too, as indeed they do me. She bowed her head once to the deck outside the sliding doors of our room, and we had our Army bouillon served in little lacquered bowls.

Next morning we were given a maid with a baby strapped to her back to carry our packs and guide us to the main road. There she told us the Yoshida bus would be along *sugu* — so we started out walking. Soon we were picked up by a car full of amiable Japanese who had a mysterious, phony-looking pass from the American Embassy in Tokyo. At Yoshida we went to the police station and recovered my wallet. There "Fast River," beaming with pride, returned to us a pack which our other friends had left behind. By now the Japanese realized that we had to be watched over at every turn. Some characters

who spoke Nisei English informed me that I was expected to give a reward. "Fast River" explained later on that a very poor little girl had found the pocketbook.

This so-called interpreter insisted on talking "English," and to spare his feelings I did not ask him to use Japanese. He was a California Japanese who had returned before the war. He informed us that I was the first interpreter who had been through that area whose Japanese could be understood. Every time you say "Good morning" in Japanese, of course, people rush up to you and say, "My God! What wonderful Japanese you speak!" "Fast River" then saw to it we were put in the engineer's cab of the little local train running to Otsuki, where we could catch a train to Tokyo. We had already decided that it would be much more interesting just to say we had climbed Mount Fuji and to omit all the mere gross physical aspects of it. In typical Oriental fashion we concentrated on the essentials.

At Otsuki we walked into the stationmaster's office, borrowed some teacups, and had some logistic support — very refreshing. When the Tokyo train pulled in, we were pushed through the windows of a second-class car by a policeman and the stationmaster, as were several German girls, and rode sitting down to Tokyo — quite an achievement in a car with seats for forty and holding about four hundred.

In Tokyo, we had to change to a train for Yokosuka. We arrived on the platform just as the train was pulling out. Emboldened by my previous success, I yelled out, "Stop the train!" And damned if they didn't stop the train. We climbed into the empty baggage compartment, had another go at our logistic support, and that evening were back aboard the *New Jersey*. In the words of the British liaison officer, it had been a "real treat."

5

THE Japanese children are learning the standard child's English vocabulary: "Haro. Goodu day. Chocoretto? Gumm? Goodu-bye." On the train yesterday I watched a young Navy officer trying to tell one of the close-cropped youngsters to chew the gum, not swallow it. At one point the sign language signals got so confused that the child threw part of the gum out the window and swallowed the rest.

Usually I try to conceal my little knowledge of Japanese; once I am found out, I am constantly asking the Japanese on behalf of our men, "Do they hate us?" and "Have you any kimonos?" These are the two most frequent questions. When I regard a question as uninteresting, I now simply ask some other question, get an answer, and then tell the interpreter the answer he wanted. Perhaps that's why peace conferences are such a mess.

One of my friends went as interpreter back to Hirano and Police Chief "Fast River"; he had the coffee-shop girls to supper — plus "Fast River," for

otherwise their mother would not have let them go. As compensation, the innkeeper suggested that next time he would import a carload of geishas from Yoshida. I can just see us scampering up and down the hall of that beautiful Japanese hotel, playing murder or sardines, all in our stocking feet.

My interpreter friend was invited to call by a woman doctor (a Tokyoist); this he did, accompanied by some other officers, who of course wanted her to put a price on every bit of silk she had in the house. Her son suggested that the interpreter should meet a geisha who is regarded as one of the most beautiful in all Japan. At once one of the baboons asked how much she cost. In all seriousness the son said, "Well, if she likes you, she might charge only 400 yen an hour [a little over \$30]." At this their mouths gaped and they said, "Why, those at Yokosuka charge only 40 yen an hour [about \$3]." To which the lad's mother sweetly replied, "Cheap goods, I suppose."

At Kamakura I met an author who wishes to translate American best-sellers into Japanese. I was in a little shop buying some scrolls and he tried to buy chocolate from me — all Japanese are starved for sugar. I said I was an officer and did not sell it — then gave him a bar. He accepted the candy bar and invited me to visit his home on Sunday.

This author is an interesting character — forty-two, balding, slightly leaning into a massive cigarette holder, with an energetic, sardonic cast to his countenance. He was a civilian attached to the military in Burma, and told me he resigned in disgust because of the way the soldiers acted there. At this point the shopkeeper, his wife, the author, and I were drinking tea while the ivory roller on my scroll was being repaired, and they all agreed with him.

When I returned by train to Yokosuka, as usual the second-class car had people jammed near the doors and none in the empty middle section. I said aloud in Japanese, "The people on the streetcars here are just like those in the States; they all stand near the door instead of moving to the center. *Bakarashii yo* — what fatheads!" There was a roar of laughter through the car, but it did no good.

Recently I took an excursion to Miyanoshita with a group of Navy captains and commanders. We traveled along the old Tokaido road, and parts of it still look much as they do in Hiroshige's fifty-three views. Everywhere along the road people were traveling, loaded with bundles, some by oxcart, some on bicycles, but most of them walking, as people did two hundred years ago. When we returned, it was night and a slight rain fell occasionally. People were still walking along the roads, carrying paper lanterns with birds and fish painted on them. In the houses we could see little groups gathered around the rice bowl for supper; everywhere in the air there was a slight fragrance of pine charcoal. Before the next harvest millions of these workers and students and farmers and ex-soldiers may be dead from starvation — and there is nothing much anyone can do about it. I hope I shall not have to be here to watch.

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF ONE'S LIFE

Episodes from "The Scarlet Tree"

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

1

WITH an almost insuperable repugnance I face, in writing about it, the prospect of going to school for a second time. As I am thus obliged to concentrate my mind upon it, the sensation amounts almost to physical nausea, to the feeling of being lost, isolated, of waking up in a strange place and wondering who and where you may be, of being utterly disorientated and confused in the world of the senses, so that what you touch and see is not what your neighbors touch and see, your north is not their north, nor your south their south — a penalty which both damned and blessed pay in their worlds eternal and equally reprobate of torment or of rapture. So bad, where I was concerned, was the atmosphere of those days, so hopeless and lonely, that it becomes almost impossible for me to write of them without seeking to protect myself by ridiculing them.

In short, so strong is my aversion from contemplating these long months struck by Medusa into stone, that, though I shall attempt to describe those first terms as they appeared to a bewildered boy fresh from home, I shall nevertheless avail myself of every possible escape from school, make the fullest use of every exeat or afternoon off, in the account of it that follows no less than in real life.

How did it shape itself, the morning of that macroscopic day which I had dreaded for so long? I must have been growing more and more uneasy for some weeks, and a letter of mine, written from Gosden and sent to my mother in London a week or ten days before my new life was to begin, reflects this anxiety, shows a wish, for example, to reassure myself with the fact that I had learned the names at least, if not the natures, of some of those who were to be my companions for the next few years, and by repeating that some members of my family knew some members of theirs, to humanize them for myself. This letter, in which the handwriting and spelling are noticeably

better than in those penned a few months later from school, runs: —

GOSDEN HOUSE, BRAMLEY, GUILDFORD
14 Jan. 1903

DARLING MOTHER,

I hope you enjoyed the Hunt Ball. . . . A woman came to see Grannie yesterday, her boys are at Bloodsworth, their name is Eastwood. I kicked about my football in my football boots yesterday. — Yr loving son, OSBERT.

Curiously, the sensation itself, the approach of the day itself, has faded. I see in my room, for a week or so beforehand, that terrible play box (how ironical a name!) of white wood, with — painted on it, plainly and immensely in black, as if it were tarred and feathered upon it — those impersonal initials F.O.S.S. I see the preparations, the fussy packing and consequent unpacking; I hear the worried, excited voices, rather pleased but argumentative, crying, "I can't have forgotten the soap, can I? The only thing is to see. We shall have to unpack again," or discussing the various essential items of clothing and impedimenta figuring in the printed list issued by the authorities for the help of the parents, and classified in the cant terms of the school: —

"'One pair of Black Oxford House Shoes (elastic-sided).' . . . Well, that's plain enough. . . . I'll just pop them in the box before we forget.

"'One pair best Bowling Trousers.' . . . Now what can they be? . . . I wish Mr. Wolfe would be more explicit. . . . Perhaps it's these gray ones?

"'One Land-and-Water.' Oh dear, what can that be?

"'One strong Umbrella.' That's simple enough.

"'One pair Association Football Boots (no steel caps).' . . . That's so that the boys shan't hurt one another."

And so forth. I see, too, the badges of my degradation, the hideous garb laid out; and the things intended to compensate one for it in the imagination, the supplies of oranges, biscuits, Suchard chocolate in slabs — all, again, purchased strictly in accordance with rules laid down in the encyclical.

Then I remember nothing more, until the afternoon of the day itself, when I found myself somehow or

In *The Scarlet Tree*, the American edition of which will be published in May, we have the leisurely, highly perceptive, and often ironic account of a Victorian boyhood, reminiscences centering in London, in Renishaw, family home of the Sitwells, and in the spacious country houses at the turn of the century. This is the third of four papers which the *Atlantic* will draw from Sir Osbert Sitwell's rich and skillful autobiography.

other in my mother's sitting room in a hotel in London, and an elegant, perhaps rather cynical friend of hers — a rich young man, who was a sybarite, and possessed his own hansom cab, both horse and vehicle polished from head to foot, and driven by a personification of every smart hansom-cab driver of the time, with a hoarse voice, and a red, smiling face, a top hat, and with a red carnation in his buttonhole — was pressing a sovereign into my hand. As he accomplished this conventional act of tipping a schoolboy, he also, however, gave me a piece of unconventional advice for which I have always been grateful to him: "Don't believe what everyone tells you, that school is the happiest time of your life. Or you'll be miserable. It isn't. You'll hate every moment of it."

Then follows a lapse, again, until my mother and I were getting into the train that afternoon. Outside the carriage, on the platform, in the immense blue fog, lit by gas jets like yellow tulips, that piled itself up in vague clouds under the dingy, scarcely distinguishable glass roof, she recognized the father of another boy who was also being conducted to the same place for the first time. This chance meeting was a comfort to her, for he was a friend of my uncle, and so in her mind ranked with the elect. But it in no way soothed my alarm, for to me the man seemed to be unnaturally jolly, with the jolliness of a hangman on the fatal morning. I suppose he was only trying to cheer his son up — but it was painful.

It must have been a difficult business, too, for the parents, because, if they had not talked the whole time, a laden silence would have prevailed. Between them, as we jolted from one unknown station to another on that cold January evening, a conversation arose, which, when not concerned with the reputed beauties, advantages, and comforts of the school to which we were traveling (the headmaster really was a *tremendous* dribbler, the stranger affirmed outright: no one in England could touch him at it), dealt with the almost prehistoric time before I had been born, a remote past when, apparently, my mother and he had often met, and one that teemed with names hitherto unheard. His presence in no way modified the barren look of the country before me, as it did for my mother, and I was almost glad when we arrived.

In the darkness, we only knew which station it was because the masters and school officials were bouncing up and down the stained, damp platforms, barking questions and asking names. Then followed a drive through wet darkness in a rolling cab. . . . We arrived: a bright maid, in a white apron and a cap shaped like a petrified blancmange, opened the door and ushered us into the drawing room. . . . I have never seen a room that was so essentially a drawing room, as though upholding an ideal in a world of barbarism. There was white furniture, I remember, with dainty little silver vases, and bowls of copper and brass, beaten, hammered, and generally tormented. These held mammoth chrysanthemums in Liberty shades, bronze, yellow, and amber.

The headmaster's sister, a most charming woman, gave us a kind welcome: but the enormous heads of the chrysanthemums — a flower which is to all other blossoms as a moth to a butterfly, and seems to thrive on winter as carrion on offal — communicated to the air a subtle scent of camphor, comparable to that which would issue out of a cupboard wherein hang the clothes of a man who has been drowned these many years.

2

I DO NOT know how long we were in the room. I could feel the talk, but no longer hear it, for I knew the moment was drawing near. My mother got up to leave, in order to catch her train back to London. Suddenly she began to cry. I felt this in a thousand different ways. I could not comfort, or attempt to comfort, her in front of the other four new boys — unknown quantities — or in the restraining presence of the headmaster's sister. My mother was the only parent who cried, and I perceived that the rest of them disapproved of it. Indeed I appreciated that, had she possessed the ordinary modicum of common sense, she would not have broken down at all, and I was profoundly grateful to her for not putting herself in such a category. (Indeed, as I came to see later, this deficiency was the great merit, as well as failure, in her character and helped to make poetry possible in her children. For poetry and common sense never walk hand in hand in England; only in China are they inseparable.) Her sobbing was something that, long after she had left, I could remember.

Now the headmaster entered, to say good-bye, and it was plain that he and his sister both despised us for our softness. But, though I suppose there was never technically a bigger "cry-baby" than myself, I courageously — or more probably, obstinately refused to weep. Dry-eyed, I faced my weeping mother. . . . Now she was at the door, had left. That moment was here, that moment which, in its solemnity and terror, only death can rival. The headmaster's sister turned towards the boys, and said, "Now, dears, I'll take you through into the school."

She led the way from her comfortable, rather overcrowded room — outpost of civilization — to a heavy red baize door that blocked the passage. She opened it, and we were in a different world. The air was full of an astounding clamor, as loud with cries and yells and clatter as any madhouse in the eighteenth century. We saw a vista of bare corridors, and of classrooms with bare floors, reformatory benches with inkstains, inkstands, and iron clamps; it was scented appropriately with the aroma of rusty iron pipes and the sour smell of ink and clothes from the lockers. Boys of various ages were milling round the rooms, shouting, screaming, singing, and hitting. A calm fell, as Miss Wolfe was seen.

"Cornwallis," she cried, "act as shepherd for Sitwell."

This injunction sounded comforting in a Biblical

way. But no sooner had the door clanged behind her than the din started again, and I was surrounded by a mob of small boys, who bore down on me like a cloud of locusts, to devour my self-esteem. This *was* the moment; the moment that has always, since that time, made me dread arriving in any place strange to me, messroom or country house, hotel or lecture hall, hell, or heaven even. (How was it possible to learn, for example, to identify the faces glaring round me?) Already the air resounded with heartening shouts of "Here's a new scug!" . . . The word was not familiar to me as yet, but it was plain, from the very sound of it, that its application could not be regarded as complimentary. "What's your name?" "Your *name*, baby. Ooo! Who's a cry-baby? Not your Christian name." "What's your pater?" "I bet he's a scug like you are!" — all this punctuated by hundreds of little kicks and pinches. As for my shepherd, he appeared to be resting from his crook. Indeed, at moments, he took a leading part in the inquisition.

As I looked round, and tried to answer, — though one was shouted down before it was possible to say a word in reply, — the terrible knowledge came to me that I hated school, loathed the boys, and — though I could only finally be sure of this the next day — abominated the masters. As I looked at these heads clustered round me, to try to identify them became an obsession. I must know, I felt, the correct labels to them. It was as if I were trying to turn them for myself into individuals, instead of allowing them to remain a nameless, hydra-headed mob. I thought of this problem by day and by night, and even today, if I see some great picture by Hieronymus Bosch or by Grünewald, some canvas crowded with the contorted, anomalous shapes, writhing under their various lusts and evils, escaped from the infernal regions, or some canvas by Fra Angelico, where the devils, conventionally pink and green, are as lovable, as recognizable a part of creation, as are his lions or giraffes, even now, I at once fretfully begin to try to identify the heads of the owners of tongs, pitchforks, and pincers.

The fashionable private school, then, where I was sent bore the reputation of being a very good school, among the best of the period. The parents felt, I believe, that so long as they had to pay a great deal of money to keep their boys there, it must be a good school. They spared no expense. There was not within these precincts, so far as I am aware, any case of lice, or of impetigo or other complaints that arise from living in dirty conditions. (I in recent years have myself seen a letter written by the headmaster of one such school, to various parents, detailing with an affectation of gusto, together with a no doubt genuine pedantry, the precise Latin name of the particular louse then roaming the heads of his charges, rather as though the fact that it possessed this nomenclature had bestowed upon it the advantages of a classical education.) Cases of severe illness were comparatively few, because small boys are tough.

Of colds, there was of course a continual and abundant supply — just colds in the winter, "summer" colds in the summer, and "spring" colds, I suppose, in the spring. And infectious diseases in this, as in all similar establishments, occurred with distressing frequency and regularity, forming almost a school tradition. Thus I recall that, thirty years later, when I was talking, one afternoon, of this very school to the former companion at Scarborough — for one of her sons was there at the time — she exclaimed, "But you can't possibly blame the *school* just because the boys have measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever the same term!" — but I do.

The conditions to which we were submitted would not for an instant have been tolerated in a State school. (In proof of the fact that conditions were to blame, a few years ago the school was moved to a new house and another neighborhood, and I am told that since then it has come to deserve the reputation it has so long enjoyed.) The long line of closets, with no privacy, and only flushed once every few hours, was a typical feature of this life so revolting to civilized beings. When we had baths, only once a week, the boys, eight or nine in number, of a dormitory would have to wash their heads and bodies in the same thick, viscous, warm water. As for the minds of the boys, they were scatological, certainly, but free of any knowledge of sex. The good points that they showed, such as their manners, except to other schoolboys, were due to the homes from which they came, rather than the school to which they were sent.

3

How I loathed the masters! No doubt unjustly, I saw them, the celebrated dribbler and the rest, as so many uninterested and mentally lazy men, who tired themselves out with physical exercise, to such a degree that they were fit for little else. They would return from the football field, drenched and dripping with green sweat, panting and hollow-eyed, and with an incipient death rattle in their knotted throats. Naturally, they were not inclined to exert themselves again until the following afternoon, when they would play once more: even their pipes, in the masters' room, could not bring them solace. A few Latin tags, a knowledge of the more reputable parts of the Bible, an aptitude for footer and cricket — and, of course, fives; that, they knew, was what got most gentlemen comfortably through life.

As teachers, then, you might judge them, from what I say, to have been uninspired; but you would underrate them. They may not have been on the grand scale, but they possessed magic nevertheless; they could, with a few words, tear every plume out of British history, and render Latin, from being a dead language, into one that plainly could never have lived. Indeed, a few terms of their tuition exercised a great influence upon at least one of their pupils. Learning ceased to interest me. I could see for myself that the

repute in which a boy was held in no manner depended upon it. Even if he did well in school — and I didn't — it in no way helped his life, either while he was being educated, or, apparently, afterwards. We depended, all of us, on the vagaries and idiosyncrasies of the masters. I became too miserable even to try to learn.

Perhaps the end of the week was of a slightly better color than the beginning, and Sundays had about them a tinge of their own, undeniably more pleasant than that of the others. To begin with, one got up an hour later in the morning, and the hard-boiled eggs bore upon their shells a date more recent than was usually the case. After breakfast, we lounged about a little, and everybody was in an amiable mood. Indeed, I recollect the hour before church as always being sunny, and invariably associated with flowers, because on that morning we were allowed to wear buttonholes.

The late Lord Digby used often to send his son, who was my contemporary, a small box of orchids from Minterne, and I recall the delight of sometimes being given one to wear, for I was already a lover of exotics, and orchids brought with them for me every sort of hothouse enchantment. I liked, whenever an opportunity offered, to walk in those tents of crystal that exist in their own odorous climate, winter and summer. These fragments, broken off, as it were, from the Spice Islands or from some continent covered with tropical forests, and protected after this fashion with so brittle and glittering a shelter, are always beautiful to me; albeit never more lovely than, after those bitter winter nights, when, in the mornings, you find frozen on the panes the shapes of the foliage they shelter, the intricate patterns of leaves of fern and sensitive plant, mysteriously etched by the moisture they exhale.

Sunday nights were no different from ordinary nights. Long after the sounds of beating and sobbing and restless whispering had subsided, I used to lie awake, listening to the trains as they hooted and pounded along on the route for Scotland. I knew little geography, especially local geography: moreover, unlike many small boys, I understood nothing about the main lines, and believed that this was one of the two that passed near Renishaw, and that from a train thundering along it in the daytime you would catch that glimpse of the long old house, standing, with its garden spread round it like a peacock's tail, among the groups of lofty trees on the top of the hill. From the house at night, I should also hear, I was convinced, the very same clanking of the very same train to which I lay listening now. I tried to pretend that I was back in my room, or opposite in the nursery, in bed there, so that the hooting became pleasant to me — but a boy groaned in his sleep, so that my dream was shattered.

The raw hours of Monday morning, the first days of the week, came with a renewed shock. So did the feeling of dislike, which made itself more intensely felt, for I had early established my unpopularity. I

hated games, at times liked to be alone, and, beyond these, was no doubt regarded with disfavor on many other counts, but on one especially. Small boys all have their pride, and so, in adverse circumstances, are obliged to build themselves a refuge. My shelter was trivial and flimsy. While other boys unashamedly collected stamps and coins and such things, I openly collected — *nibs*! The discovery of a new kind — and there were many — filled me with rapture.

Alas, childish idiosyncrasies of this kind at a school place those afflicted with them at a disadvantage, until they have learned to hide them. My singular choice of a hobby rendered me, naturally enough, a booby in the eyes of my fellows, and induced even the masters to regard me with contempt. My appearance anywhere at this time was greeted with derisive howls, "Who collects nibs? Baby!" All the matter being that I *was* something of a baby, in certain respects overyoung for my age: for boys grow at different rates, mentally as physically.

And yet, looking back, although it seems a stupid interest to have cherished, I am forced to ask myself what I could have found that would have been more appropriate to my subsequent career? (Similarly, what could have been more fitting to me than the usual school punishment of being kept in for the whole of the afternoon and made to copy out a hundred or two lines? It has become my life — I am doing it at this moment.) The child was indeed father of the man. Other children collected coins — well, that too was congruous. Many have been intent on amassing them ever since. But already I, by this particular folly of mine, was dedicated to pen and ink: a fact which no one could have inferred, indeed, who at the time regarded my handwriting; which, yet, from its very vileness may have been a little responsible for my early preoccupation with the technical apparatus of authorship, just as later it helped to form my style. To this day, echoes of these, my earliest exploits in the collecting world, to which I have ever since belonged, continue occasionally to reach me.

4

THE last few days of the term brought with them a sense of longing so intense that each night it seemed incredible that one could continue to live, to breathe until the next morning. Nevertheless, the last day, known as *Pay Day*, was singularly — to a new boy, surprisingly — horrible: more so, perhaps, because the name suggested something pleasant. But it transpired now that all through the term the masters had been keeping the sum of each pupil's trifling offenses — untidiness, bad handwriting, answering back, laughing in class, upsetting inkpots, or flicking paper darts about in school hours. On that morning they totted them up inexorably, awarding the evil-doers so many bad marks — known technically, in the prison jargon they encouraged, as "scug marks." These they made you pay off in the afternoon, by

keeping you in, and at work; a more severe punishment, when the prevalent state of excitement and train fever is taken into consideration, than it sounds at first.

At work, I have written: but I must modify this statement by substituting the words, *by making you work as far as you were able* — since it was difficult to see out of two black eyes, or to concentrate with a head so confused. Because there was a corollary in the junior world of the system adumbrated above. The morning, while the masters were reckoning the crimes, had been left free for physical torture. Vague and rather menacing references to Pay Day during the previous few weeks by their older schoolfellows had yet in no way prepared the new boys for the treat to come: they entertained no idea of what was in the wind, since their elders of every kind had been careful not to tell them. For the bigger boys had all through the term been preparing their own, and much more fanciful, scores.

The new boy, in the highest of spirits at the idea of returning home the next morning, his head full of friends, meals, favorite amusements, — in fact, fun, — would emerge from the buildings to cross the yard. Suddenly four or five bullies would bear down on him. He would find himself being led off into some quiet corner of the playing ground, at the far edge, as it were, of the whole concentration camp — to one of the five courts for choice, since the enveloping configuration of them enabled the masters not to notice what was going on (if they had seen, they would have been obliged to stop it), and served also to muffle the cries. It was impossible to evade the pursuers, because they were in sufficient strength to make all struggle useless.

But even at this point, while being dragged along, the poor wretch hardly grasped the full horror and pain in store for him. After a few questions such as “Do you remember cheeking my minor, a fortnight ago last Tuesday week?” or “Why did you sneak about that book my major borrowed?” and other genial inquiries of the sort, two or three boys would hold the prey while the other two, taking their turns, punched him as hard as they could on the head and face. After what appeared to be an eternity of this treatment, with no hope of an end, he would be released, with a few parting kicks and yells of “Yah! Cry-baby!” and could slink back to the school with two black eyes, and a bleeding nose, and sometimes with a tooth or two missing. The boys older than himself — even the smaller ones, who had (for the ritual was by no means confined to new boys) suffered a similar fate — would openly exult at these injuries which could in no way be disguised. They would dance round, shouting, “Look at the new scug! That serves him right. Hooray!” As for the masters, they shared an incapacity, stronger even than usual, to tell black from white, and were resolute in noticing nothing; though they bore on their smug faces a particular look of satisfaction, as if conscious of having set an example. The adage that

“boys will be boys” shone in their dull, complacent eyes.

As for the small victim himself, he knew that the next day he must go back to his home, revealing plainly, by various contusions and discolorations, his unpopularity, the little esteem in which he was held, both by the masters — in spite of their mealy-mouthed assurances that he was “quite a popular little feller” — and by the boys. He was, in fact, left to find what pleasure he could in the reflection that in two or three years’ time he too would be able to vent a senseless spite and rage upon those smaller, weaker, and sillier in a childish way, than himself.

But in the evening, an organized jollity was to prevail; there was supper — a highly colored supper — at eight, with flowers in vases, and long tables, laden — *groaning*, though equally conventional, is perhaps an apter word — with cold chicken, boasting the curious Eton-blue tinge to its flesh that school chickens seemed ever to possess, and tipsy cake, and jellies shaking in a scarlet ague, as if a personification of all school fevers. There was lemonade to drink and, as though it were champagne, a general atmosphere of Bump Supper, or incipient Hunt Ball, developed. Plainly such exhibitions were hereditary. We suffered, if I remember rightly, all the correct school-concert songs about “Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,” and “Oh! the doo-dah-day!” We ended up by singing “Auld Lang Syne!” To be correct in the rendering of this, we all stood up, hand swinging in hand, to sing. It was touching to watch, I expect. Several masters plainly had tears glistening in their eyes.

My first holidays were spent at Gosden with my grandmother, for my mother had gone abroad to join my father. My grandmother never alluded to my black eyes, for she was a wise old woman who understood the secrets of both pride and humility, but she must have felt that she ought to tell my parents about the matter, and no doubt mentioned it when she wrote to them, for I find a short note, which seems to refer to it, from my mother, headed *Villa D’Este*, and dated April 17, 1903.

MY DARLING BOY,

We have got the report from school. I think you have done very well. Father is going to write to you. We wonder how you annoyed the other boys. You must try and get on with them so as to please father and me. I am sure you will try. Altogether, we are both very pleased.

5

AFTER my first term at school, I settled down — as it seemed for life — in a dunces’ class, under a dunce master. Before long, I had reached a state of dunder-headed despair, out of the depths of which I could not rise. I could, for instance, pass no examination, since, in order for me to do my best, or even tolerably well, at anything, I had then — as I have today — to be congratulated very warmly and at frequent in-

tervals upon my performance. I knew that I *could* do better, but the conditions governing such a hypothetical improvement did not exist. It was a cruel predicament, because I could find no way of escape. For over a year I dwelt in so dark a valley, lived in so deep an abyss of spiritual misery, that the physical collapse ensuing at the end of it should have offered no matter for wonder to parents or masters. Illness, however, did eventually come to my aid. It freed me.

During my second summer term, a mysterious and novel epidemic, said to be of pleurisy, broke out, and introduced a certain element of variety into the usual curriculum of school diseases appropriate to the season: colds, influenzas, pink eye, chicken pox, measles (German and Empire), scarlatina, scarlet fever, whooping cough, — or “whoopers,” as it was familiarly known, — mumps, boils, blains, and ringworm. Since cases continued to occur, we did not again re-assemble after the customary exeat for the Eton and Harrow match. My mother decided to take me to Scarborough, where, as our arrival was unexpected, I for once found no regular tutor in ambush for me.

For myself, I had completely lost interest in work — and never found it again until I stumbled into my profession. I repelled with alternate attacks of fury and baffling dullness every attempt to instill knowledge into me. I made it plain that I knew nothing, and was determined at all costs to defend my sacred ignorance. In consequence, I became almost as unpopular at home as at school. Edith, accompanied by her new governess, had just gone to live for some months in Paris, in order to perfect her French, and my chief companion was Sacheverell. To everyone else — even to my mother, who did not pretend to any respect for learning — my conduct during the fourteen days or so that followed must have brought a sense of frustration.

After a fortnight at home, it was discovered suddenly that I had developed a high temperature, and had evidently become afflicted with the same illness responsible for the early disbanding of my school. Now the whole tenor of life changed; everything was done for me, every desire, if its execution was conformable to my state of health, granted almost before I had expressed it. I lay in bed for nearly three months, in a large room cut off from the rest of the house. No longer did I suffer here at night from feelings of terror, for three nurses attended me, and one of them had to sit up all the time in the room with me. Nevertheless, the nights and days were distorted, and tinged equally with dreams, so that they were difficult to disentangle.

During these many weeks I saw no one but my mother and the nurses, for Edith, as I have said, was abroad, and my father, with his neurotic dread of germs, — perhaps a consequence of the long illness from which at last he was beginning to recover, — refused even to approach the door. Sacheverell, too,

was forbidden to venture near the room, though he often surreptitiously made attempts to visit me. On the other hand, my mother came in to see me continually. Moreover I made a new friend in the devoted chief nurse, and this friendship, following on a period when I had acquired nothing but enemies, inspired me with a fresh confidence.

In every direction, it was felt that the only thing to do was to let me have my own way: I could, for example, be induced to eat nothing I did not like, and every day I was brought either claret, burgundy, champagne, or port, in the hope that I might drink them and that they would restore my strength — but no, though I tried them all, I disliked them and the blurred sense that they induced of all being well with the world for no particular reason. Indeed doctors then supplicated me with as much vehemence to partake of these wines as, since I have been afflicted with gout, they adjure me, in equally old-fashioned style, to lay off them. . . . But though such spoiling of an invalid may prove the best possible method of healing, yet, better still than any treat or gift was the news that my father — albeit with the intention of sending me to another school later when my state of health permitted it — had decided to take me away from the care of the Arch-Dribbler.

I had been just ten when first sent to that fashionable place of internment for the sons of the rich. I had gone there, a tall, well-made boy, with a strong temper, high spirits, and, although of nervous temperament, possessed of a naturally sociable disposition, while, if in one or two respects backward for my years, nevertheless, as I find an old friend of my mother's complaining to her in a letter, I was “somewhat serious” for my age. Thus, though my spelling and handwriting were bad, still, I read Greek, Roman, and French history, in addition to English, and certainly knew more of all four of them than I do today. I hated games.

To sum up, in return for the large fees received, the school restored to my parents a different boy, unrecognizable, with no pride in his appearance, no ability to concentrate, with health impaired for many years, if not for life, secretive, with no love of books and an impartial hatred for both work and games, with few qualities left and none acquired, save a love of solitude and a cynical disbelief, firmly established, in any sense of fair play or prevailing standard of humane conduct.

I wonder what the headmaster made of it in his own mind. I suppose he was a nice man, personally kind, but I saw so little of him that I can hardly judge of this for myself. Others seemed to like him. On the subject of my leaving his flock, he wrote a letter to my mother which contained the sentence, “I am sorry for Osbert, as he will lose all his friends, and it is not very nice having to start all over again.” But indeed it was! I lost my enemies as well as my friends.

ON BELIEVING IN GOD

by HARRY C. MESERVE

1

AT a conference of college students which I attended, two remarks were made which remain in my memory as surprising and interesting. We had some twelve hours in which to discuss the agenda, which included the whole universe under such headings as Theology, Social Problems, Personal Problems, Vocations, War, and Practical Religion. As the moderator, I raised the question at the start of the conference as to which of these subjects seemed most important and deserved the most attention. A young man, a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, immediately spoke up and said: "Obviously theology is the most important, and I am in favor of giving plenty of time to it in our discussions." In this judgment the whole group concurred.

This was a considerable surprise to me. I had always assumed that of all subjects, theology was by far the deadest and dullest for most people. Yet here was a representative group of highly intelligent young people declaring that "dull theology" was the subject in which they were most interested.

The discussion on theology began with another penetrating remark, this time from a law student. "I think," he said, "that there ought to be a system of strict rationing on the use of the word *God*. So much of the time you preachers use the word when your hearers do not know what you mean by it, and when, to be honest, they wonder if you yourselves know what you mean."

Being a preacher myself, I know what he meant by this remark. It is a great temptation, and one often yielded to, to talk yourself into a thorny problem, and then extricate yourself by saying that the answer is "faith in God" or that "God's wisdom is not to be questioned." This student simply wants the people who talk about God to define their terms so that those who hear will know what they mean when they use the word. He is not the first to perceive the weakness of the clergy for solving all problems in theological

terms which they leave undefined. He is raising a question which no self-respecting minister or layman can afford to leave unanswered.

What do we mean by God, then? At the very outset it must be admitted that for most of us it is hard to know God "other than by hearsay." Some of us know a lot about what other people have said and written *about God*. Few of us know much of *God*, through firsthand experience. Ours is a secondhand acquaintance. Consequently, our use of the term is seldom as honest and convincing as it ought to be.

The idea of God in human experience has two marked characteristics. First, it is perhaps the most persistent idea in all human history. All the way from primitive man raising his arms in clumsy adoration to the sun or the moon, to the refinements and subtleties of Christian theology and liturgy, the idea of God has exerted a constant fascination on the human mind. Second, in spite of this constant fascination, this interest amounting almost to a hunger, the idea of God stubbornly refuses to lend itself to precise definition. (For many of us, the least satisfactory ideas of God come from those who are surest that they know exactly what God is and is not.)

Listen, for example, to the words of one of the greatest minds of the Christian Church, Augustine of Hippo. This man's systematic theology is harsh, rigid, and precise. He propounds what is to many of us a perfectly atrocious doctrine of the absolute depravity of man, and of the completely illusory nature of free will and free choice in human experience. But his direct experience of God, expressed in his wonderfully penetrating *Confessions*, is human, warm, and very much alive:—

But what do I love when I love my God? Not the grace of bodies; nor the fair harmony of time; nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes; nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, of ointments and spices; not manna and honey. None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light, melody, fragrance, a food when I love my God, the light, melody, fragrance, food of my inner man: where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away. This is what I love when I love my God.

The son of a Congregationalist minister, HARRY C. MESERVE was educated at Phillips Academy in Andover, Haverford College, and the Harvard Divinity School. Following his graduation in 1938 he was called to the Unitarian Church in Cohasset, Massachusetts. He is now serving as minister to the First Unitarian Church in Buffalo, New York, where he has made his presence felt with utterances direct and compelling.

this, you will agree, is real, yet not precise, not schematic. All attempts to express this accurately, to confine it within a definition, fall short, by far, of the felt reality. Yet probably no other idea had as real and visible an effect on the life of this man as the idea of God did.

By and large, nothing is more dull and unconvincing to the ordinary mortal than philosophical proofs of the existence of God, and theological descriptions of his power and love. Nothing, on the other hand, is more powerful than the sense of the reality of God as it takes hold of a man from within. In the language of a man's own experience, his feelings, sacrifices, loyalties, and loves, the reality of God is made plain.

What do we mean by God? The best I can do is tell you what I mean, and in so doing make at least a provisional answer to the very proper condemnation implied in the law student's searching statement. The point at which the idea of God takes on reality for me is suggested in St. Paul's great chapter on love, in his first epistle to the Corinthians. It is in these words: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." The phrase "Even as I am known" is for me a kind of key to the idea of God. God is the one who knows. This is something I myself have felt.

Whatever we may be outwardly, whatever front we may put up, whatever opinion our friends have of us, inwardly, in some real sense, we are known and can know ourselves for exactly what we are. Just as a husband or wife or friend may know us so well that we do not have to say what we are thinking and feeling, so there is a Knowing One who understands us even better than our closest human companions do. Before this Knowing One we are exactly what we are, with all false fronts beaten down, with all disguises stripped away, with all possibility of pretense and deception removed. All the good in us is known. All the cheapness, selfishness, and malice in us is known too. Whatever we may be to all other people, we are what we are to God, just that, honestly that, and nothing more or less.

This realization is, at one and the same time, a terrible and a beautiful experience. It is terrible because before this experience our human pretenses and evasions seem shoddy and cheap. It is beautiful because in this experience we feel that our true account is honestly and lovingly added up. The final worth and meaning of a human life is judged, not by how it compares with other human lives, but by how it measures up to the perfect righteousness and love of this Knowing One.

This awareness of being known leaves me with a choice. Either this Knowing One is playing a game with human lives in which he regards, with amused and philosophic calm, our struggles to refuse the evil and choose the good, to control and direct our lives in the paths of righteousness and love, or he cares how the struggle comes out. It really matters to him

that we shall be braver, cleaner, more loving people. I am free to choose between these two possibilities, neither of which can be proved by any airtight rational and scientific method known to man. Either this Knowing One cares or he does not care.

In the first case, if the Knowing One does not care, then this life we are living is a gigantic joke. Our struggles for better relationships, for peace and justice in society, are merely play-acting on a world stage. We put on a show because that is the thing to do, but the curtain comes down quickly and we are gone. There is no significance in our striving. In the second case, if it matters to the Knowing One what we are and how we play our tiny parts, then while we are still tiny and our time is still very short, the play is not a farce, but a grand and meaningful tragedy in which we are expected to do the best we can.

2

It would be more comfortable if we did not have to make this choice — if we could postpone it indefinitely or dodge it in some ingenious way. Many of us try to do this and succeed for a time. We have even come to the place where it is considered smart and sophisticated to evade this choice: to be what Thomas Wolfe calls "the apes of fashion, the eternal triflers," to get the most out of every situation, and change the color and meaning of life with each passing phase of human affairs.

Yet I have a feeling that soon or late a clear-cut choice is demanded of us all. Are we going to live in this world as if what we are, what our beliefs are, what our lives are aimed at, matters eternally or not? At long last we have to say either yes or no to that question. And since that is the case, I prefer to live, even with the lack of conclusive evidence on either side, as if what a person is matters. Dr. W. L. Sullivan put the choice neatly in this epigram: "Religion may ask a hard thing: faith in the dark; but irreligion asks an impossible thing: faith in darkness."

This choice being made, it occurs to me that the sense of meaning which I cannot escape in my own life comes not from me but from something considerably more important than my own personal whims and preferences. History, man's struggles to widen his horizons, increase his knowledge, uplift and dignify his common life, — his apparently insatiable lust for a better world in spite of countless frustrations and failures, — means something. Through it there seem to run an enormous energy and an enormous purpose. It is a pilgrimage through the centuries, in which a man can have a part.

I am amused when I reflect on G. B. Shaw's witty remark to the effect that the only thing we learn from history is that man never learns from history. But when I reflect that men, in spite of their evil and their failures, have never given up the quest for the good life, have always been made uncomfortable by it, and have again and again poured out their energy for the

realization of a far-off dream, I am inclined to think that St. Paul is closer to the truth when he says, thinking of the hope and purpose which came into the world with Jesus: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." God, to me, means purpose: the strong, patient purpose for Good which inhabits the universe and molds the history of men and nations. It is a purpose not always clear, never easy, often stern and exacting beyond our powers, but I cannot get away from the feeling that it is there, and that a man can know enough of it to be either for it or against it.

So the ideas which point to God, for me, are these. First, I am known, honestly and completely, by someone or something in this universe. Second, it matters how my life is lived, matters to the Knowing One. Third, history is not a blind pattern of events. It is going somewhere. There is purpose for good or against it. But of course, behind all this, we still have the fundamental doubt: "How can you be sure? What if you are wrong?" The questions remind me of a statement made by one of the speakers at a recent conference on peace plans. "The problem is," he said, "that nobody believes what governments say any more. If they want to convince anybody about their intentions for peace and justice, they will have to do something concrete." We might transpose this statement into the present discussion, thus: "The problem is that nobody believes what the Churches say any more. If the people in the Churches want to convince anybody of the reality of God, they will have to do something concrete."

A Christian has been defined as "one who makes it easier to believe in God." I like that definition. It rings true. When I read the New Testament and ponder the life of Jesus, I do not find it hard to believe in God. I do not find it hard to believe in God when I read the life of St. Paul or of St. Francis of Assisi. I do not find it hard to believe in God when I read of the eleven hundred Norwegian clergymen who, almost to a man, resigned their pulpits, and therewith their material security, rather than permit themselves to be used by the Quisling-Nazi regime. *These people make it easier for me to believe in God.*

Nor do I find myself troubled by the thought that perhaps they are living and suffering and dying for nothing, as deluded puppets in what is actually a tragic farce. I think all these people lived and died for something real and true. I am deeply moved by the way in which their lives thunder across time and space, leap over the barriers of race and creed and nationality, and beat at the doors of my own complacency and comfort. Perhaps the only answer to the questions "How can you be sure? What if you

are wrong?" is that we learn by doing, that theology has to be set forth not in books and manifestoes, but in what we ourselves are and how we stand up to life.

Once this view becomes clear, the intellectual barriers to faith in God are not so formidable. The more a man does for God, the more he feels himself answerable to a holiness and a love which underlie his life, the more that same holiness and love hold him up and lead him on. It is like learning to swim. First you must cease to fear that you will sink. Then you must learn the movements which enable you to make progress. At last there comes a day when you do not have to think of all these things specifically. You do them more or less spontaneously. That is the day when you can say, "I know how to swim."

So our entrance into the understanding of God requires that we overcome our fear that we may be mistaken, that we be willing to entrust ourselves to the buoyancy of the love and truth at the heart of things, and finally that we master the movements and disciplines which enable us to use that buoyancy and to be used by it, to work with it and to bring our little purposes in line with its great ongoing purposes.

There really seems to be, in the experience of many men and women, an answering power in the universe. So long as you do your part, it holds you up like the buoyant water. You can depend on it. It does not fail. But here is the curious thing: when we cannot swim we do not pretend that the water isn't there; we know it is there and that it is buoyant, though deep and dangerous. We know the trouble is with us. We have not yet learned to live and move in this medium. But when we cannot understand God, — when we cannot explain him in a series of concise and apt definitions, — it seldom occurs to us that the trouble is with ourselves. Instead we say that God is not there.

But perhaps every quest which is to culminate in a real discovery must begin with the courage to entrust yourself to something, to depend on it, and slowly to learn how to work with it. Perhaps this is true whether the case is that of a child learning to swim or that of a mature adult seeking God. *Perhaps you have to begin, and see what comes next, and go on and on until at last the day comes when you feel as much at home in all the world in the companionship of God as you used to feel only in your own home, with your dearest friends, in the familiar, well-loved customs and duties. And when that day comes, you don't need theology. Argument and controversy cease to bother you. You know that the quest has been worth while, that it has led to something real. The days of secondhand acquaintance are over.*

UNRRA ON BALANCE

by CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

1.

No experiment in international administration has ever been tried on such a large scale as that of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Congress has already authorized appropriations representing America's share in UNRRA totaling \$2,700,000,000, of which \$2,100,000,000 has been made available in cash. We have gone far enough by this time to have a perspective of this huge undertaking, both in its saving of human lives and its part in the rebuilding of a shattered world.

At the conclusion of the war, the nations which had taken the severest beating and had suffered the greatest economic and population dislocations could be grouped under three heads.

First, there were the occupied countries — France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Norway — which through colonial possessions, holdings abroad, or shipping had some foreign exchange with which to purchase food and industrial rehabilitation materials.

Second, there were the occupied countries — Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece — which had little or no foreign exchange and were therefore entirely dependent on outside help.

Third, there were the former enemy nations — Italy, Germany, Japan, Austria, Finland, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

In an intermediary position was China, — about one half of whose population came under Japanese rule, — a divided country which had fought for eight years, which was destitute and in need of help, but which had a limited amount of exchange available. Also in an intermediary position were the two portions of Russia which were recognized at San Francisco as autonomous republics — the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic (White Russia) and the

Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. These areas had suffered severe destruction at the hands of the Germans, and had no foreign exchange whatever.

When, on November 9, 1943, UNRRA was created in Washington by the vote of some forty-four nations, the first group of nations I have mentioned excluded themselves from the category requiring outside help for relief purposes. With the exception of Denmark, each had a fairly strong government making its temporary headquarters in London, and in each case that government, having recognition from the outside powers and having exchange available to it, desired to take full responsibility for the future welfare of its people.

The second group of countries were clearly in no position to take care of their own needs and were the initial and obvious responsibility of UNRRA.

The third group presented a number of problems. Italy had been liberated by degrees. Long before V-J Day, the greater part of Italy had become a major problem in relief — a problem which was shouldered by the American, British, and Canadian armies of occupation. Nearly a billion dollars has been spent by these groups in bringing food and fuel to the Italian civilian population in order to maintain minimum living standards. In the case of the American Army, this relief work was done under authority of the Army appropriations, which permitted the importation of necessary foodstuffs in order to prevent "disease and unrest" behind our lines.

Germany and Japan are wholly under military controls. These controls form the government of the country and are therefore still responsible, under the "disease and unrest" formula, for the welfare of the civilian population.

Finland, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria are under Russian military occupation. Russia has assumed full responsibility for their citizens.

Austria, the somewhat unwilling partner of Germany, is still under a four-power control. The military authorities in Austria, through the correlating medium of the Control Commission, are completely responsible for the Austrian civilian population.

Among the former enemy nations or parts of nations which cannot fit into any of the categories listed are Formosa and Korea. The former presumably is

Following his graduation from Harvard in 1915, CHRISTIAN A. HERTER served as an attaché in the American Embassy in Berlin. Later he was transferred to the American Legation in Belgium, and in 1920 he became Herbert Hoover's personal assistant and the executive secretary of the European Relief Council.

A Congressman from the Tenth Massachusetts District, Mr. Herter was appointed a member of the Select Committee to Study Food Shortages; he represented the State Department and the Department of Agriculture at the third meeting of the UNRRA Council in London, and thereafter he was asked to make an independent report on UNRRA operations throughout Eastern Europe.

to be reinstated as a part of China, and the latter will presumably be restored to its pre-1910 status of an independent nation.

Three annual meetings of the Council of UNRRA have been held. At the second and third meetings the scope of UNRRA's work and UNRRA's areas of responsibility were enlarged. At the first meeting, only the destitute nations were definitely listed as eligible for help. At the second meeting, held in Montreal, Italy was made eligible for a limited \$50,000,000 program which would give special aid to children, the indigent, and expectant mothers, and operate in conjunction with the civilian relief administered by the military authorities. At the third meeting, held in London during August of 1945, Italy was made eligible for a full program to begin shortly after military aid ceased. In addition, Austria, White Russia, the Ukraine, Formosa, and Korea were all made eligible for help.

This extension of the program, together with a new assessment of China's wants, created an urgent need for additional appropriations from all member nations of UNRRA — a need which Congress was slow to see and did not meet until mid-December, 1945.

Here are the figures agreed upon tentatively as of December 31, 1945, showing the distribution of the total anticipated assets of UNRRA.

ESTIMATED ASSETS OF UNRRA

Proposed Appropriation.....	\$3,600,000,000
Authorized.....	\$1,883,300,000
Anticipated.....	1,883,300,000
	\$3,766,600,000

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES

Administrative.....	\$ 35,100,000
Operating.....	55,500,000
Displaced Persons.....	91,200,000
	\$181,800,000
Balance.....	\$3,584,800,000

TENTATIVE ALLOCATIONS

Shipping.....	\$ 596,600,000
Albania.....	\$ 25,000,000
Austria.....	75,000,000
White Russia.....	50,000,000
China.....	562,500,000
Czechoslovakia.....	262,500,000
Greece.....	375,000,000
Italy.....	409,000,000
Yugoslavia.....	432,500,000
Poland.....	444,200,000
Ukraine.....	158,000,000
Others.....	31,500,000
Reserve.....	163,000,000
	\$3,584,800,000

Widespread misapprehension exists as to the areas in which UNRRA is or contemplates operating, and

as to the nature of its activities. Most people believe that the supplying of food for starving people is UNRRA's primary task. Actually, not over 40 per cent of UNRRA's funds will be spent for the purchase of food; the balance will be used for items which are of the utmost importance in helping the individual nations to get on their feet.

The principal items coming under this head are transportation equipment (including trucks, trailers, some railway equipment, barges); fuel (both coal and petroleum products); fertilizer, seed, tractors, insecticides, draft animals, livestock, tools; clothing, textiles, footwear, raw materials such as cotton and wool; some metals, tanning materials, paper, road-building machinery, public utilities equipment, repair parts, for industrial rehabilitation. Medicines and medical supplies complete the roster. As the table shows, \$596,600,000 of the total money available to UNRRA has to be applied to shipping costs alone, because the chief supplying countries — the United States, Canada, Argentina, and Great Britain — are long distances away from the areas where relief is most needed.

2

THE organization of UNRRA is by no means perfect. At one time it was very bad. It is improving rapidly. Any huge administrative organization made up of persons of many different nationalities, accustomed to different rates of pay, different types of living conditions, and different methods of operating, is at a disadvantage from the outset. Add to this the fact that the initial organization had to be created at a time when most able administrators and all able-bodied young men were devoting their full energies to the prosecution of the war, and it becomes obvious that recruitment of personnel for the UNRRA staff was an extremely difficult undertaking.

Mistakes were made in the initial concept of the administrative organization and in the selection of personnel for many key positions. Glaring errors of both policy and administration characterized the whole displaced persons operation. Delay in establishing salary scales and fiscal policies had a bad effect on morale. Long waits for assignments to liberated countries caused resignations and deterioration of enthusiasm to a point where the early operation might well have been judged a serious failure. Nevertheless the appraisal of UNRRA must be made on balance. This is no time to create an alternative organization.

We must acknowledge that whatever success UNRRA may have had in revitalizing and reorganizing its personnel was due almost entirely to former Governor Herbert Lehman's Chief of Staff, Commander R. G. A. Jackson, a Scotch-Australian British naval officer, who was ordered to take his position by the British government and who by dint of unceasing labor succeeded in cleaning up many of the mistakes and in attracting, particularly from the

British and Canadian military services, high-ranking officers of demonstrated ability.

Perhaps 75 per cent of the success of the huge operation depended on logistics pure and simple. It was and is a supply problem of the first magnitude, and when Lt. Gen. Sir Humphrey Gale, who had been chief supply officer for Eisenhower, took command in London, and Lt. Gen. Sir Frederick Morgan took over the displaced persons operation in Germany, immediate improvements became visible. With the appointment of Gen. Lowell W. Rooks of the United States Army to a high position on the Washington staff and Brig. Gen. George Drury, a 34-year-old Canadian, as chief of the Polish mission, the whole organization received a great lift. In fairness to Governor Lehman it must be said that these individuals and many others who are being brought into positions of responsibility were not available after V-J Day.

3

To illustrate the complications of UNRRA's work, let me review the situation briefly in a number of the recipient countries.

GREECE

The first UNRRA operation began in Greece. Up to April, 1945, the British military authorities, which were the principal factor in the liberation, had the responsibility of trying to bring foodstuffs, clothing, and other supplies into the few ports where facilities had not been destroyed by bombing. Emergency measures were the order of the day. UNRRA officials began to estimate continuing requirements not alone in food but in materials necessary to repair bridges, water supplies, temporary shelters, and so on. Transport facilities were at a minimum. Even at the end of September, 1945, only 180 miles of railway in the whole country were in operating condition. Roads were indescribably bad, but at least UNRRA had the summer months in which to work.

While the heat of those summer months could offset the lack of fuel (the Germans had cut all available timber and brushwood within twenty miles of Athens), no one could anticipate the tragedy that befell the Greek crops. The worst drought in a hundred years, together with parching weather, destroyed the cereal crops; except in Macedonia and Thessaly, there was literally nothing available for either the farmers or the big city population. The drought struck not only Greece but North Africa, Southern Italy, Albania, and Western Yugoslavia as well.

UNRRA's food figures and the transport estimates had to be revised. The small rural settlements in the mountainous area, which were normally self-sufficient, had to be stocked with sufficient food to carry the population through the winter, when snow would make transport impossible.

Even the fisheries, which in normal times provided

an important element in the diet of Greece, were cut down to one fourth of their normal production because of lack of ships and lack of nets, and because fishing waters had not yet been cleared of mines. With the tremendous shortage of mules and of live-stock of every kind (goats alone being in fairly plentiful supply), UNRRA's task assumed the proportions of keeping almost two thirds of the entire population of Greece alive until the next harvest.

Fortunately, the Greek War Relief, which had accumulated roughly \$150,000,000 during the war period, was able to supplement the help given by UNRRA.

As a relief operation it was a superb performance. Unfortunately, however, there is one serious drawback. Because of the weaknesses of the succeeding Greek governments, politics play a considerable role in prices. The price charged to the people of Greece for their daily ration is roughly one fourth of the landed cost of that ration, and it is being held at this low figure while inflation is following the same spiral as under the Germans from 1941 until 1944, when a hundred-billion-drachma note became less valuable at the end of that period than a half-drachma piece at the beginning.

It is a serious question whether any Greek government will have the courage to raise the cost of food to a point where the farmer will be encouraged to produce and where domestic prices will bear a reasonable relationship to world prices. Inasmuch as UNRRA's primary task is to assist with the relief and reconstruction in such a way as to allow nations to stand on their own feet, the Greek situation presents an extremely pressing problem.

YUGOSLAVIA

The northeast section of Yugoslavia, which lies in the Danube basin, is extraordinarily fertile and normally produces enough food for all Yugoslavia, and also a considerable exportable surplus. Unfortunately, this area was still being fought over during the planting season. Lack of draft animals made the plowing very shallow and the sowing late. The crop was fair, but sufficient to take care of the local population and leave a considerable surplus for the rest of Yugoslavia.

Drought destroyed the greater part of the crops from Montenegro along the Dalmatian coast through Bosnia and Herzegovina into Slovenia. Destruction of bridges and railways and loss of trucks made any attempt at transportation from the northeast to the southwest out of the question. Thus the problem was one of bringing in sufficient food to coastal ports to stock the mountainous areas of the west coast before winter set in.

There was also the problem of furnishing agricultural rehabilitation materials — fertilizer, trucks, and so on. The people are working hard. They have a courage and fortitude which gives every promise of advancing rehabilitation rapidly by the next harvest.

But from the point of view of relief, here were the difficulties. The Tito government is avowedly Communist. The best farmers in the Voivodina, the northeast area, were Germans. One fourth of the land was owned by German farmers who had been settled on it for periods varying from a few years to a hundred. They have all been dispossessed, and their holdings have been divided into six geographical areas which are being resettled by Serbians, Croats, Slovenians, Montenegrans, Bosnians, or Macedonians. The Hungarian farmers of the area are being allowed to stay. Just what the effect of this mass resettlement may be on next year's crops remains to be seen, but ample tractors and other farm implements have been shipped in by UNRRA in the hope that crops will be produced.

Tito has made certain secret trade agreements with Soviet Russia as well as with his neighbors. The texts of these agreements at this writing are unknown. It is extremely difficult, even impossible, to lay out an intelligent procurement program when one does not know what commitments have been made by the government to export or import. One of the specific instructions which Congress gave to the American member of the UNRRA Council was to try to secure on behalf of UNRRA full information in regard to these secret agreements.

There are many men in uniform throughout the country. Because of the lack of civilian clothing, it is impossible to tell which individuals are on active service and which are still in uniform for lack of anything else to wear. There is no question, however, that Tito is maintaining a much larger army than the economy of the country should be asked to support, and the presence of soldiers everywhere gives rise to many suspicions that relief supplies are being diverted for army use by the Yugoslav government.

(I should like to say parenthetically that every agreement by the UNRRA organization and the recipient country specifies that all UNRRA supplies become the absolute property of the recipient country immediately upon crossing the frontier or being landed at dockside. Full responsibility for their disposition thereafter lies with the government. UNRRA's only check is that of an observer who can satisfy himself that disposition is being made without regard to race, religion, or political affiliation.)

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Of all the nations of Eastern Europe, Czechoslovakia probably suffered the least physical destruction. She did lose a tremendous amount of rolling stock (her railway cars shrank from 93,000 to 12,000), and she was cleaned out of all her surplus food stocks in Slovakia while the Russians were fighting over that area. Her situation politically was peculiar. The Germans maintained a protectorate over the western province of Bohemia and the central province of Moravia, but Slovakia was considered a full

ally. As a result, rationing was very strict in the two former provinces, whereas there was no rationing in Slovakia. With the entry of the Russians, the situation was reversed. Slovakia was treated as an enemy state, and the other two provinces were treated with much greater leniency. As a result, Slovakia is today the biggest part of the relief problem, and some 42 per cent of all UNRRA relief supplies to Czechoslovakia are destined for that province alone.

With the withdrawal of Russian and American troops from the country, Czechoslovakia's recovery should come quickly. The 1945 crops were reasonably good; she has a surplus of sugar, and she has sufficient coal to export both coal and coke. She can make barter arrangements with her neighbors, and if she can secure the industrial supplies that she is asking for, such as raw materials, iron ore, and tanning supplies, her full recovery should be at least as rapid as that of any other country on the Continent.

POLAND

The Polish situation has been difficult to evaluate. No UNRRA agreement was signed in Poland until the end of September, 1945, and only in recent weeks have observers been able to travel over the country and make a real appraisal of relief requirements. Warsaw is a shambles, having suffered from the final German demolition operations the worst destruction of any great city in Europe. Poland's transport is in terrible shape, and until September her port facilities in the Baltic were so badly mangled that they were useless. Not only were many Russian soldiers wandering about in the country on leave, on guard duty maintaining the lines of communication between Russia and Germany, or operating collective farms, but thousands were in transit from the Russian-occupied zone of Germany. Since these soldiers were living off the land, appraisal of food stocks was extremely difficult to make.

The early estimates prepared by the new Polish government on Polish needs stressed strongly the industrial requirements and did not emphasize food requirements so heavily. The authorities appeared to be following the Russian pattern of indifference to human life and comfort, and of stress on industrial development. In recent weeks, however, the Polish government's attitude has changed, and it is now emphasizing to a much larger extent the need of food. A more humanitarian approach is being made—one which accords more closely with Western conceptions of primary requirements.

As in Yugoslavia, the relief problem in Poland is complicated by trade agreements with Russia, the substance of which is none too clear. But, unlike the rather sullen attitude of Yugoslavia towards the entire relief operation, the Polish government is continually expressing in its press its gratitude, especially to the United States, for what is being done. In Yugoslavia, until very recently, there was a steady

and conscious ignoring of the part that the United States has played in bringing help, and there have also been complaints because Yugoslavia was not getting more help.

ITALY

Italy, particularly the southern half of the peninsula, suffered terribly from the drought of 1945. As a result of this drought the grain crop was disastrously short. Until October 1, 1945, the Allied armies had been importing grain to take care of the needs of the population on a ration basis of 300 grams of bread a day. As of that date all appropriations for this purpose ceased, but through a temporary juggling of Lend-Lease funds, \$100,000,000 was made available through the Foreign Economic Administration to the State Department to carry on the Army share of the operation. UNRRA was asked to take over as of January 1, 1946.

In November there were serious food riots in several large Italian cities. The tight world wheat situation and the tremendous demands for deliveries in all countries of Europe rendered it almost impossible to make sufficient deliveries in Italy to maintain a 300-gram standard. The earlier requirements for grain in Italy amounted to about 200,000 tons per month. In December they had to be stepped up to 300,000 tons, largely because the Italian government overestimated by about 35 per cent the amount of indigenous grain they would be able to collect from their own farmers in Northern Italy.

Here again, unless UNRRA can maintain a rate of shipment almost up to that for December until the next harvest, more serious social unrest is likely to develop. Italy's situation is an unhappy one in that the country is still living under a series of armistice terms. It does not know what its new borders may be, nor what may be expected from it in the form of reparations. While England, Canada, and the United States are pouring money into the country not only to keep its people alive but to try to revive its textile and other light industries, it still has outstanding against it reparations claims from Russia and Yugoslavia. Unless decisions are reached with considerable promptness, Italy will remain a major relief problem for the Allied nations long after UNRRA has ceased to function.

AUSTRIA

This nation of six and one-half million people has not been an economic unit since the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It was dominated by the city of Vienna, which had an insufficient hinterland to maintain so large a city population. Its plight today is tragic. Under Russian occupation the ration in Vienna was about 750 calories per day. The ration has now been increased under the Control Commission to something over 1500 calories. Little is known of the situation at the moment in the Russian-occupied area, nor has any agreement yet been reached by

UNRRA for any uniform relief policy in the four separate zones of occupation. It will be interesting to see whether or not an international relief organization can function effectively in so small an area under four separate masters. Perhaps the mere fact that it is operating at all may assist in the development of more uniform policies throughout the country and in the re-creation of the state into some semblance of unity. Of all administrative monstrosities, Austria is probably the leading example at the present time.

CHINA

The Chinese problem is so vast that no single observer can evaluate it. Some phases of it, however, are in striking contrast to the problems in the European area.

Through all its history China has suffered from periodic famines. Frequently these famines were local and could not be relieved because of the primitive state of transportation. Bad as it was before the war, transportation is now in infinitely worse shape. Much of the communication between the different areas of China was by water. Thousands of river steamers, junks, chicken boats, and other craft have been destroyed, and nearly all China's coastal shipping was lost during the war. As a result, Chinese relief and rehabilitation hinge primarily on transportation — transportation of a type which is not readily available. Undoubtedly, many local famines will develop. Where these areas can be reached by transport from the coast, many lives can be saved, but the problem is of such magnitude that the best we can hope for is that a start can be made this year on renovating transport and that some supplies can be shipped into the most seriously affected areas.

Medicines and all kinds of hospital supplies are badly needed, as are raw materials and factory repair parts. Practically all industrial China was under Japanese occupation, and her problems cannot be solved in the next year or two. They must be met by a long-range reconstruction program.

So far there have been no serious suggestions that UNRRA undertake any program in either Germany or Japan,¹ because the humanitarian problem in both those countries is being left strictly in the laps of the military authorities. However, no one can objectively make an appraisal of relief requirements from the surplus-producing areas of the world without taking those two countries into account. They were both food-importing countries before the war. They will have to continue to be importing countries long after the military occupations have ceased. To im-

¹ UNRRA is carrying on a large operation in Germany with displaced persons of nationalities other than German. Compared to its other undertakings — and the number of displaced persons in special camps is decreasing rapidly — this is a small operation, but it has received disproportionate publicity. It drew attention because at one time it involved some 5000 UNRRA staff members, and because of the difficulties of defining responsibility between the military authorities and UNRRA.

port food, however, they have to export something, but what it will be is not yet clear.

Here we face a problem which cannot be ducked: namely, that someone must give the food or lend the food to keep the populations of those two countries alive or else we shall starve them to a level which the countries can support. In the aggregate this would probably mean letting twenty million people die, leaving fifty to sixty million in each country to exist on the land.

4

IN THIS meager factual account of UNRRA and its activities I have so far made no effort to estimate the significance of its method of operation from the long-range point of view. There are three aspects that deserve separate consideration.

In the first place, UNRRA is a truly international organization. While the United States is carrying nearly three fourths of the load, and Great Britain, Canada, and the British Empire are carrying the major part of the balance, nevertheless, the organization was created by forty-odd nations, and each is sharing the administrative expense as well as contributing a part of the personnel. The facts that in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia the heads of the UNRRA missions are Russians who require that practically every document which comes into the office shall be translated into Russian; that in many missions there are individuals who do not know English — the language in which most of the correspondence is carried on — or the language of the country in which they are operating; that in individual missions there are as many as fifteen nationalities represented, indicate that an almost insuperable task has been attempted.

But still the organization works. There have been frictions among different nationals which were probably accentuated by a generally low morale in the early stages of the organization. These frictions, however, are to a great extent disappearing as the tasks of the individual missions become more clearly defined and as the morale of the organization improves. When the curtain finally comes down early in the year 1947 on UNRRA operations, the world will probably feel that the first great experiment in administering through mixed nationalities has been surprisingly successful.

The second feature that has long-range significance is that UNRRA supplies are an outright gift to the recipient nations. At the end of the last war, Congress made available to the President \$100,000,000 in a revolving fund which he transferred to Mr. Herbert Hoover and the American Relief Administration.

Mr. Hoover had authority to supply relief as a gift, or on credit terms, or in return for cash payments, and the \$100,000,000 revolving fund was stretched to a point where roughly \$3,000,000,000 in essential foodstuffs was distributed throughout needy countries over a period of two years. However, obligations were taken and given in good faith for 90 per cent of these relief supplies — obligations which, with the exception of little Finland's, were never met. It is no reflection on the superb job done by Mr. Hoover and the American Relief Administration that he was obliged to finance relief in this way.

UNRRA frankly recognized that any effort to saddle a relief debt on a destitute country could only lead to the wholesale repudiation that followed the last war — a repudiation which has carried with it over the years serious continuing irritants in international relations. Happily the lesson was learned, and the present healing process will surely leave fewer unwholesome scars.

The third significant phase of the operation, which can be evaluated only in part at this time, deals with the social consequences of such a large-scale effort to relieve human suffering. Historically speaking, there can be no denial of the fact that misery breeds social unrest and anarchy; that anarchy in turn, particularly in areas which are important in the economy of the world, seriously retards any return to normal peaceful pursuits and normal economic progress. As the world grows industrially, it becomes constantly more delicately attuned to maladjustments anywhere, and confidence in the stability of the future becomes an increasingly important part of its reasonable functioning.

Already the operations of UNRRA appear to have gone far in preventing a degree of misery which would certainly have been followed by anarchy. The small food riots in Italy have been but a minor symptom of what might have happened on a great scale. Even now, the living standards of millions of people are terribly low, but much of what UNRRA has been doing in its work of agricultural rehabilitation, and to a lesser extent in its work of industrial rehabilitation, gives promise of a tremendous recovery by the time the next harvests have been reaped. It is perhaps too early to be optimistic on this score. Human beings have shown and still show an amazing inclination to seek political power at the expense of their neighbors and to use the old device of fanning racial hatreds as a diversion from domestic troubles.

UNRRA has set out to be the first great international healer. If it achieves even a fraction of its purpose, it will have been well worth the difficulties and the cost of the experiment.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

MAN FROM THE SEA

by ALISTAIR MACCRAE

BRIDGID O'FAOLLAN lost her man in 1933 when he was drowned at the fishing not a mile from their home on the wild shores of Limmanoch, which is in the far West of Ireland. And she stuck it for ten years with no other company but an old brown cow; then, not able to stand the loneliness any more, she went on her knees before the altar in her little two-roomed house, and prayed to God and His Saints to send her a man. He did not need to be a talking man or a clever man, or even one who would work very hard. It was just that she wanted someone to warm her feet on in the cold nights, and to fill the empty place between her eyes and the walls; that would be Heaven indeed after the shadow of the last ten years.

It was in January of 1943 that Bridgid made her prayer. Then on a wild night in the summer the prayer of Bridgid O'Faollan was answered. The door of her house was pushed open and a stark-naked man walked in and stood looking around, stupid from the wind outside and the light in the room. And what did the silly woman do but let out a scream as the man collapsed on the one and only rug in the room, which lay before the big wide fire. He lay so still and so white that Bridgid thought for sure she had been sent a dead man, and was thinking of the

wood and the nails for the making of a coffin when a flicker on his face brought the sense back to her head and the motion to her limbs.

She worked very hard on him rubbing him with warm water and giving him little sips of poteen until he began to show a bit of color, and after that it was not long before he was able to sit up and look round him. For the sake of decency and decorum she covered him with a blanket, and fed him with warm milk, olive oil, and little bits of bread till he got sleepy; then she put him to bed and sat down by the fire to think it all out.

It was plain to her that he had come out of the sea, for the salt rime was on his hair and beard and on the two little charms he was wearing round his neck where a good Catholic would have a cross hung or maybe a Virgin and Child. This man who had come to her must be of some other religion because his emblems were a circle of dark red fiber and a rectangle of green fiber with holes in them for the string and some numbers and letters printed on them.

Bridgid, being unable to read, did not associate the two disks with the army of England or the identity of the man who had come to her from the sea. Instead, she packed the thought of them away with the odd assortment of unsolved mysteries in the back of her mind and busied herself looking out some of the late Sean O'Faollan's clothes for the man to wear when he woke.

Now and again she would stop her work to go to the bed and listen to his breathing, keeping time to it with her head nodding assurance to herself. She watched his face, too, noting how lean it was, how the sinews of his neck made so emphatic a journey to some place under his skull. There were lines of suffering, too, the half-written autograph of death. His mouth opened a little as he slept, and his teeth were his own and good. These were things that Bridgid could

A son of the Clydeside, born in 1906, ALISTAIR MACCRAE left school at fourteen to work in the Glasgow shipyards. "My education," he writes, "really began in the wilderness of unemployment during the great slump, when the shipyard cradles were as empty as the eyes of the shipbuilders, and the only warm places in life were the public libraries. Then followed a period of spasmodic activity in the various roles of joiner's laborer, jam maker, journalist, canvasser, and tramway driver, spaced out with hard cushions of unemployment. During this time I began writing, mostly journalistic articles and short plays."

He joined the Royal Tank Regiment in 1940, and this short story, his first to appear in the *Atlantic*, was written in a military hospital near Aldershot.

read. The man would not be more than thirty-eight at the most.

There were little ripples running over his eyelids as though his eyeballs moved under them, and he moaned a bit in his sleep but not in words, and not the name of any woman, which was what she waited and listened for.

Three times she made up the fire with peats through that night, thinking to herself that she would have to bring in an extra load next day. When morning came she was asleep on the little stool that Sean had made in the first week of their life together.

2

IT WAS the man's voice that wakened her, to find the morning sunlight lying like a carpet the width of the window over the floor, and reaching to the bed. Bridgid had no blinds, having nothing to hide. She went over to the side of the man quickly, and found him talking a mad stream of words that had no sense in them; and his eyes, all the time looking straight up at the roof, were glittering like bright coals with the fever in him.

Bridgid listened to his words as she made a brew of herbs from an old recipe of her mother's, but still there was no woman's name in them, only a queer wild tale of the sea and the creatures of the sea; so she took comfort from that and forced some of the herb tea between his lips. After a few sips of it he went into a sound sleep again, and the pillow got wet with the sweat rolling off his face.

As soon as he was well sunk in sleep Bridgid bestirred herself to get in some peats and to see if there was any worth-while wreckage lying about on the shore. But she found nothing more valuable than some broken pieces of wood, which might have been part of an open boat the way they were bent. She came back quickly to the house with the load and found the man still asleep, but in a chair by the table was sitting her sister Ellen, all the way from Dublin.

They looked at each other and they looked at the man, and Bridgid found without any surprise that she hated her sister; there was a queer feeling of her stomach coming up to choke her, and the red blood was sailing like a thin fiery smoke before her eyes. Ellen methodically took off her hat, which had a feather in it, and looked at Bridgid with a square empty look, the way she would have looked at an uninteresting picture on the wall. When she spoke, her voice was as flat as the table top.

"I did not look for you having company," she said.

"The sea brought him," said Bridgid. "The sea doesn't send postcards, either." It was things like that made Ellen never very sure whether Bridgid could read or not.

"There was no time for postcards," she said. "I had a queer dream about you last night, and I came to make sure you were all right."

"Of course I'm all right," said Bridgid. "Sorra the thing is wrong with me at all. Ye should eat less goin' to bed."

Ellen looked down again at the man on the bed, and her lips thinned out to a bit of a bloodless line no thicker than a stretch of tea string over her face.

"I'm not so sure," she said, very softly, "after the dream I had. Queer things happen to people."

Bridgid would not ask about the dream to satisfy her, but only said she would make a cup of tea so that Ellen would not be cold going away again on the bus to Dublin.

That made Ellen's face worse than ever, till it looked like the door of an old church closed tight against the wind and rain. She said, "Maybe it would be better and more like my duty if I stayed."

"There is no need," said Bridgid over the teapot, "seeing that I am well enough able to look after myself and have done these ten long years athout anny help from annyone."

Ellen said nothing to that, but looked again at the figure of the man on the bed, and there was more meaning to the look than she could have put readily into words.

"As for him," said Bridgid, "he's only now washed up from the sea, and lying senseless that way since ever he came in, so ye can keep your mind off unclean thoughts, sister Ellen."

"There's not a thought in me head isn't for your own good, Bridgid O'Faollan, God bein' me judge, an' that's surely only the bare elements of a sister's duty," said Ellen. "I'm only thinkin' what people will say," she added slowly, in a dark fashion.

Bridgid put that away quietly in her mind, and poured out two cups of tea, trying all the time to think ahead at what was coming. Ellen took the silence as a portent of dawning victory, and became more confident.

"It's aisy enough to be hoity-toity," she said, "but yourself alone with a man in the house — well, it isn't the way to live if you want people's tongues to lie still, is it?"

Bridgid said, "How much sugar do ye take?"

Ellen said, "Two," and added, "There's no use bein' obstinate about it. You were brought up a good Cath'lic, an' you know mortal sin when you see its ugly face."

"Be ashamed av yerself, Ellen, to talk like that," said Bridgid, "an' himself lyin' there as helpless an' far away from the lusts av the flesh as a newborn babe, the way he is."

Ellen sniffed at that, sniffed portentously. "I never knew a man was anny greater distance off the lusts av the flesh than the thickness av the clothes atween him an' the nearest woman," she said. And Ellen sipped her tea with all the virtue and mortified dignity she could command.

Bridgid watched her, and thought, "The way she drinks her tea ye can tell what she is well enough. Little squirtin' sips would hardly wet the skin av her rotten oul' scandalmongering tongue. Too much

Holy-Moseyin' aroun' the clergy, an' her a useless oul' maid with the dust av ages lyin' like a deep cloud aroun' her sensibilities." Out loud she said, "An' who's payin' me rent an' keepin' me, annyway, that I should worry what they say?"

Ellen made a maddening little noise on the saucer with her teaspoon. "It's not now you'll be sorry," she said; "it's when he wakens up an' finds the strength comin' back into him."

Bridgid took a great gulp of her tea and looked straight into the eyes of her sister. She said quietly, "It's a queer thing all the good people I know have all the worst thoughts lyin' around in the corners av their sanctimonious minds, handy for their tongues when a time comes to throw them like stones at anny-one isn't as full av tormentin' virtue an' misery as themselves."

That stung Ellen to the quick and she dabbed a handkerchief in the corners of her eyes. Bridgid thought, "She'll dab a long time afore she ever gets anny tears out o' them, besides makin' herself look such a damned fool."

She was suddenly struck with the funny idea that she had never seen Ellen all together before. One time she would come and be all body and digestive troubles, with a good selection of nerve-murdering sounds to fit to each particular ailment; another time she would be all spirit and prayer and the holy saints, casting a respectable gloom over anything was in the nature of a laugh. But now she suddenly stuck out body and soul together, and it didn't take much of a vision to see the dirty little lines of communication she maintained between them. Bridgid was suddenly moved to hurt her as much as she could.

"It's a fine brave feelin' to have a man in the house again," she said, "even wan that's half drowned. Afther seein' nothin' aroun' ye for years but female faces, an' them not able to gather together the thin edge av a smile for fear av disturbin' their humble holiness, a woman would open her arms gladly to annything would come along, outside the skin av a gorilla ape itself, an' that's tellin' ye somethin', Ellen MacGuire."

Ellen drew that in with a long whistle of her breath, chasing hard round the inside of her skull in search of a suitable and scorching reply, but before she could find one Bridgid rose and looked very businesslike. "I am now goin' out to the back place to milk the oul' cow," said Bridgid, "an' yourself can stay here — that is, if ye're not afeared to be left alone in it with a man is half dead, an' full av sea water."

"I'm not feared," said Ellen, "havin' in front av me the Cross, an' round' me me faith to keep me. While ye are out milkin' the oul' brown cow I'll go through there to the little altar an' pray for yer sowl that it might be lifted high an' dry an' unscorched out av the deep pit av destruction ye are diggin' for it."

"Ye can do what ye like," said Bridgid, "though I'm thinkin' to meself, if your prayers are as long as your face is, it's a rosary made av rocks from the

shore ye'll be needin' so's not to be wearin' the poor beads to nothin', savin' me sowl that isn't lost yet."

With that and a toss of her head, Bridgid flung out and went behind the house to call the cow down for the milking. The old cow knew her ways and was down at the bottom of the field waiting for her, so she opened the door and gave the beast a gentle push into the milking place.

Then she followed with the pail and the stool, liking fine the quiet shade of the byre that seemed to hide her from the eyes of the world. She sat on the little stool and laid her head gently against the firm swollen side of the cow; she breathed deep into her stomach the warm smell of the animal and the sharp acrid smell of grass.

And Bridgid O'Faollan cried for the first time in ten years — cried a slow soft rain of tears, for all the things that were past and the long lonely nights by the fire, for the death of her man and the endless toll of the sea. She cried for the hunger of all lonely creatures who have died to hope and fear; she cried for the beauty of a man's ripe body that is cast on the sea like a broken bough from the tree of life. Bridgid O'Faollan cried for the shadow of death that is laid over life as the night lies over the day.

And she prayed silently, as they do who have grief beyond words, her heart and hunger going out in the shadow beside the old cow that stood in patient waiting like a picture of sorrow painted in quiet color. It was a long time before Bridgid's fingers reached down for the milk-heavy udders.

3

WHILE this was going on in the byre, Ellen had gone into the other room, where stood the little altar, covered with a white cloth, and above it on the wall a Virgin and Child with an everlasting lamp burning. Ellen went on her knees by the altar, but it was a hard thing to pray with all the turmoil of her mind battling against the feeble call of a duty that had now no witnesses but God and His Angels. So she fell to wondering about the man in the other place. What kind of man was he, and what was it sent a woman flying into a man's arms like a useless, helpless bit of straw in a wild sea?

Ellen had been early gathered in under the black skirts of Mother Church, away from the hurly-burly of life, away from the world, the flesh, and the devil, till now her bones were drying and her thoughts with them — drying away into little dead twigs of remorse that had no glory: only a fear of concupiscence (whatever that was) and the eternal damnation of the flesh.

But now the thought of the man pressed in on her, coming closer and closer, making her listen to the tide of blood in her ears, and feel its warm surge coming up her neck and through her head. The thought of the man would not go away, but came nearer and

nearer till she could feel his arms closing strongly round her, and his hot, dry breath on her neck. She could smell the salt in his hair, and she seemed not to be kneeling at all, but buried to the hips in a pool of warm living water.

So she dropped the beads of her rosary out of her hands, and rose and turned away from the little altar to hide her thoughts behind the things of the room. It was then she saw the model of the ship standing bravely in a corner, with its white sails shining out of the shadow. She went near to it and touched it, and maybe found something wistful and beautiful about it, because she lifted it up to look closer. Then she saw it had a little key tied to it, and that there was a little keyhole in the hatch over the hold.

When Ellen saw that, she laid the ship down and went quickly away from it to look out of the window. There was no one to see, Bridgid being still in the byre, so she went and listened at the door. Not hearing a sound there either, she came quickly back to the ship and opened the hatch with the key. There, inside the hold of the little ship, was a roll of one-pound notes, rolled very tight. Ellen counted them and there were twenty-five altogether.

It made her dizzy to think of all that money lying there with a strange man in the house. It might be that Bridgid would be murdered in her bed some night when he came back to his strength and found there was a fortune in the house.

The very thought of that made Ellen tremble so much that she could not get the notes back quickly enough before the door opened and Bridgid was in on top of her with flaming red cheeks and her eyes all starry with crying.

"What are ye doin' with that money in your hand?" demanded Bridgid. "It is a queer way ye have av prayin' for me sowl, by robbin' me body av all I have saved."

"I didn't," said Ellen. "I jus' lifted the boat in me hand an' the money fell out." It sounded very weak in the tense air of the little room with that red accusing face in front of her.

"Oh, it fell out, did it," said Bridgid, with a fine measure of irony, "and in order to allow it to fall out, I suppose the key just jumped into the lock and turned itself round athout anny help at all." Bridgid was gathering herself into a tight bundle of fury now; the color in her face was as if the wind had whipped it.

"It's not safe for ye, him lyin' in there an' all this fortune in the next room," said Ellen. Her voice was a thin reed now, and her face was as white as Bridgid's was red.

"Ye mean it's not safe with a snocpin' Holy Moses creepin' an' crawlin' around rattlin' her rosary to cover up the sounds av her thievin', pilferin' fingers," snapped Bridgid. "Hadn't ye better be gettin' out av it now, an' get the Holy Father to wash the sin av the Seventh an' Tenth Commandments aff yer narrow-gutted sowl? Ye snivelin', whinin', knee-creepin' oul' snake thief that ye are!"

Ellen took to her handkerchief again, and dabbed her eyes with weak viciousness, trying hard to incite the moisture of tears from her dry glands.

"Very well," she said. "If that's all the thanks I am to get for tryin' to save ye from bein' murdered in your bed, an' your fortune stolen, I'll go back where I came from."

"Ye'd better do that same, an' quickly," said Bridgid, "afore I start murtherin' ye meself, an' you stood there where ye are in all yer thievin' guilt afore the altar, an' the Blessed Virgin watchin' ye from above it."

At which Ellen crossed herself hurriedly and made quickly for the door to the other room.

"I'll not be to see you again," she said, "for I could not bring meself to stay in a house with a sister was livin' in sin with a stranger out av the sea."

"Don't bother yourself, I'll not be askin' you — not while I've anny money about the place I want to keep safe," said Bridgid.

"Ye'll not have your money long, nor your good name either," Ellen replied, going stiffly over to the corner by the bed to get her umbrella. She picked it up, holding it between two fingers as if it had become contaminated by the house, then she dropped it again with a sudden clatter on the floor. Her mouth gaped open, she made a vague sprawling sign of the Cross before her in the still air, and mumbled, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

Bridgid came through from the other room, where she had been putting the money away again, and said, "Will ye get out av it quick, an' stop prayin' an' chantin' forever in me ears that is worn out an' tired av listenin' to ye?" But Ellen only stood still and waved her arm feebly in the direction of the bed. "He's dead," she said. "The man is dead."

4

BRIDGID took the words full force like a punch over the heart; she felt the blood fall out of her face, and the whole world seemed to take a great drunken lurch to one side. By a tremendous effort of will she saved herself from falling, and came over to the side of the bed to look down on the man. Sure enough he was dead, and printed on his lips was a little tired smile as if he had died in a happy dream. She said nothing, but put her hand down to feel the soles of his feet, and they were as cold as the smooth stones on the shore.

Ellen knelt down by the bed and mumbled an Ave very low in her throat; even if the man wasn't a Catholic, it was the least you could do, and might help him on his way to wherever he was going. Then she rose and looked at him again. "Maybe I was wrong about him," she said. "He looks a good man now he's dead."

Bridgid still said nothing, but stood watching Ellen putting on the hat with the feather in it; the feather seemed to wave an admonishing finger at her.

Ellen finished her dressing, lifted her umbrella again like a banner of virtue, and went in a procession of one to the door. Her hand was turning the knob when Bridgid said, "Ellen," in a thick tearful voice.

Ellen said, "Well?" and waited, looking at Bridgid with all the warmth of a fish just out of the sea.

"Oh, nothin'," said Bridgid, with a little weary gesture.

Ellen said good-bye, and continued her procession out of the house and through the little bit of garden to the gate. She was reaching for the latch to open it when there was a great flurry of skirts behind her and she turned to face the panting figure of Bridgid.

"Ye're not goin' away," said Bridgid, and to emphasize it she planted herself firmly between Ellen and the gate. "Ye're not goin' away an' leavin' me alone with him."

"An' why not?" said Ellen. "He can't do ye anny harm an' him dead." But Bridgid only clung tighter

to the gate and would not let her go. "Ye're not leavin' me alone in this place all night with a dead man an' him a perfect stranger," she said.

Ellen turned that over in her mind very slowly and judiciously. And while she was thinking it out there came into her mind the picture of a little ship standing bravely in the corner with white sails gleaming and a fortune of twenty-five pounds in the hold. And she looked at Bridgid closely, remembering the terrible dream she had about her, which had had nothing to do with the man inside at all. Then lastly, she thought about the good insurance policy she had on her sister.

So Ellen came back into the house, laid down her umbrella with a firm and definite little sound, and took off the hat with the feather in it. Then she went over to the place by the fire to sit down on the stool that Sean O'Faollan had made. But first she covered up the man's face with the blanket, because Ellen didn't like people to die smiling.



LITTLE BALLAD FOR HOLY WEEK

by LEONORA SPEYER

Malchus, did He heal thine ear?
 Lady, yes; and since that day
 All that fills it is the sound
 Of His Voice where was the wound;
 Scarcely touched it -- yet I say
 None other, speaking, shall I hear
 In that ear.

Malchus, art thou truly healed?
 Healed and whole! though much I bled
 Till His Touch. *Put up thy sword.*
 (Oh, the sweet Voice of my Lord!)
Suffer ye thus far, He said.
 And His Mission was revealed,
 And His servant whole and healed.

Fools that call me deaf! And they
 Hearing nothing all their day.

PIGEONS AND PEOPLE

by T. McKEAN DOWNS

1

IT WAS spring. With the growing warmth and lengthening days, my pigeons were starting to think about nesting. All winter they had paid no attention to each other. After coming in from their daily exercise flights, they had flown directly each to its own perch. Now the loft was noisy with cooing. The daily flights became shorter and there was no more loafing on the roof. The birds hurried in to take up the serious business of choosing mates and selecting nest sites.

I was interested in the conduct of the pigeons: their behavior was at times strikingly human. There were pugnacious bullies of both sexes, and meek ones that would allow themselves to be put upon. There were stubborn as well as pliant ones. Some were thrifty and hard-working, others lazy and indifferent. There were flirts and philanderers as well as strict homebodies. Some of the youngsters were precocious problem children; others were retarded.

My pigeons were racing homers. In the newspapers the breed is usually referred to as "carriers," to the great disgust of all fanciers; for the carrier is really a heavy bird of use only for show purposes, bred to display in the highest possible degree certain physical peculiarities. The racing homer is normal in all bodily respects. Its value to man lies in its intense love of home and its ability to return directly to its loft over many miles if removed by force. Before the war, pigeon races of hundreds of miles distance were regularly held in many parts of the world. During the war, homing pigeons were much used by the armed forces as messengers, for they often get messages through in secrecy that can be sent in no other way. They can't be lured from their course, they bring the message directly to their own home, and they are hard to shoot.

Pigeons mate for life. In spring the older pairs start housekeeping as soon as the days lengthen, often early in February, and at the same time the youngsters hatched last year set about pairing off. The cocks coo and swell out their necks to show off the

brilliant iridescent colors, and strut about in a ridiculous way with their tails dragging the floor, but the hens seem indifferent to the display. Only if a cock gets too ardent in his demonstrations does she notice him, and then merely to the extent of a few sharp slaps of her wing. One can almost imagine he hears her mutter something like "You fresh thing!"

But the hen must pay more attention than she seems to, for somehow she makes a choice from the eager suitors. Just like human individuals, pigeons often choose what seem to outsiders to be unsuitable mates. Not seldom a wild street pigeon — a "corny" — will make its home with a colony of homers, and often has no difficulty in finding a mate, even though legitimate inhabitants may still be single. To our eyes, a corny is a miserable bird, all feathers and little body, with no style or smartness.

Pigeons pay no attention to the color line. I don't mean the color of the feathers; that is no different from complexion with us. But all of the 165 or so varieties of cultivated pigeons will mate and breed together freely, though many of them are so different in form and size as hardly to resemble pigeons at all.

However the pigeons make their choice, once paired they seem as ecstatic as any human newlyweds. They are constantly together, crowded as close as possible, and the amount of kissing and fondling that goes on is scandalous.

I seldom cared to depend on my racing pigeons' choosing their own mates when I wished to keep the youngsters. It usually seemed better to pair together birds of outstanding performance and pedigree. This is called "force mating," though no force is used. Two pigeons can no more be forced to mate together than a boy and a girl: one must use guile.

In force mating, the prospective pairs are selected well in advance, and the sexes separated. Then, when the proper time comes, the two birds of a pair are placed in opposite sides of a small coop which has a slat partition down the center. Food and water are placed in dishes in the middle, so that they eat and drink together, yet are kept apart. The principle is the same as setting two people who have quarreled to washing opposite sides of the same window.

It is not always necessary to separate the pigeons in mating coops. It is usually simpler merely to shut

Late a Captain in the Medical Corps, USNR, Dr. T. McKEAN Downs is an ornithologist who took his binoculars and his interest in birds with him to the Aleutians, where he wrote his *Atlantic* story, "The Eagle," and to the Pacific, from which he sent us "Birds on Midway."

them up together in a nest box. This not only tempts them to mate but it also settles them in a particular nest. But it is fatal to shut two birds up together without an introduction. They may fight, and take a dislike to one another that can hardly be overcome. One pair that I was particularly anxious to mate together quarreled violently for weeks because they had not been properly introduced.

When introducing two pigeons to each other, I used to take all the birds from the breeding loft and shut the cock up in the nest box I wanted him to use. Then I would set the hen loose alone in the big room and let the cock out. Almost always the two would agree together in a short time, and I could then lock them up in their future home to get better acquainted.

2

IN THE case of old pigeons it was not always easy to arrange a divorce if I thought it desirable. There was one pair who for several years had been most devoted, and who had reared excellent youngsters; but I wished to change the mating. Neither would look at the new spouse I had chosen, though they had been separated for several months. I finally accomplished my design by separating the new pairs altogether, out of sight and hearing of each other. Then they finally mated as I wished them to; but after the breeding season was over and all the birds were allowed to be together, the two instantly abandoned their temporary partners and were inseparable again.

Sometimes it is impossible to persuade a pigeon to mate. I owned one particularly fine cock, which I had bought as a youngster just out of the nest. He had been with me for several years and had produced some good youngsters. His breeder wrote me and asked to borrow him for a season. I agreed, and shipped Black Jack out to Kentucky.

Months later I got a letter saying that my bird was being returned, and that he had refused to father a single egg. Half a dozen different hens had been introduced to him, but he would have nothing to do with any of them. If he had fought them, there might have been some hope, but he had ignored them all and merely moped on his perch in homesick despair.

Shortly word came from the express office that my pigeon had arrived. He had come back in bad shape, without food or water in the crate, and was weary and untidy after a trip of several days.

As I carried the box into the loft, his joy at recognizing home was unbounded. I could hardly prize up a slat, on account of his frantic efforts to get out, and he squeezed through before I could make a decent opening. He flew at once to his old nest and soundly trounced the usurper who had taken his place, and then evicted the other interloper who was using his perch. Then he greeted his old mate with much affection, and not till he had done that would he eat or drink.

Although the hen chooses her mate, he selects the

nest site, subject to her veto. Sometimes he suggests several places before she is satisfied. Once the selection is made, they can hardly be driven from it, though it may be most inconvenient from our point of view. I provided my birds with nest boxes of a suitable size, furnished with a terra cotta pan for egg laying. Here they had privacy and quiet, and most pairs were contented and happy in them. But an occasional couple would have none of it, and insisted on using the floor or some other place where they had neither privacy nor comfort, and where the youngsters would later be exposed to considerable risk. There was nothing to do but acquiesce in their decision, though it is exceptional for healthy youngsters to be reared in nests on the floor.

Pigeons have a strong sense of property and will fight valiantly to protect their own. None of the dove family are thought of as warriors; they are traditionally emblematic of peace. Yet two cocks will often fight all day. Of course, they can't hurt one another, for they lack talons or spurs, and their bills are weak. But they peck, and shove, and strike resounding blows with their wings until both are exhausted, nests are upset, and eggs broken.

Fighting never takes place for mates, but only for property rights. Most pigeons are satisfied with what they have, but sometimes a bird wants more than its share. Not satisfied with one home, he tries to take his neighbor's house too. This the rightful owner resents, and gives battle, assisted by his wife.

To keep peace in the loft, I used to handicap an aggressor by tying his feet together, and then would shut him up with his victim in the disputed box. A good thrashing was all that was needed, and it rarely had to be administered twice. He was soon glad enough to escape and go home to his mate.

Both sexes coöperate in nest making, and there is a definite division of the work into his and hers. He collects the nest material and brings it home; she arranges it. But like people, some cocks are better providers than others. Some can't have too much, and bring home a great pile of material; others are satisfied with a few straws. Much or little, each load is greeted with cooing and gestures of affection on both sides. He doesn't just dump his offering down, but spends a few moments to tell how hard he worked to find it and what a splendid nest she is making, and she tells him how wonderful he is.

The cock takes a great interest in his home and family. When not working, he and his hen spend much time inside the nest box, crowded as close together as possible. But he is ready at a moment's notice to fly out to suppress unseemly conduct in others. Coupling usually takes place on the floor of the loft rather than in private, and it seems to give great offense to every pigeon in sight. So many dart down to chastise the immodest pair that one wonders sometimes how eggs ever get fertilized.

A few days before the hen is due to lay, the cock is obsessed with a fear that the egg will not be deposited in the proper place. He is unhappy whenever his mate

is out of the nest, and forces her back to it for fear of an accident. Fanciers call this stage "driving," because the cock spends so much time driving the hen back to the nest whenever she leaves it for any purpose. Of course some only give her a few pecks in a halfhearted sort of way; but others are so anxious that they hardly give the hen a chance to eat. My pigeon Black Jack I feel sure always delayed the appearance of his first egg a day or two by his vigorous driving, and his hen was invariably half-starved by the time he felt it safe to leave her in peace.

3

BOTH sexes share in incubation, according to a definite schedule. The hen takes up her duties in the late afternoon and keeps the eggs warm till morning, when she is relieved by her mate, who attends to the housekeeping during the day. But he doesn't sit quite so close as she does, and keeps himself informed of what is going on. He may even leave the eggs for a few moments, especially if he sees any immodest conduct that he feels impelled to reprove. And just because he has a family he isn't blind, and is not above a bit of philandering if opportunity offers.

Often there are one or more unmated hens in a loft, who are a great temptation to virtuous householders. I have several times been amused to see a sitting cock show interest in such a one during his time off duty, but he seldom succeeds. His wife keeps an eye on him, and if she thinks the flirtation is going too far, down she comes on the temptress like a thunderbolt and gives her a good beating.

Unmated cocks rarely try to break up families, but they become the most vicious bullies. No weaker bird is safe against them. Undeveloped youngsters especially, being too feeble to get out of the way, are the worst sufferers if their father's back is turned but a few moments. If an odd cock is in the loft, few healthy squabs will be raised from nests on the floor.

When the squabs first hatch they are tiny little things, blind, and as weak and helpless as babies. Like babies, too, they must at first be fed a special food. Both parents secrete the so-called "pigeon's milk," which comes from the crop and is fed by regurgitation. At first the little ones can hardly hold their heads up long enough to be fed, but they grow and strengthen very fast. At the age of a week their eyes open. From the sixth to the eighth day they can be permanently marked with a numbered aluminum band slipped on one leg. Before the sixth day the band will fall off; after the eighth day it won't go on. From now on, the pigeon is an individual with a registered number, and can always be identified.

At the end of two weeks the squabs are well feathered and can move about a little, though their legs are still too weak to support them for more than a moment at a time. By now the mother is beginning to lose interest in them. She cares only for tiny babies, and is ready to start a new family. But the father not

only brings the material for the new nest and compels his wife to use it; he also takes full responsibility for his older children. This task is not unduly strenuous. The youngsters are well enough feathered that they no longer need to be kept brooded and warm, and require only feeding. But they eat prodigiously. It is no small job for their father to keep their appetites satisfied.

When the squabs are just over three weeks old, there comes a crisis in their lives: they start to leave home. If they wait until they have a little strength, there is not much risk, but often they fly or fall from the nest before they are strong enough to fly back. Then they must run the gantlet of any vicious unmated cocks that may be in the loft, for their father can't protect them all the time.

Sometimes they get confused in the great world and are not able to find their proper nest again. If they come back to the wrong one, they are in for real trouble, for the rightful owner does not concern himself with the age or intentions of an intruder. The squab can expect no help either; for a cock once mated and settled respects his neighbor's property and won't trespass even to protect his youngster. Or perhaps he just doesn't recognize a youngster in a strange nest.

By the time a squab is a little over four weeks old, it is ready to leave home for good. Till then, its father gives it the best of care. But eating for two, or rather for three, for squabs are almost always twins, is rather a chore, and regurgitation is pretty hard work. Gradually the father shows them what food looks like, and they get the knack of picking it up. When they can do that, they are on their own. They stop pleading to be fed. Their parents no longer recognize them.

The sexes are equally desirable for racing, and a good bird can be depended on till it is nine or ten years old. Even older pigeons have been successful. When they are raced, we take advantage in every way we can of their love of home and of their family. Unmated birds will come home when taken away, but will not exert themselves to the highest degree, and are unreliable. Only mated pigeons are worth entering in a long race.

We try to find out under what conditions a bird will put forth its greatest efforts. In the case of a hen, it is usually when she is sitting on eggs or on tiny youngsters. A cock is likely to turn in his fastest race when he is driving his hen, a day or so before the first egg is expected. Sometimes we can add jealousy to the anxiety natural to him at this time, by shutting up a strange cock in the nest with his mate, so that the last thing he remembers before leaving is that there is a rival to be evicted from his home. One of my best birds gave his finest performance after such a trick had been played on him.

I have found the observation of my pets as interesting as the excitement of race days. A knowledge of their behavior and psychological reactions has been of much help to me in understanding why people behave as they do.

Books and Men

SIEGFRIED'S JOURNEY

by SIEGFRIED SASOON

I

WALKING in the water meadows by the river below Garsington on the quiet gray morning of November 11, 1918, I listened to a sudden peal of bells from the village church and saw little flags being fluttered out from the windows of the thatched houses on the hill. Everyone had expected to hear that the Armistice was signed; but even now it wasn't easy to absorb the idea that the war was over. The sense of relief couldn't be expressed by any mental or physical gesture. I just stood still with a blank mind, listening to the bells which announced our deliverance.

Had I been my present philosophic self, I should thankfully have remained in that peaceful place, keeping as far as possible from metropolitan rejoicings. But, being what I then was, it seemed imperative for me to rush up to London, though more for the purpose of observing the celebrations than of sharing in them. My former front-line associates were the only people with whom I felt any inclination to be festive. None were available. So I wired to an Air Force friend of Robbie Ross. He had a flat off Bond Street, and had offered me a room whenever it suited me. I didn't know him well; but he had shown an ardent enthusiasm for my war writings and could be relied on to agree with my attitude towards the jubilations.

I was prepared for an orgy of patriotic demonstrations, but the reality went far beyond what I had foreseen. There is no need to describe the extraordinary spectacle of the London streets on Armistice

night. I lugged my bag through the inebriated throngs which were parading Regent Street.

No taxis or buses were visible, and by the time I trod wearily up the stone stairs to Eddie Marsh's flat I was in no mood for making new acquaintances. But it happened that John Drinkwater was also staying the night there, and he arrived a few minutes after I did. The sensations and events of the last two days had told even on indefatigable Eddie. Drinkwater, however, had plenty of energy in reserve. Friendly and unfatigued, he had very soon opened an important-looking leather portfolio which contained manuscripts of his latest poems. It was taken for granted that the editor of *Georgian Poetry* was both willing and anxious to hear them read aloud before retiring to bed, so we solemnly sat ourselves down, resolved to be wide-awake and appreciative.

The purposeful and practical-minded poet was at a table, reading by the light of a shaded lamp. His diction, like his verse, was urbane and accomplished, but the poems were numerous, and his unhurrying and self-satisfied voice produced restful rather than rousing results. Eddie remained bolt upright in his chair with monocle firmly fixed, while I did my utmost not to lapse into a lolling attitude. Murmurings of polite approval followed each item. About 1.00 A.M. there came a longish consignment of somewhat soporific blank verse which I was unable to follow attentively. This was followed by a graceful lyric ending

While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

At this point Eddie, no doubt intending to utter some phrase of approbation, failed to suppress the well-earned yawn. The fact was that both of us were so tired that we could hardly keep our eyes open, and it seemed that if the recital lasted much longer we should be imitating the persons mentioned in the poem. However, the hint was taken by the imperturbable author. Himself realizing that it was grow-

English poet and novelist, SIEGFRIED SASOON served for four and one-half years in the First World War as an infantry officer. He was twice wounded and was decorated with the Military Cross. In 1917, when he was invalided back to England, he publicly denounced the horror of war and continued his protestation in his satirical poems which made a considerable impact in this country and in England at the war's end.

His first prose work, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, was published in 1928; it was followed in 1930 by *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. He has just completed a new volume of his reminiscences, *Siegfried's Journey, 1916-1920*, from which the *Atlantic* has drawn two installments.

ing late, he liberated us by replacing the manuscripts in his portfolio.

In the morning he conducted me to the Poetry Bookshop, introduced me to its poet-proprietor Harold Monroe, and gave me an inscribed copy of his play *Abraham Lincoln*. He was anxious to be friendly, but somehow the acquaintance never matured. Now I come to think of it, at our subsequent meetings I almost always heard him read his works aloud. This prejudiced me against him, owing to my preference for bards who hide their lights under bushels. Drinkwater never did that, though he was much liked by those who knew him intimately.

2

Two evenings later I resumed my series of "excursions to the homes of celebrated authors." John Galsworthy had asked me to contribute a poem to *Reveille*, a magazine which — with his usual generosity — he had consented to edit. He was hoping that it would enable the younger generation to obtain a hearing in the post-war world; but it came to an end after three distinguished numbers. Meanwhile it had brought me a cordial invitation to dine at Grove Lodge, his beautiful old house in Hampstead. Thither I went, tuned to concert pitch for yet another memorable occasion. Memorable it was, but mainly through an atmosphere of achieved serenity.

Even when I had got to know him, Galsworthy produced an impression of being a reticent revealer of himself, for he was essentially modest and unegotistical. At our first meeting his reserved but shiningly sympathetic manner made me — partly owing to politeness — so talkative that I felt more like an impulsively informative nephew than a contributor to the next number of *Reveille*. As he sat at the dark polished dinner table, his strikingly handsome face and unassuming dignity seemed somehow avuncular, suggesting that, when we had finished our discussion of Turgenev and Thomas Hardy and I was sipping a second glass of the '87 port, he would inquire, with a subdued smile, whether a slight increase in my college allowance would meet with my approval. By the end of the evening I almost felt that I ought to call him "Uncle Jack." Mrs. Galsworthy, too, seemed well qualified to become "Aunt Ada," for she was full of charm and lively intelligence. After dinner I was induced to try their lovely piano, on which I discreetly performed a Bach saraband. I departed feeling that the creator of the unforgettable Forsyte family was exactly what I should have wished him to be.

During the ensuing week I was in such a vortex of accepted invitations and met such a hotchpotch of old friends and fresh acquaintances that it makes me positively dizzy to contemplate that scene of mentally indigestible experience. What I accomplished in those seven days would now be enough to satisfy my normal social needs for a twelvemonth. But by many

people that brief bout of long-vanished activities would not be considered exceptional. Nor can my mellowed maturity deny that — since the combination of youth and circumstance was making things lively for me — a rabble of disordered occurrences was inevitable. What bothers me about that kaleidoscopic young man is the remembered inconsistency of his responses to various individuals. What was I like with Walter de la Mare? I wonder. For it was to him that I made an expedition at the end of the aforesaid week of festivities. But what he was like with me is an obviously preferable subject for retrospection.

To be composing but a prelusive page or two about de la Mare brings remembrance of the crowding enchantments of his word-magic. I must indeed begin by recording that I took a suburban train to the Crystal Palace on a raw foggy November evening, and then went along to Anerley in a clanking tram. But even that humdrum journey associates itself with a couplet of his: —

Flee into some forgotten night and be
Of all dark long my moon-bright company.

After that I see myself ringing the front-door bell of a dimly discerned house in a quiet side street. It was necessary that Mr. de la Mare should live somewhere in the Postal Directory. Thornsett Road happened to be the label attached to his terrestrial habitation. Yet my mind was unwilling to be convinced that he permanently existed anywhere away from the timeless province of his imaginations. Anerley was only the (somewhat inaccessible) device he had adopted for making himself accessible to ordinary mortals.

And, at first sight, it seemed that he was even doing what he could to disguise himself from identification as the de la Mare of his books. In my ardency of admiration I had expected to receive an immediate impression of poetic genius, to discover in his face some implication of ghostly communings. There was, however, nothing mysterious about the humorous and hospitable Mr. de la Mare whom I found in the midst of his family. He was as homely and natural as Hardy, and as neighborly in his attitude to the details of everyday existence. One had to be alone with him before he began to make known things miraculous, setting one's dull wits moving to the music of his mind. On that evening two other poets were there — John Freeman, who also lived at Anerley, and Wilfrid Gibson, whom I had already met and liked and who wore the uniform of an Army Service Corps private.

It was while they were appraising Henry James's shorter stories, however, that I caught a momentary glimpse of the de la Mare whose word-wizardry had long since put its spell on me. Speaking of *The Turn of the Screw*, he recalled a particular episode in that macabre masterpiece, referring to the terrific effect created by that scene where the governess narrator, watching from a window, sees the boy out in the bright moonlight staring up at the apparition of the infamous Peter Quint on the tower above. De la

Mare's face was half in shadow, and it was then that I saw the haunting and haunted presence of genius in his eyes, and overheard in his voice the allurements of supernatural solicitings.

His all-human everyday self could reveal and combine intellectual curiosity, fanciful ingenuity, sweet reasonableness, and strong common sense. He could capture the enchantments of childhood and interpret the oddities of the old. But within him was the poetic daemon whose promptings are incalculable and whose elements are "lost in the uttermost of eternity." He has stated somewhere that "any writing about poetry, however well-intended it may be, cannot but resemble beating the air. It can do little but attempt to give reasons for a delight that needs none." The delight of knowing the poet de la Mare needs no translating into logic. But I must testify to one gift wherein he outshines any other person I have been lucky enough to meet. He has wisely warned us to "look thy last on all things lovely every hour." To this I can add that I have never been in his company without a sense of heightened and deepened perception. After talking to him, one goes away seeing the world, for a while, with rechristened eyes.

One evening in the middle of April I had an experience which seems worth describing for those who are interested in methods of poetic production. It was a sultry spring night. I was feeling dull-minded and depressed, for no explainable reason. After sitting lethargically in the ground-floor room for about three hours after dinner I came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to take my useless brain to bed. On my way from the armchair to the door I stood by the writing table. A few words had floated into my head as though from nowhere. In those days I was always on the lookout for a lyric, — I wish I could say the same for my present self, — so I picked up a pencil and wrote the words on a sheet of note paper. Without sitting down, I added a second line. It was as if I were remembering rather than thinking.

In this mindless, recollecting manner I wrote down my poem in a few minutes. When it was finished I read it through, with no sense of elation, merely wondering how I had come to be writing a poem when feeling so stupid. I then went heavily upstairs and fell asleep without thinking about it again. But next morning I felt so pleased with the lines that I sent them to Masfield, asking him to let me know whether they were any good. He replied with the generous comment that it was the only adequate peace celebration he had seen. The poem was "Everyone Sang," which has since become a stock anthology piece. No one has ever said a word against it, and it is now almost as well known as Yeats's "Innisfree."

What I have been unable to understand is that there was no apparent mental process during its composition. Many of my shorter poems have been written with a sense of emotional release and then perfected by revision — often after being put away for a long time. Others have been produced by mental

concentration and word-seeking which lasted two or three hours. But there was usually a feeling of having said what I wanted to with directness and finality. "Everyone Sang" was composed without emotion and needed no alteration afterwards. Its rather free form was spontaneous and unlike any other poem I have written. I wasn't aware of any technical contriving. Yet it was essentially an expression of release, and signified a thankfulness for liberation from the war years which came to the surface with the advent of spring. Many people, by the way, have interpreted the poem as referring to soldiers singing while on the march, so I take this opportunity of stating that no such idea was in my mind.

My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away . . . O but every one
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the
singing will never be done.

Thus I saluted the post-war future and my own part in it. Not many weeks before, I had written an effective recitation poem which ended "Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget." This, I hoped, was to be my last word on the subject, for I assumed that war "as an instrument of national policy" was completely discredited. The singing that would "never be done" was the Social Revolution which I believed to be at hand. In what form that Revolution would arrive I cannot now remember foreseeing — possibly because its form was invisible to me. No doubt I anticipated that there would be some comparatively harmless rioting, but on the whole I merely thought of it as the sunlight of Liberty spreading across the landscape. Most of my arguments in favor of it were denunciations of the Rich supported by extremely imperfect acquaintance with the Poor.

It astonishes me now that I could have felt so strongly about it, or have been so oblivious to the obdurate unprogressiveness of semi-civilized mankind. The old might shake their heads and talk about Freedom broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent; but the new world was going to be made by the Young, and I was one of them. I felt comfortably optimistic about my own career and the outlook for human affairs in general.

3

THE year 1919, which had been welcomed by credulous souls as an antechamber to the millennium, labored under a pervasive disadvantage. Too much was expected of it. It was a year of rootless beginnings and steadily developing disillusionments. Few people realized this at the time, and I was not one of them. Up to the end of June, I was actively occupied, confident through success, and insolently healthy with youth and summer weather. But a surprise was in store for me, and although it was only a physical one, it symptomized the undoing of my

blind belief in the beneficence of 1919. One cloudless morning early in July, while getting into the train, I made some sudden stooping movement which brought on an acute pain in my left leg. Unable to believe that such agony could last many minutes, I waited for it to diminish. What right had 1919 to do such a thing to me? The treacherous demon sciatica responded by accentuating its paroxysmal pain.

But I was due at a large luncheon party in Chelsea, and thither I went, hoping that cultured conversation would cause autosuggestive alleviation to my leg. Sitting next to the wife of a distinguished Law Lord, I plaintively confided my ordeal to her. This resulted in my being conveyed to her urbane family physician, who advised me to wear warm clothes and abstain from red wine, which seemed a somewhat academic treatment of the case. Couldn't he possibly do something to stop the pain, I asked. Whereupon he provided a prescription with which I obtained some pills about half the size of a ping-pong ball. With these potencies in my pocket I hobbled away to Osbert Sitwell's house in Swan Walk. He was out for the afternoon; but his housekeeper, — a woman of limitless good nature, — after an interlude during which I sat on the stairs with my eyes shut, soon put me between the sheets; and having swallowed one of my celluloid boxes, I subsided into oblivion.

I must ask the reader's indulgence for these medical reminiscences. Sciatica is not an enthralling subject; but it was the autocrat of my existence for the next few months. During those months various interesting experiences came my way, but the predominant circumstance was that I could never stoop to pick anything up without suffering a severe spasm.

While in bed for ten days at Swan Walk, however, I was tended with the utmost solicitude. Some years later I saw the Sitwells referred to, in some journal, as "the stormy petrels of modern literature." Perhaps they were. But towards my sciatica-smitten self both Osbert and Sacheverell behaved like angelic and agitated turtledoves. Almost always in a hurry, one or other seemed continually to be dashing up the steep stairs to look in and ask, "How are you?" Everything that could possibly divert my thoughts from sciatica was brought into my little room. Their housekeeper (the only first-class cook I have ever known who was also an amiable character) plied me with her finest confections. And a highly intelligent doctor called daily to assure me that I should soon be up and about again if I avoided getting hot and exposing my leg to drafts.

There were times when I felt like remaining recumbent as long as possible, for the stiller I kept the less I suffered. Dozing through the warm afternoons, I enjoyed listening to the sounds of the house and wondering what the Sitwells were up to now. There would be a burst of animated conversation, an affectionate farewell, and then the front door would bang as one of them went out on some social or artistic enterprise. Sometimes I would pretend to be asleep when Osbert looked in — a blond Hanoverian ap-

partition in a frock coat and top hat of immaculate gray. Was he on his way to the Peace Celebrations, I wondered. Or was he only off to confer with printer or publisher about the latest number of *Art and Letters*, the lively modernist magazine which he was editing?

Not for the first time, I was aware that being in bed in someone else's house gives one a great pull over the problems of life and permits the mind to move with unimpeded smoothness. I have always believed in allowing things to take their course without my interference, and being in bed is the nearest one can get to invisibility. Some day, perhaps, the scientists will invent a device for achieving it. This — for persons of my temperament — would afford a providential antidote to the present mechanized progress towards never being in the same place for five minutes. Quietude is essential to human happiness. This fact needs to be comprehensively rediscovered.

4

WHILE staying with the Sitwells I found that, among their stimulating and delightful qualities, restfulness was conspicuously absent. I used to complain to Osbert that he never stuck to one subject for more than half a minute. His sallies of wit (not always benevolent when directed at his literary coevals) were a shorthand display which often made me wish that he would be long-winded and prosy instead of twitching me from one thing to another.

It was a case where an admixture of our mental ingredients would have improved us both. His intelligence was quick and capricious, while mine functioned in the manner exhibited by these memoirs. He was, in fact, the antithesis of a cavalry captain who had sagely observed to me that the war had taught the French Army what riding boots ought to be, and who would probably have remarked of Osbert that "the trouble with these brainy birds is that they think too much"! In reply to which, Osbert would have quoted one of his own poems wherein he made a sportsman express surprise that the Son of God went into the desert for forty days without shooting anything.

Remembering those early days of my association with the Sitwells, I see myself being rapidly and bewilderingly introduced to the newest fashions in art and literature. The process was a wholesome antidote to my intolerance of the unusual and my instinctive preference for the traditional. Osbert's house was full of pictures which looked peculiar to my inexperienced eyes. In some instances I am inclined to suggest that they were more startling and experimental than well drawn. Wax flowers and other evidences of the vogue for early Victorianism mingled with totemistic objects which exemplified a new aesthetic tendency to find beauty in the barbaric. This assortment confused my mind and made me suspect dilettantism in my surroundings.

I may well have wondered what the fox hunters would make of it; and it so happened that the test was applied to one of them. My old friend Norman Loder, to whom I had written explaining my inability to go and stay with him at Peterborough, called on me one morning. He entered my bedroom carrying a leather hatbox, and his demeanor implied that the few minutes he had spent in Osbert's drawing room had given him the surprise of his life. "Whatever are you doing here?" he inquired, eying a Cubist painting near the door as though expecting it to bite him. When in his world I had always behaved as a submissive disciple, and he evidently felt that the sooner he got me away from this one the better. I retaliated by asking what he was doing with that hatbox. He informed me that it contained a perfectly good hunting hat which he had no use for. "I've just been all the way to Moss's in Covent Garden, and they had the impudence to offer me eighteen-pence for it!" he remarked, looking offended when I laughed.

Meanwhile his arrival had de-Sitwellized me and I was soon talking to him in his own idiom. But when he asked, in subdued and almost conspiratorial tones, "Who *are* these Sitwells?" I could only assure him that, though not quite his sort, they were awfully nice and had both been officers in the Grenadier Guards, which mystified him still more. Any dilemma that existed, however, was more mine than his. Norman never actively disapproved of anyone. He was too good-natured for that. He either accepted people or decided, without comment, that they were no good to him. He had found it difficult to swallow my Socialism, and had lectured me a bit about being so pro-German. Now that the Swan Walk pictures had been too much for his elementary taste in art, he regarded the Sitwell ménage as further proof of my being led astray by the high-brows.

My own dilemma consisted in the divided personality which his presence created. We had been friends for nearly fifteen years, and he had dominated the sporting part of my existence. To the Sitwells, though they would probably have thought him a good joke, he was the pattern of that Philistinism against which they rebelled. And here was I, feebly attempting to be on both sides at once. For at that time I was simple-minded enough to want — and expect — all my friends to like one another. Why shouldn't they, if I liked them individually? In the end I found it safer to keep most of them in separate compartments. Anyhow, Norman, who — for all his kindness — didn't understand what acute sciatica felt like, had decided that I only needed fresh air and exercise to put me right. Having made me promise to come and stay with him as soon as possible, he picked up his hatbox and went treading cautiously down the stairs.

Osbert, on the other hand, was less Spartan in his attitude towards my convalescence. He recommended a course of treatment at Bath. So he and I and Sacheverell went there for a week, and I was sweepingly introduced to the eighteenth century. I

had always thought of Bath as a dull place where old ladies lived in retirement, but the Sitwells soon put a stop to that. They were insatiable sight-seers, and I learned a lot about the Palladian style of architecture while limping around with them.

For me — though not for them — there was a rival attraction in the Bath Cricket Week. Amiable and forbearing, they conceded me at least one afternoon on the County Ground, where I watched the Worcestershire batsmen in difficulties on a sticky wicket, against the eminent slow bowler, J. C. White. The amateurs of the Somerset team were staying in our hotel. Observing them after dinner, I felt — as in my boyhood — that even in private life no first-class cricketer could be an altogether uninteresting person. To the Sitwells, J. C. White lighting his pipe and settling down to a quiet game of bridge was merely a modest, jolly West Country farmer. For me, his presence implied that Olympian quality which rightly appertained to one of the best spin bowlers in England.

Soon after leaving Bath I went to stay with the Loders. My leg was now improving, though liable to stabbing pains if used indiscreetly. I did my best to be my ordinary self, so it was taken for granted that there was very little the matter, and on the morning after my arrival I meekly accepted Norman's announcement that we were all going for a ride. He had got a nice-looking little horse on trial from a dealer and wanted to see how the animal went with me. If he was too lively I could change to the one he was riding. There seemed to be some suspicion that the horse was too low-priced and good-looking not to have something wrong about him. Though placid enough when led up to the mounting block, I noticed that he had a small, sulky, and unbenevolent eye. With sciatic caution I got on to him, inwardly wishing that he were a Bath chair pulled by a donkey.

We jogged along quietly until we entered Mr. Fitzwilliam's enormous deer park and Norman instructed me to canter him on a bit. This I proceeded to do, with the immediate result that he did everything possible to show what was wrong with him. Had I been a cowboy from the Wild West the tussle between us would have proved worth witnessing. No doubt the cowboy would have got the best of it. I didn't. With his head between his knees, the fiendish quadruped swerved and twisted like an eel, kicking nearly as high as my head. Unable to grip with my sciatic leg, I was very soon shot over his ears, and he galloped away with the reins flapping and Norman in circumspective pursuit. Thankful my troubles were over, I remained full length on the ground, waiting for my sciatic twinges to abate. As Norman subsequently remarked — when the episode could be treated as funny — "Old Sig lay there on his back like a crusader." I may as well add that old Sig spent the rest of that day in bed, and for the remainder of his visit took every precaution against being treated as a person in robust health.

THEY KNEW NOT JOSEPH

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

1

TEACHING a class of lively undergraduates what they ought to know about American literature since 1890 is, if one is past the half-century mark, an experience at once baffling and queerly exciting. The excitement lies almost wholly in the unpredictability of the contacts (or lack of contact) between the cultural experience of one generation and the literary knowledge of another. The depressing aspect of the chore lies not only in the innocent ignorance of The Young about cultural landmarks in our national development; it lies also in their solemn and unhumorous attitude towards "literature."

For literature is a serious matter (or so they have been trained to believe). It is the expression of a critical party line. It is the exposition of "values." It is the desperate occasion of something called "criticism," and criticism, among The Young, is about what painful Perkins was to our Calvinist predecessors: an intricate but rigid rule of faith. Lightness of touch, a concern for what is not "literature," are not part of a cultural education.

What follows will have meaning mainly for aging persons who look forward with ambiguous emotions to retirement, and wonder about Winter Park, Florida. This generation once mistakenly thought Stevenson was a great writer. Long before Mr. T. S. Eliot found out about Kipling, it found out about Kipling. It was a generation born during the Pullman strike, vaguely conscious of the Spanish-American War, and coming into maturity about the time the first Roosevelt was making the White House shake with sheer physical vitality.

In the radio world, of course, this generation does not exist. There was something with bustles, bucolic and infantile, called the Gay Nineties, but at this point history ceased; and as for the Big Stick, Fighting Bob Evans, the Pinchot-Ballinger row, President Taft (described by Senator Dolliver as a fat man in the White House, surrounded by people who know exactly what they want), the Bull Moose campaign, or the row at Princeton University between Dean West and Woodrow Wilson, they never existed. The

Young, who pick up their living knowledge of history from the radio, are therefore of opinion that the Gay Nineties were immediately followed by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. This led to the Russian Revolution, and this in turn was followed by apple-selling on the streets of Detroit, which continued until shortly before Pearl Harbor.

This telescoped version of history necessarily leaves little room for the decorative arts. For example, The Young have never heard of the Gibson girl; and when I tell them that Richard Harding Davis was the original of the Gibson man, they look pleasantly blank. When I try the explanation that the Gibson man was the Arrow Collar man of a later decade, this arouses almost no trace of recognition. I move on to the Calvert Whiskey ads about leading men, and a faint, dawning light of pity appears in the eyes of promising juniors.

The Gibson girl, as I remember, was always appearing in double-page spreads in *Life*. But *Life*, of course, is Mr. Luce's *Life*, just as *Puck* and *Judge*, if they are recognized at all, are only the pulp cartoon books you occasionally find on cheaper newsstands. Keppler, next to Nast America's greatest political cartoonist, is naturally without meaning; but so, too, are his sparkling literary contemporaries, H. C. Bunner, John Kendrick Bangs, and Frank R. Stockton. I can find nobody who has read *A Houseboat on the Styx*. But then, I can find nobody who has read "The Lady or the Tiger?" or who knows anything about Mrs. Aleshine. As for the Carryls (Charles and Guy), even David McCord's recent anthology of light verse reduces each of them to a poem apiece, albeit Charles's is "The Walloping Window-blind."

But what I meant to say further about the Gibson girl is that she was always turning up, not only in *Life*, but also traced on flat pieces of wood for the amateur pyrographer. Alas! neither pyrography nor raffia baskets nor the bead-stringing enthusiasm of my high school years has the slightest meaning for modern youth. They do not even know how John Singer Sargent translated the Gibson girl into oils. They only know the murals on the stairs of the Widener Library.

The Gibson girl and the Gibson man were such perfect representatives of the American ideal at the

Educator, biographer, and poet, HOWARD MUMFORD JONES is a native of Michigan whose ability as a teacher of English has found scope at the University of Texas, at Chapel Hill, at the University of Michigan, and at Harvard.

opening of the present century, they ought to be part of the education we give in the various courses in "American culture" that are springing up like mushrooms on our college campuses. These curricula have, however, the same desperate earnestness, the same unhumorous intentness upon the "American dream," "American idealism," "American thought," I have before remarked. The literary staple of these courses is such philosophical fellows as Increase Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Emerson, Thoreau, Herman Melville (who apparently never, never smiled), Walt Whitman, and Henry Adams. Above all, Henry Adams.

The discovery by English departments of *The Education of Henry Adams* I shall always count an educational calamity. This book served to catalyze what (to use the expression of H. L. Mencken, a sage who wrote in those remote times) I can only call the cosmic bellyache. The cosmic bellyache is sometimes such that Mark Twain is read only for his mournful moments, as in *The Mysterious Stranger* and *What Is Man?* *The Innocents Abroad* becomes a document in international cultural relationships; *The Gilded Age* reveals the iniquities of American folkways; and *Roughing It* forms the basis of semantic studies about the meaning of "The West."

2

OF course The Young are to be forgiven their ignorance of *Life* (the old *Life*) and the other names I have listed. But are they (or we) to be forgiven for their not knowing who George Ade is — or was? Can you rear a proper younger crowd in this republic without the aid of *Fables in Slang*? The ripest collection of American literature on my shelves is *The Oxford Anthology of American Literature*; it includes neither George Ade nor Finley Peter Dunne. Alas, the *Fables in Slang* have nowadays to be glossed as if they were a translation of *Beowulf*, and I confidently expect some alert young Ph.D. candidate to bring out an annotated edition. George Ade is as remote as the jokes that alleviated manual toil while the pyramids were building. As for Eugene Field, The Young have mostly never heard of him; or if they have, they don't care. The trouble is that they were afflicted in their earlier years with "Little Boy Blue."

Perhaps the most amazing blankness concerns the redoubtable O. Henry — who usually comes out as O'Henry. In one of his stories this Celtic genius has a sentence which runs: "A pompadour followed by a stenographer entered the room." A puzzled sophomore asked me to explain why a dog preceded the stenographer. Much of O. Henry is simply unintelligible. Of course you can (and should) draw from this crushing fact moral implications about the inutility of writing in slang if you propose to be read by posterity (you know me, Al); but, speaking for my generation, all I can say is: "What has posterity ever

done for us?" (That's a joke, son — an eighties-nineties joke!)

Right before World War I the advanced academic guard caught up with O. Henry, just as the advanced guard caught up with Melville about ten years ago, and as they are now making a cult of Henry James. O. Henry was analyzed; philosophy was found in him; he was adjudged to be the quintessential part of the American thing; he was, in sum, the academic berries. But where is Mr. Porter nowadays? Will the Melville cult and the T. S. Eliot boom and the Henry James enthusiasm suffer a similar catastrophe? Who knows?

As The Young sometimes frequent cinemas devoted to the development of the movies, they seem to know something about Ruggles of Red Gap, whom they naturally confuse with Mr. Charles Laughton. When I point out, however, that Mr. Laughton does not write his own scripts, and inquire who created Ruggles, there is an uncomfortable pause. I murmur "Ma Pettengill" but nothing happens. The name of Harry Leon Wilson is like that of the Dodo. In fact, I have to lecture with a great show of learning about the humor of the West, driving them like flocks to read not only Mr. Wilson's prose and not only the tales of the Old Cattleman as set forth in the slow drawl of Alfred Henry Lewis; I have to assign *The Virginian* as a serious task. The only "Western" above the horizon in their high-minded world is Professor J. Frank Dobie. They might do worse.

What really hurts, however, is that The Young have never heard of Mr. Dooley. I mean this literally as a dark and tragic truth. They have never heard of Finley Peter Dunne; they do not know where Archey Road is; they do not understand Mr. Hennessey's function in those immortal dialogues, so much like those of Socrates and so much briefer. What is worse, they cannot read him. It hurts the feelings of Irishmen nowadays to look at Mr. Dunne's palpably wrongheaded dialect.

And The Young, who have painfully acquired a reverence for William Butler Yeats and have been taught to avoid the Celtic twilight, *cannot read Mr. Dooley*. I mean this literally. They cannot twist their tongues around that immortal, that bright and quenchless brogue. I think there is something wrong in a republic that has no Mr. Dooley; and while I admire Charlie McCarthy, Mr. McCarthy's wisecracks are of too intimate and private a nature to direct public affairs. When Mr. Dooley spoke, the White House listened.

My boyhood was brightened by visions of Happy Hooligan, Foxy Grandpa, Maud, the Katzenjammer Kids, and Buster Brown — though for this latter character I had then, and have now, small liking. I do not expect The Young to recognize these names. But what of Little Nemo? Little Nemo, whose Sunday adventures did on paper all that Mr. Disney has since accomplished in his more beautiful animated drawings? Each week saw Little Nemo dreaming weird, multicolored, romantic dreams, each of them

reaching its climax in some impossible metaphysical tangle, some crushing Piranesi-like nightmare, resolved in the last frame by Little Nemo's waking to the fact that he had fallen out of bed.

I haven't a doubt in the world that Little Nemo reveals some dark truth about the American psyche, and I wonder that D. H. Lawrence did not brigade him with Leatherstocking in that queer book he devoted to the deep, demoniac urges that characterize the American Muse. But Little Nemo is now one with Aristophanes and Richard Harding Davis and Pixley and Luders and Minnie Maddern Fiske and young Astyanax, the hope of Troy — something the professor makes you look up in the library. The Young retort that I have not read *The Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer*.

I feel regretful about Little Nemo, but I am hotly indignant about Krazy Kat. (Yes, I know the strip continues, but I am talking about the classic days that drew the admiration of Gilbert Seldes in *The Seven Lively Arts*.) Ignatz is not a Serious Problem in the Interpretation of American Culture. The brick that Offisa Pup too frequently failed to intercept has no place in The Economic Novel in America. The profound truth that "it takes a bold woin to live emong a apple" is unknown to The Young. They deeply believe that American conservatives in the genteel tradition fought distortion in art because their gentility could not stomach modernism; they do not know that Mr. Herriman's genius in the Hearst newspapers taught us all we needed to know about distortion, long before anybody had dreamed of the Museum of Modern Art, sighed over El Greco, or discovered Mr. Dali's melted watches.

Of course we had our serious thinkers, too. There was, for example, Max Nordau, now scorned by those who read Professor Hooton on apes and experience an agreeable terror at the prospect of the end of Western man. Those who have seen movies of Buchenwald are, however, not inclined to laugh away the Nordau prophecy of degeneration; and it was with a mild, ironic satisfaction that we Elder Statesmen witnessed the rediscovery of Mr. H. G. Wells's scientific romances as foreshadowing the age of atoms and airplanes. I wonder whether a renewed vogue of *The War of the Worlds* and *In the Days of the Comet* will lead to Mr. Polly? I wonder, for that matter, whether anybody outside the Baker Street Irregulars knows who Professor Moriarty was?

3

I INTEND no disrespect for H. L. Mencken by remarking that among The Young he is a dead duck. I think it was the late Professor Beers who said of Teddy Roosevelt's death that it was like the ceasing of the playing of a military band. So was it when the old *American Mercury* shrank to pocket size. Mr. Mencken has lately done honorable things with his *American Language*, and when I last saw him, be-

trayed no intentions of sinking into an obscure senility, but from the point of view of The Young he is coeval with H. H. Brackenridge, the Mencken of an early time, who wrote *Modern Chivalry*; or, if that is too obscure, Mr. Mencken is as remote as William of Ockham.

The belly laughter, the scornful Falstaffian thunder, the wild and raucous vocabulary, the symphonic double talk, the Rabelaisian abuse that poured like fiery lava from Hollins Street, now are reduced by The Young to such propositions as: "Was the *Smart Set* a truly international magazine?"; "Errors in Mencken's Theory of Puritanism"; and "Theodore Dreiser and Henry Louis Mencken. Comparison and Contrast." They read *A Book of Prefaces* with the same docility they bring to Cardinal Newman, Bacon's *Essays*, and the first book of *The Faerie Queene*. It is all improving. But they no more know what the noise was all about than they know what Mr. Dooley meant when he retitled Roosevelt's *The Rough Riders* "Alone in Cubia." For them the military band never played. They are attuned to quartets by Shostakovitch.

Are there no contacts between class and teacher? Does no spark of recognition close the gap? Yes, but only on serious issues. The Young are honorably concerned about the fate of the world. They do not like the existing practice of either statesmanship or scholarship. And of course they are right. But I should like it if they could understand what Masefield meant (a poet they seldom read) when he said, "The days that make us happy make us wise." They overlook the wit in Edith Wharton because they are so intent on reading her as a chronicler of a Conflict in Social Aims.

They can see what Irving Babbitt and even what George F. Babbitt were all about; they cannot see what Brander Matthews, that crusader for craftsmanship, or what David Harum was all about. Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser — these (shall I say?) more obvious writers they "get." But the high, supple art, the cosmic wisdom, the humane and lambent understanding of Ellen Glasgow or Willa Cather lie beyond them, despite all the current classroom conversation about the art of the novel and The Meaning of Prose. Civilization is in a bad way, and they cannot laugh.

Well, civilization is in a bad way. I do not laugh very much myself. But I do not think the absence of laughter is going to cure civilization, nor do I believe that a tense and overearnest younger generation in America is going to understand a tense and overearnest younger generation in Russia. Each will be only too certain its own ideology is right.

Perhaps we are about to be wiped out by our own devilishness. Perhaps, after all, Satan in *The Mysterious Stranger* is the symbol of something mysteriously called "our time." The problem of evil was certainly attacked more earnestly in *Moby Dick* than it was in Archey Road. But I think Archey Road was the more civilized habitation. "Our time" also pro-

duced archy the cockroach and mehitabel, Hermione and her little group of serious thinkers, Will Rogers, F.P.A., Keith Preston, and "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

I do not recall any record of such laughter in the epoch when Ausonius and Rufus Festus Avienus were pretending the barbarians did not matter. In a casual way I am faintly cognizant of other literary periods heralding the decay of culture and the end of the world, periods from which humorists were strikingly absent. And as I think over all that The Young do not know about the gayety of American life from 1890 to Pearl Harbor, I am of opinion they are taking on an unnecessary burden of grief, and that the gloomy works of criticism they read about tragedy in American culture do not reflect all of American existence.

But The Young are not to blame. The truth is, I am. My professional compeers and I have constructed literary history and left out all the fun. Ours is a Cultural Effort. It goes after Value Judgments.

We cultivate Taste. We improve something called the Art of Reading, even when Professor Adler tells us that we ourselves can't read. We are very, very earnest about interpreting life through literature. Ours is a serious task because, among other things, we must in an age of science and technology keep up in earnestness and comprehensive zeal with the nuclear physicists and the calculating machines. Which is probably all right.

Only, the thing our studies overlook is gusto — the savor and tang of ordinary American existence. The *New Yorker*, admirable magazine that it is, is our favorite reading matter because it is "sophisticated," which means that the cartoons of Messrs. Price and Adams are in a different universe from the world of Mr. Fred Allen, Mr. Kay Kyser, and Duffy's Tavern. But I wonder who ruled out Mr. Allen, Mr. Kyser, and Mr. Duffy from the sacred confines of American culture? I am still baffled why we professors of English are all so damn learned about Falstaff and so blandly ignorant of Mr. Dooley.

MEET THE MODERN EGO

by JACQUES BARZUN

I

THE name of Cyril Connolly should be better known than it is to American readers. Those who see the English magazine *Horizon*, which Mr. Connolly edits, or who used to read his reviews in the *New Statesman*, know something of his quality as a journalist. They and others would find it equally worth their effort to come to know him through his books as a representative modern mind; a mind so full of our own knowledge and prejudices, our own high and low spirits, our own anxiety — and at the same time so competent in self-analysis — that to read him is to explore many neglected corners of oneself. I choose at random from his latest volume: —

"Were someone to say 'if I put this pill in your beer it will explode,' we might believe them; but were they to cry 'if I pronounce this spell over your beer, it will go flat,' we should remain incredulous. . . . Paracelsus, the Alchemists . . . have lived in vain. Yet when I read science I turn magical; when I study magic, scientific."

Or again: "I wake up in anxiety; like a fog it over-

lays all I do, and my days are muffled with anguish. Somewhere in the mind are crossed the wires of fear and lust and all day long nature's burglar alarm shrills out in confusion. I dread the bell, the post, the telephone, the sight of an acquaintance. Anguish, anxiety, remorse, and guilt. . . ."

If you are candid with yourself you will not quickly dismiss the maker of these confessions as an anomaly; rather, you will awaken tomorrow somewhat strengthened by fellow feeling, and you will observe your next glass of beer with a new and philosophic interest. Writers who can affect us in this way are rare, particularly if, like Mr. Connolly, they have the nerve needed to speak briefly and directly, instead of playing hide-and-seek throughout the pages of a mammoth novel.

So far, I admit, the American reader's chances of coming face to face with Mr. Connolly have been slight. His first book of criticism, *Enemies of Promise*, was issued in this country in 1939, but it remained, unaccountably, a monument of secret publishing. Now two more volumes are being put before us. One, *The Unquiet Grave*, is a short diary already published, from which I have taken the quotations above; the other is a collection of the author's major essays, which Macmillan will bring out this spring as *The Condemned Playground*.

Now Professor of Cultural History at Columbia University, JACQUES BARZUN came to this country after the First World War and became an American citizen in 1933. He is the author of several *Atlantic* books of history and criticism, of which *Romanticism and the Modern Ego* deals at length with the problem he discusses in this article.

If, as is likely, these titles of books fail to invite, it must be said that they exhibit the side of Mr. Connolly's mind which has struck his critics most forcibly and disagreeably in the writings themselves. That quality — or defect — is self-consciousness, and I believe that what is so irritating about it is the degree to which it is the mark of our time.

But having said that Mr. Connolly is a representative man, we must obviously start with the feature in him that most clearly makes him so. An example will show what I mean. "Both my happiness and my unhappiness," says Mr. Connolly, "I owe to the love of pleasure; of sex, travel, reading, conversation (hearing myself talk), food, drink, cigars and lying in warm water." A modern man indeed! Restless, sensual, and dependent on bathtubs; self-aware and not restrained by any vestiges of Victorianism from saying what crosses his mind.

But is he wholly emancipated, natural, free? Far from it, for he is self-conscious. Self-consciousness lurks in that parenthetical aside "conversation (hearing myself talk)" and colors all the rest — wisdom, choice of existence, taste in art, titling of books, and reportorial genius itself. This dye diffused through Mr. Connolly's pages, whether confessional or meditative, is the same as we find in nearly all modern writing, foreign and domestic. Mr. Connolly, who recounts his boyhood in *Enemies of Promise*, evidently learned this cosmetic masking of the self from the best sources — his elders in art and literature.

I purposely chose from him a trivial instance, in order to show how universal, even how unconscious, this self-consciousness has become. Mr. Connolly could not let pass the opportunity of telling us that he is not fooled: he knows how much egotism enters into the pleasure of conversation, and he wants us to know he knows. He overstates the fact to prove that his ego hurts him even more than it does us. Nothing, it seems to me, will look to posterity so characteristic of our century as this desire, this compulsive gesture, of self-deprecation and self-depreciation.

But what is it that drives us to it, forcing us back upon ourselves to distort or deny, in this instance, the traditional belief that conversation is a *mutual* pleasure? Why is the modern ego so uncomfortable? Life has always been hard. We know that Margaret Fuller — and others — did not accept the universe without a struggle, but we, it almost seems, *invent* defects and hidden sores, which we then pretend to accept with an unconvincing smile. Once we have caught ourselves doing it, we recognize the grimace in others. I remember reading an interview given by a woman novelist in which she insisted that she had been an exceedingly ugly child. Who cares? Why say it? Self-consciousness is the answer. I suspect, though I do not know, that Mr. Connolly lets his friends talk and enjoys hearing them.

The disease — for it is nothing less than a disease — lives and thrives in our culture, attacking the individual nervous system from without and blighting it with characteristic jitters. Notice the widespread

unwillingness to appear pleased with the honors or responsibilities that befall us. A friend of mine was recently made trustee of a hospital. "I suppose," he said in grumbling announcement of the news, "you just sit there and say 'Aye' to the treasurer's report." On the surface no one was to know that the new appointee was intensely pleased with himself and eager for the fairly exacting duties he had assumed. And why not be pleased? No: he must check his feelings, repress his ego, belittle his task, and, if possible, be what we call funny at the expense of all three.

The motives behind this poor kind of comedy that we all more or less play to one another are too tangled for any simple explanation. But one element, surely, is the decay of manners. Beyond "please" and "thank you," which are doubtless indestructible, we no longer know how to behave in public or private. The "informal manners" of which we are so proud are no manners at all, the whole point of manners being that there shall be an abundance of easy forms for common use, to save thinking and avoid awkward improvisation.

But this language, this code, has broken down, and we are like shipwrecked sailors hoisting signals to the Flying Dutchman. The result is needless friction in social affairs and silliness in public: the distinguished writer maintains she was an ugly child. This is not modesty, but boasting — naturally enough, since the occasion called for a formal display of the self which our modern ego simultaneously disallowed. Yet the reader is secretly satisfied by the awkward shuffling, bribed, as it were, to tolerate the more gifted person by this confession of a defect.

This display of false shame is also connected with the people's mistaken notion of equality. The popular notion translates "one man is equal in rights with another" as "one man is no different from another." Hence democratic manners must be informal — formless — because if they were anything else, they might offend by revealing differences — of intellect, breeding, education, or habits of life.

A man accordingly pooh-poohs his achievements because — again in a democracy — the elevation of one arouses envy and competition in the rest. Benjamin Franklin knew it and said it two hundred years ago, when he explained in that grim passage of his *Autobiography* how he took care never to seem the originator of any scheme or idea. Instead, he would push it through the back door of others' minds, striving to make his superior wits anonymous and unobjectionable.

The more prevalent this attitude, the more uncomfortable we all become. "Is my ego," we wonder, "sticking out somewhere in unpleasant fashion?" We can no longer even say with the Puritan, "Behold I am nothing," for we have forgotten the words and the creed which made humility simple and palatable; and moreover, the mere utterance of an "I" draws attention to what we actually are or might be thought. Hence when Mr. Connolly has excellent

reasons for saying "I love conversation" (which suggests "he thinks he's bright"), he must at once qualify it by casting on himself the very odium of egotism we all fear. He reassures us with the afterthought, "and by conversation, I mean hearing myself talk." We reward him with a smile; "with all his faults," we say, "Connolly has a sense of humor."

I need hardly point out that I am here using Mr. Connolly as a representative for all of us children of the Age of Humor. And I so christen the age because humor is our prime virtue, whose formula is perhaps the only rigid commandment we observe. As we now understand it, the sense of humor dictates that we take not ourselves seriously, nor our neighbor, nor anything that he or we may do; and by necessity, that we be ever conscious of ourselves lest we sin through self-acceptance. Self-depreciation (as in my friend the hospital trustee) becomes the one rule of good form, the single piece of etiquette which we have for dealing with one another.

2

HAPPILY, there is more in Mr. Connolly's work than just another display of literary self-consciousness. There is a minute, dogged study of its inner and outer connections, its objects and causes. For example, in the sentence after the one detailing the author's love of food, travel, and baths, he gives us the wider context of his unhappiness; and the very first word states another of his — and our — great themes: Reality.

"Reality," says Mr. Connolly, "is what remains when these pleasures, together with hope for the future, regret for the past, vanity of the present, and all that composes the aroma of the self, are pumped out of the air bubble in which I live."

This is but to say that like the majority of moderns, Mr. Connolly is at once hypnotized and sickened by Reality. He hates it and fears it and clutches at it; and yet (save by negatives) he cannot bring himself to tell us what it is, nor why it haunts him. In this regard again, he is no freak, not even a recluse within his own bubble; only a franker and more perceptive recorder of our common life.

It was some years ago that Sir Arthur Eddington commented on the surprising prestige accorded in our century to the notion of Reality. The bare word is a power, as Sir Arthur showed by quoting from the report of a political speech: "... reality! (Loud cheers.)" Today's newspaper is built around the one adjective "realistic." We read about politicians, business leaders, clergymen, and police chiefs wrangling over facts: all can see the wild goose that the others are chasing, but each in his own eyes sees it as a palpable bird. It is the clinching argument: our side is realistic, has a monopoly on reality; you people are dreamers and idealists, if not quite utter fools. The paradox reaches its height when the wheel of fortune turns and time confounds the incredulous. Thus a distinguished historian and diplomat recently

had to point out that the "idealists" like himself who had supported a League of Nations in the twenties were actually realists who foresaw another world war, and the "realists" of that time were simply timid men of short sight.

Our trouble is that we assume Reality is out there, like a sack of potatoes, to be seen and felt and inventoried at will. This assumption is very useful in science, from which we borrowed it, but living in the midst of reality flatly contradicts that simple faith. We cannot see reality at will: we bump into it; it changes, and we carefully go around obstacles that are no longer there; which is why we perpetually have to argue about the right road, the practical plan, and — as was said by a famous tautologist — the true facts. No wonder that in this painful voyage of discovery we curse and despair and call each other names.

Apart from personal risk and unhappiness, the result of this endless recharting is that we tend to call real what has hurt us most and made itself instantly respected. We also conclude that what is unpleasant is probably effective. Scanning the news this past week for things "realistic," I found these among current meanings: shooting prisoners of war during a retreat; locking up a crying child in a closet ("Mother was realistic in the way she brought us up"); taking it for granted that mankind are cowards and knaves ("He was a realistic bargainer and never entered upon negotiations without carrying a gun and a large roll of bills"). Add up these repeated associations of the real with the nasty, and you necessarily arrive at Mr. Connolly's conclusion: "Everything is a dangerous drug except reality, which is unendurable. Happiness is in the imagination."

Clearly, there is a close relation between this view of reality, for which Mr. Connolly finds authority in his influential predecessors, — Flaubert, Heidegger, Sainte-Beuve, Baudelaire, and the rest, — and the self-consciousness that flavors all our dealings. We hate our selves because we hate our culture — or our place in it. Ruskin predicted this outcome when he said that modern industry would so dwarf the individual's role that men would scorn themselves no less than one another.

Mr. Connolly confirms the prediction, showing that when the person disintegrates, the intolerant and intolerable ego is exposed, miserably shivering and antisocial: "The industrialization of the world, the totalitarian state and the egotism of materialism have killed friendship; the first through speeding up the tempo of human communications to the point where everyone is replaceable, the second by making such demands on the individual that comradeship can only be practised between workers and colleagues for the period of their coöperation, and the last by emphasizing all that is fundamentally selfish and nasty in people, so that we are unkind about our friends and resentful of their intimacy because of something which is rotting in ourselves."

Still, man does not readily give up the pursuit of

happiness; if he cannot run after it, he will run away from its opposite. In our jargon, he will seek refuge from reality, he will escape. With the refuge of sexual love and marriage, Mr. Connolly deals at length, though indecisively. All sorts of legal, moral, and mechanical devices occur to him as likely to foster true intimacy between man and woman, except the one of extreme mutual considerateness. This avenue may be barred to us by our egotism and our contempt for manners as such, but it ought at least to be mentioned, if only as a forlorn hope when all the books on Married Love have been read and found wanting.

Meanwhile, the word Escape is ever on our lips to condemn ourselves and others. "Dream," "wish," "imagination" — we have turned all these into handy scourges to punish the commonest habits of daily life: a good sleep is an evasion, though insomnia argues guilt; to want a bath hints of prenatal predilections, but a cold shower is masochistic. Mr. Connolly, who is well read in Freudian literature, gives us a superb and only half ironic summary of our hounded hunt for bliss, capping the catalogue with a sublime pun: "If we apply depth-psychology to our own lives we see how enslaved we remain to the womb and the mother. Womb of Mother Church, of Europe, mother of continents, of horseshoe harbors and valleys, of the lap of earth, of the bed, the arm-chair and the bath, or of the Court of Charles II, of Augustan London, or the Rome of Cicero, of the bow-window of the club, of the house by the mill or the waterfront sacred to Venus; — all our lives seeking a womb with a view."

Yet as Mr. Connolly sees now and then, the view is Reality only when we have worked to make it so.

3

FOR although we might think that the great worth of Mr. Connolly's work lies in its contemporary record and diagnosis, the links between his thoughts have an added significance; and in the passage that begins with the words just quoted, he is not simply contemplative. On the contrary, he is forging his way, for perhaps the hundredth time, toward the central question of his existence — how to be an artist — and it is through his repeated effort to answer that question that he achieves what I consider his chief importance.

For him, artist, thinker, and religious man are blood brothers; often they are three in one, as he himself would obviously wish to be. Certainly it is as a writer concerned with art, reason, and faith that he serves us most, breaking again and again through the bonds that hold us in the stiff Egyptian poses I have described.

To see where and how far he can lead us, one has to retrace Mr. Connolly's path through various hot-houses including Eton and Oxford, through the seventeen years of "modernism" reflected in the literary studies (*The Condemned Playground*), to the irresisti-

bly witty revolt against contemporary fiction (*Enemies of Promise*), and finally to the journal which has furnished my illustrations thus far.

Throughout this odyssey, one is struck by a contradiction which holds the clue to the author's gropings and is the measure of his accomplishment. A single word enshrines that contradiction, the word "romantic." Like most modern writers, he uses it now contemptuously, now longingly, and like them also he takes time out to explain why we had better drop it altogether. He keeps on using it, of course, but what is really new and suggestive is that when he uses "romantic" in a friendly mood, he fills it with a reasoned, positive content; he makes it correspond not only to a desire but to an experience, to a set of experiences, that form a pattern contrasting with the rest of his cultural paraphernalia.

He is a great reader and he seeks to shape his life by ideas, so that we have in him not a mere fad-fancier like Aldous Huxley but a rediscoverer of action. Fettered though he may feel at times by the weight of tradition, the restraints of cleverness, the real and affected despair of the modern ego, he knows that the business of man is doing, with whatever instrument chance and native gift may assign.

Already in the 1939 volume, Mr. Connolly wrote, "There is only one crime: to escape from our talent, to abort that growth which, ripening and maturing, must be the justification of the demands we make on society." And in the journal, even while bemoaning his recurrent "*Angst* (anxiety, spleen, noia, guilt, fear, remorse, cafard)" he admits that "Ennui is the condition of not fulfilling our potentialities." The book itself was written in the clear — and romantic — conviction "that the true function of writer is to produce a masterpiece and that no other task is of any consequence."

This acknowledgment of the combined artistic and social duties of the talented man is indeed remarkable in one who grew up in the world of colored shadows of the Impressionists and Symbolists, and who later became on his own account a modernist in the wake of Gide, Cocteau, and Eliot. Clearly, the size and power of Joyce had also attracted him. Mr. Connolly's first full-length article was a brilliant interview with Joyce in 1927, which he reprints as the opening chapter in his volume of critical essays. All but one or two of these confirm the same preference for strength and breadth in literature, even the one calm riddling of A. E. Housman that he chooses in his Preface to belittle. All in all, it seems fair to conclude that Mr. Connolly, while proving that he knows and suffers from the modern palsy, bears witness to the truth that

hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

Now generalize this principle, act on it, and you conquer the Modern Ego. Sardonic or urbane, you can outface any ghost — even that of "reality." All kinds of realities and democratic diversities replace

that one Invisible Policeman: "It is vain," says Mr. Connolly, "to accuse people of escaping . . . Time is not the same for all of us, neither is our imagination's food nor our artistic material." This too is refreshingly romantic, as he explicitly admits when he speaks of "the romantic writer" he himself might have been, possessed of "the courage to accept poverty for the sake of the development of his true personality."

The psychological basis of such resolves in Mr. Connolly is pure romanticism also. He dismisses as false the supposed split between head and heart, makes a place for the irrational within the life of reason, and asserts that "only creative work, communion with nature, and helping others are Angst-free." Finally, the very touchstone of Romanticism: "all good writers have to discover the yawning crevasse which separates Man's finite destiny from his infinite potentialities."

The recognition of this "crevasse" insures against stupid optimism without killing self-confidence. The writer — and modern man unconsciously patterning himself after the creations of literature — need be neither irritatingly sanguine nor helplessly despondent. Recognizing *both* the power and the weakness in his nature, he treads the thorny middle path along which all self-justifying action takes place — the kind of action that dispels Ennui and Angst and Ego, and their English equivalents.

And curiously, though the desperate moods and the sense of chaos are not banished forever, — nothing is nor can be, — yet the local and temporary bugbears are driven off. "When did the Ego begin to stink?" asks Mr. Connolly, and his virtual answer is, "When it ceased to act." What he actually says, dealing on his own account with a predicament more frequent in women, is this: "Obesity is a mental state, a disease brought on by boredom and disappointment. . . . The one way to get thin is to re-establish a purpose in life."

At this rate, the delicate toying of many modernists with the idea of original sin ceases to confer

the superiority they expect as a reward for accepting the dogma. We lose interest in their spiritual stomach-ache; for, being the common lot, it acquires importance only when some signal achievement results from the travail — and the more gayly exhibited, the better. It is not the least of Mr. Connolly's merits as a critic that he speaks with decision and serious gayety. The very rhythm of his style marks a departure from the school of Gide and Eliot, whose judicial utterances always sound as if cruelly wrung from a man in the last stages of lockjaw. He is, in a sense, the first man of his generation to break with the *fin de siècle* and its heirs.

With art raised anew to the level of action, the artist is no longer the sullen bondsman of fiendish abstractions such as Society, or Science, or Mr. Eliot's choice — Suffering. The writer's glass of beer remains beer, safe from the scientist's magic pill, though the writer's own spell may turn its bubbles into song. This magic at least gives a meaning to sensation as well as contemplation, to effort as well as the forced retreats of despair. "The true pattern of existence," says our critic, "can best be studied in a long life like Goethe's — a life of reason, interrupted at intervals by emotional outbursts, displacements, passions, follies." For Mr. Connolly as for the romantic philosophers, art stands next below religion, and equal with love, a social and, as I showed previously in speaking of Scott Fitzgerald, a highly sociable mode of self-fulfillment.

At one time, it is true, Mr. Connolly rather agreed with Gide's formula, according to which the artist bears a wound which "he must not allow to heal, but must keep open and bleeding, in contact with dreadful Reality." Now he rewords the mission of the artist as "the desire to construct . . . in a protest against the chaos to which all else appears condemned." I confess I prefer construction to supuration, and I draw strength from Mr. Connolly's rephrasing of the writer's creed: "While thought exists, words are alive and literature becomes an escape, not from, but into living."



THE START OF A COLLECTION

by WILMARTH S. LEWIS

I

THE collector who is a specialist is always, at a certain point, asked the same question. As he puts a book back on the shelf or replaces an object in a cabinet, his wondering visitor, after a pause, asks it. In my own case the question is: "How did you get started on Horace Walpole?"

The collector has answers of varying lengths to this question, but none of them is complete. He may answer, "It was largely luck"; or he may relate the circumstances which launched him, an account beginning, perhaps, with a chance encounter or a coincidence; but to give a full and accurate answer is beyond his powers of memory. Of the inner compulsions which have confirmed him as a collector he probably knows little. And almost certainly he cannot say why he chose, of all the avenues open to him, the particular one he did, why his subject — whether it is Horace Walpole or clocks or sea shells — appealed to him so strongly that he dedicated himself to its pursuit and lived happily ever after.

Forty years ago all my contemporaries collected something. Most boys went in for cigar bands and election cards. I regarded these collections as of little interest and less value, and at the age of ten went all-out for the ultimate, stamps.

My album is before me, "The International Postage Stamp Album. Illustrated with Engravings. 4,000. 1901 Edition. New York. The Scott Stamp & Coin Co., Limited." Its decorated green boards are so worn that the boy on the left who is innocently holding a banner of Imperial Germany is all but effaced below the waist, while his companion's banner can only just be identified as Spain's.

The album came to me from my much older brothers, who had long since lost interest in it. I printed my name on the inside cover with ornamental flourishes, and below wrote, "1625 Central Ave., Alameda, Cal." On the opposite flyleaf I added, "Mar. 31, '06 Began — 300," and the unfolding statistics: —

Jan. 1, '07 — 1,630
Collection worth Feb. 1 — \$180.93
Feb. 16 — 2,359
Mar. 1 — 2,650
April 1 — 2,930

The spectacular development of the first year was partly owing to the abandonment of his collection by an older boy, who generously gave his book to me. This meant that I had a great many duplicates and it put me in a position of advantage to barter and sell at Christ Church, where I was employed in the choir. Certain of my colleagues were stamp collectors, but not enough of them, and I set about converting the remainder.

The choir, except for the Rector's too long and noisy sermons, was delightful. Dressed in cassock and cotta, you were the center of attention moving solemnly along behind the crucifer, consulting your hymnal briefly from time to time before raising your head in replenished song. It was particularly satisfactory to pass the family pew and to meet the family's eyes without acknowledgment. The choir was a man's world, ritualistic, and competitive. It was a world in which a business note had been introduced.

As time went on I became the second highest paid boy in the choir, receiving fifty cents a month and the distinction of wearing a silver cross. Only one boy was higher paid: he got seventy-five cents a month and wore a gold cross. He sang all the solos and was one of the last to become a stamp collector.

The duplicates of my stamps I tipped into oblong gray-green notebooks; the prices of each, according to Scott, were written beneath — or, rather, half Scott's price, since everyone knew that for some reason Scott was inflated. I took my entire stock to church on paydays and for several months managed to collect all the choir money, which in a good month would run as high as \$3.65.

After each payday I would take my new money across the Bay to San Francisco, out to Van Ness Avenue (it was then after the Fire) to a dealer who should have been the embodiment of God, but who wasn't. He was a large, disagreeable man and all he ever said was, "Well, how much have you got this time?" Then he would hand me the next stamp in the series known as the Hawaiian Island Provisional

WILMARTH S. LEWIS is an inveterate collector who, like A. Edward Newton, truly enjoys the books which have given fame to his library. A graduate and now a trustee of Yale, Mr. Lewis is Editor of the Yale Edition of *Horace Walpole's Correspondence* and of several other delightful volumes on the eighteenth century. After a humble start as a book collector, he has in his maturity brought together the supreme collection of Horace Walpole.

Government, 1893. When I protested feebly that far from being half Scott's price it was actually in advance of it, the man would reply that Scott didn't know everything and I could take it or leave it. I always took it and would peer into the little envelope a dozen times on the trip home.

All this, philately and the Church, came to a sudden and dramatic end. The choirmaster decided that I should have a solo in the *Te Deum*, that I should bear witness all by myself that the Cherubim and Seraphim Continually Do Cry. Even the organ was to remain mute during this testimony. My family, whose attendance at church had been spotty of late, owing to the new automobile, came again to the family pew, but their nervous and prideful smiles faded when my great opportunity came, for I also remained mute, and on that day the seraphic conduct went unrecorded in Alameda. I had read in the *San Francisco Chronicle* just before church about prima donnas in general and Mme. Tetrassini, who was then singing in San Francisco, in particular. Prima donnas, it appeared, did not sing if they didn't feel like it. As a result of my silence I lost my silver cross and my salary was reduced. Whereupon (the Tetrassini touch again) I left the choir. There were still four blank spaces in the Provisional Government, 1893, which is proof of my immaturity as a collector, for a seasoned collector will endure any humiliation to attain his ends.

In three years I became a numismatist. My mother and I were at Leamington, in Warwickshire. I was unhappy and homesick for California and far underweight and I went on a semi-hunger strike; that is, I became a problem. There was nothing, apparently, for me to do at Leamington except to get on a tram and go to Warwick, four miles away. After several trips to the Castle, the Beauchamp Chapel, and Leicester's Hospital, Warwick began to pall.

And then I found an antique shop with a collection of English coins. They were not expensive, but they were beyond my reach. There was a musty and mysterious atmosphere in the shop, the first antique shop I had ever been in. Relics of former ages stretched away into the dim distance out of which the proprietor would emerge with a wan face and narrow steel spectacles which might have been taken from the collection of spectacles, snuffboxes, and teaspoons in a glass case opposite the front door. I had to find a way to bridge the barrier between me and the coins, and a way at once suggested itself, for in the solution of such problems lies a collector's peculiar skill: my mother was worried by my not eating; I was worried by not being able to buy the coins; so I proposed that I be paid a dollar a week for eating. This was done, I bought the coins one by one, time passed quickly and pleasantly while I rode back and forth to Warwick, I put on a little weight and lived to get back to California.

For my last collection of this period I turned to butterflies, *Lepidoptera*, a scientific interlude. I had a net without gaps or holes, a bottle of cyanide,

black pins, glass plates, forceps, a scalpel, and a cabinet. These supplied the delights of the laboratory and gave me a sense of the precise beauties of system, but the great excitement was in the field. After thirty-five years I can still feel my hot anxiety as a "new" butterfly sailed into view, darted off over the warm summer fields, and finally came to rest, opening and closing its wings. This is what collecting is — the all but unbearable excitement when the longed-for quarry appears, the fierce and crafty pursuit, the cyanide bottle, the black pins, the cabinet, and the one further item I began by mentioning, the admiring and — supreme felicity — envious visitors.

2

I BOUGHT my first book as a collector when I was a Sophomore at Yale. It was a copy of *Alice in Wonderland* which I was under the impression was a first edition. Subsequently, it was pointed out to me that the title-page bore a New York imprint and the line, "Seventy-seventh thousand." The ensuing disillusionment lasted until I returned to Yale after the war and began, along with half of New Haven, to collect the works of John Masefield.

I had met him when he came to Yale to lecture in 1917 and in the next year when he turned up at Camp Kearney, San Diego, to talk about Anglo-American relations in a Y.M.C.A. hut. (He followed an Australian lady who gave birdcalls.) We visited the theosophical community at Point Loma, and although we failed to meet the Purple Mother we did meet the community's poet, who led us about

with pilgrim steps in amice grey

among the buildings of purple glass, rendering homage to Masefield the while. As we drove away, my guest said in his high little voice which did not drop at the end of the sentence, "If one had to choose between that sort of thing and the Prussian sort of thing, I think one would choose the Prussian sort of thing."

A few weeks later we met again on the pier in New York at the gangplank of the *Aquitania*. The third night out I came down, ingloriously, with mumps, but the future Laureate called at my crowded cabin twice a day with books and comfort. Naturally, I collected Masefield when I returned from the war.

In the summer of 1922, while in England, I bought other books. I did so without plan or knowledge, traveling up and down the country. Nearly every town had a bookshop and they all sold the same books — the voyages, sporting books, biographies, poetry, and fiction of English literature. At Newbury an American friend had discovered a shop which was so filled with treasures that not only his library and mine, but that of two other friends, could be made by them.

The shop was not, strictly speaking, a bookshop at all. It was a draper's shop, presided over by the

widow of the man who had collected the books. We gathered that although the books might have formed the stock of a small provincial bookseller, the deceased booklover had not had the heart to part with them.

The four of us started up the narrow stairs and on the landing I picked off the shelves what I took to be a first edition of *Maud*. Beside it was a first edition of the *Idylls of the King*. The other three made equally sensational discoveries. Sinbad in the cave of diamonds could not have been more dazzled.

A large upper room was crowded with books from floor to ceiling. Books tumbled over themselves on the floor. We each took a quarter of the room as our particular claim. As time went on we specialized; one took nineteenth-century poetry, another nineteenth-century fiction, and I appropriated the eighteenth-century. We were generous and gave up nuggets from our claims which "belonged" to another. This went on for nearly four hours, and we got very, very dirty.

On the following day we came again. There were four things we learned to look for: the author, the title, the date, and the bookplates or autographs of former owners. Our knowledge of dates was sketchy, but we were not pedantic. Our knowledge of bibliography was even less — we had not yet heard the word: in my pile I had not hesitated to include a set of Fielding, three volumes of which were missing. The summer sun filtered through the windows of the attic; motes rose in the shafts of light, dust from the great books which were passing into our possession.

When we finally came to leave we had to face the delicate question of price. We had broached it tentatively to our hostess once or twice, but she urged us to go ahead and take what we wanted, it would be time enough to talk about the price later on. After we had washed the grime off under a cold tap for the last time she asked if eight pence a volume would be satisfactory. I bought two hundred and fifty volumes for the equivalent of about forty dollars. We all had twinges of conscience, but what collector can resist a bargain? Arrangements to ship the books to America were made with surprising ease, and we went away filled with the new importance which our libraries gave us.

Before that summer was out I began to suspect that we had paid just about what the books were worth, but even now, after more than twenty years of book collecting, I still regard those intoxicating hours at Newbury as one of the great moments of my collecting life. The ecstatic discoveries of "old" editions of English authors, our luck in getting there first, ahead of the great dealers of New York and London, the bloom of youthful ignorance and enthusiasm unbrushed by the realities of the Trade, all this still hangs about my copies of the Fourth Edition of *Robinson Crusoe* and Bruce's *Travels* — the only volumes I have kept of our great Newbury find.

3

IN THE following summer I went back to England and made a point of returning to the most benign and fatherly of booksellers, Mr. Godfrey of the Stonegate, York. He guided me in the purchase of a considerable number of books "suitable for a gentleman's library." Among them was John Heneage Jesse's *George Selwyn and His Contemporaries*, 4 vols., 1843, a series of letters addressed to Selwyn, "by persons who, in their day, moved in the first ranks of wit, genius, and fashion." On a flyleaf of the first volume was written, "With Manuscript Notes by Lady Louisa Stuart," and in a pocket attached to the front cover were Lady Louisa's notes, covering thirty-four octavo pages in her firm small hand. Each volume bore the bookplate of The Hirsels, a place which meant no more to me than did George Selwyn or Lady Louisa herself. This was a work, said Mr. Godfrey, which should be in every gentleman's library, and on his say-so I bought it, for thirty-five shillings.

At home in Farmington that fall I sat one night waiting for three dinner guests. In front of me were the hundreds of books I had bought during the past two years. They were for the most part inexpensive editions of the English Classics, together with my Masfield collection, which I had completed in England with the purchase, long desired, of *Salt Water Ballads*, 1902. A completed collection is a journey ended, and although I had heard of Masfield manuscripts and corrected proof-sheets which disclosed new and unattainable heights of collecting, the light was fading from my Masfield shelf. "Here," I thought, "is all English literature spread out before me. Somewhere in it there must be a person in whom I can become absorbed and around whom I can build a collection which will be outstanding."

After dinner my guests asked to see the books I had bought during the summer, before we settled down to the business of the evening, bridge. I gave the first volume of Jesse's *Selwyn* to one of them and pointed out Lady Louisa's notes. After my guest had read a few pages she began reading them aloud: —

"The Coventry children — Lady Maria was 'marked for life,' and, I think, the ugliest young woman I ever beheld. Lady Anne had not the same strong appearance of disease but was scarcely pretty, nor would have been held at all so, if — if — one must speak out — if a modest woman, a part she disdained playing from her first beginning. Both sisters married, and both were divorced."

"Poor Miss Pelham had always been fond of play, at which the impatience of her disposition made her always sure to lose. As she grew old, all other passions merged in that of gaming, carried to a height equal to what it ever was in any man. She ruined herself and would have ruined her sister, if the mild and excellent Miss Mary's friends had not risen in a body, and almost forced the latter to leave the house

where they lived together, and withdraw to one of her own; which the other never forgave. Poor, poor Miss Pelham! She was a person one could not help pitying with all her faults. I have myself seen her at that villainous faro-table, putting the guinea she had perhaps borrowed on a card—with the tears running down her face—the wreck of what had been high-minded and generous.”

“Mr. Fox. Lord Holland’s education of him will account for many of his faults, but also for some of his virtues. It was a system of the most unlimited indulgence of every passion, whim, and caprice. A great dinner was given at Holland House to all the foreign ministers. The children came in at the dessert; Charles, then in petticoats, spying a large bowl of cream in the middle of the table, had a desire to get into it. Lord Holland insisted he should be gratified and in spite of Lady Holland’s remonstrances, had it placed on the floor for the child to jump in and splash about at his pleasure.”

We spent the evening listening to these accounts which had in them the very accents of one then living, a relative of my guests, a lady who in her day had also “moved in the first ranks of wit, genius, and fashion.” The parallel was so startling, the likeness so close, that it translated us to the eighteenth century: Lady Louisa and her contemporaries came alive because we knew her reincarnation.

When my guests left I turned to my small collection of books on eighteenth-century life to find out about this Lady Louisa Stuart who had come so magically in answer to my wish for a person to collect. And then occurred one of those coincidences which collectors come to accept. I took Austin Dobson’s *Eighteenth Century Vignettes, Second Series*, off the shelf, opened it at random, and there before my eyes was this passage: “Lady Louisa Stuart was one of those writers whose silence is a positive misfortune to the literature of the *Memoir*. Living to a great age, for she died in 1851, at ninety-four, she had accumulated a store of memories, and she had inspected life with the keenest perceptions and with unusual advantages of position. . . . It was she who wrote the introduction to Lord Wharncliffe’s edition of the letters of her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—an introduction which sparkles with unpublished eighteenth-century anecdote of the most brilliant character, and she contributed many of the more interesting notes to the Selwyn Correspondence. . . . It is not too much to say that, in some respects, Lady Louisa could give points even to that inimitable gossip Horace Walpole himself.”

The following morning I hurried down to New Haven to get advice and help. The question was: Had Lady Louisa’s notes on the Selwyn Correspondence been published? Austin Dobson’s remark seemed to indicate that they had been, but he might have seen them in manuscript. Professor Tinker suggested that I find out about The Hirsell, from the library of which Lady Louisa’s notes had come; Mr. Keogh,

the University Librarian, suggested that I look through *Notes and Queries*, a periodical which I discovered to my dismay had been in existence for upwards of eighty years. The Library catalogue disclosed the books Austin Dobson referred to and others by Lady Louisa, but it took me months to find out that a selection of her remarks on the Selwyn Correspondence had been printed as footnotes by James A. Home in his privately printed *Letters and Journal of Lady Mary Coke*, that The Hirsell was the seat of his brother, the Earl of Home, and that Lord Home had recently sold some books, among them my copy of Jesse’s *Selwyn*. By the time I had the answer, I had, through Lady Louisa, an acquaintance with the great world of the eighteenth century, and had encountered there its chief chronicler, Horace Walpole.

4

ONE of the commonest calumnies invented against book collectors is that they do not read their books. It is true that much of the pleasure they get from owning a book comes from outside its text and that if the book is a valuable one and in fine condition they will probably read its text in some other edition, but keen collectors know their books inside and out. Furthermore, they are led on from book to book and from person to person.

Thus it was that when I had a chance to buy some original letters of Horace Walpole in the following year I did so, together with Walpole’s *Anecdotes of Painting* and his *Letters*. Months later I began reading the *Letters*.

What caught me at first was the ease and naturalness of Walpole’s style and his wit. The eighteenth century had meant for me George Washington by Gilbert Stuart, a revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*, pretty china and furniture. It was a fancy-dress party with everyone self-conscious in powdered wigs and silks. To read Horace Walpole was to walk into a picture gallery and find that the subjects had stepped down from their frames and become human beings.

Other, more special, attractions presently appeared: Walpole’s startling gift of prophecy, his passion for collecting, his unexpectedness. There grew in me the sense of this “trifler’s” extraordinary energy and singleness of purpose, and then came the revelation of his life-project: the transmission to posterity of a true and exhaustive picture of his own time. This he had triumphantly carried through; he had hung on for years tortured and racked by illness to make his lifework as notable an achievement as possible, and the posterity he had toiled for had repaid him chiefly with contempt. To repair this injustice seemed to me then, and continues to do so today, a task worth doing.

At just that moment the Beverley Chew Sale took place in New York. Among the books was Walpole’s copy of Gray’s *Odes*, the first book Walpole printed

at his private press, with a few notes in his hand. With it was Garrick's "Ode to Mr. Gray," which was also printed at Strawberry Hill, in what the catalogue said was an edition of six copies.

I paced up and down at Farmington enjoying the onslaught of temptation. Then I went down to New York to savor it more strongly.

On the way to the Anderson Gallery I met the lady who was in three years to be my bride. She was walking two Scotties, Ginger and Jamie, and we all went to look at the Walpoliana. I asked at the office what they thought the *Odes* would bring, and was told \$4000, a sum Dr. Rosenbach subsequently came within \$100 of paying.

The visit ended in dismay. My future wife and her Scotties went uptown and I strolled down Fifth Avenue. At Scribner's I paused, debated going in, and started on, only to be stopped by one of those occult forces which guide collectors. This one led me into the shop and up the stairs to the mezzanine floor, where the old books were then kept. Had they any books from the Strawberry Hill Press? Yes, they had a nice copy of Gray's *Odes* and the rare Garrick leaflet, one of six copies. Also, they had a little collection of eight other "detached pieces" from the Press. The price? One hundred and fifteen dollars for the lot.

I replied that I'd think about it, and walked back to the University Club, where I was lunching with one of my brothers. "There is no point in my buying

those things," I said to my brother, "and stopping there. If I buy them I shan't stop until I have the finest collection of Walpole in the world."

This was the valor of ignorance; I hadn't the faintest idea of what I was talking about. I didn't know how many books and leaflets were printed at the Strawberry Hill Press — and of course nothing of the forgeries and reprints of them — or how rare some of them are. I didn't even know how many books, pamphlets, essays, and verses Walpole wrote, let alone whether or not the manuscripts of them and his letters existed in any number. As for the contents of Strawberry Hill, the books in its libraries, the prints, pictures, enamels, curiosities, medals, coins, china, furniture, and objects of art which crowded its walls and rooms to the amazement and edification of Europe, all that was equally unknown to me. I didn't know what collections, great or small, existed of Walpole, or whether he was actively collected; that is, what competition, if any, I should have. I was completely unaware of the vastness of the subject and the difficulties which lay in the way of attaining supremacy in it. This was fortunate, for had I known, I should not have had the temerity to make the attempt. But I must have sounded impressive, for my brother looked grave.

"Well," he said, "it's your own money, but I hope you won't do this."

So, as soon as lunch was over, I went back to Scribner's and bought the lot.

EPISTLE TO HORACE

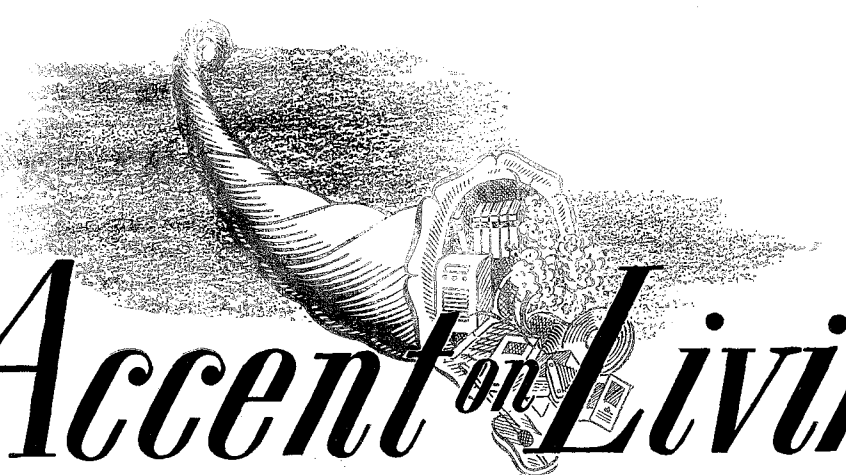
by HELEN BEVINGTON

About the time, or a little after, I die, the secret
will be found out of how to live forever.

— FROM A LETTER OF HORACE WALPOLE

HORACE, be comforted to die.
One century has meandered by
And half the next since, it was true,
The temporal state eluded you.
Now as I read your pensive letter,
I wish myself that times were better
And I might boast how men contrive,
As you foretold, to stay alive.
By now we should possess the key
To fleshly immortality
And, if we wanted to, endeavor
To live forever and forever.
This, to my infinite regret,
Is not a custom with us yet.

I write you, Horace, for good cheer.
Life is about as usual here.



Accent on Living

Heavy Water?

By WALTER O'MEARA

TODAY, after seventeen years, I can remember everything about it. I can remember it better than I can remember last week. This is exactly what happened.

We were traveling westward along the water boundary between Minnesota and Ontario, four of us in two canoes. We broke camp early and, after a good breakfast of bannock and beans, set out light-loaded and strong-handed. We put several portages behind us during the morning, and by noon of a still August day had dropped our canoes into Rat Lake.

I think the name was Rat. It was an insignificant link in the chain of lakes that string out along the border — half a mile long, perhaps, with a low reedy shore, and rather foul-smelling. No one would expect anything unusual to happen on such a lake.

Nothing did at first. The water was absolutely smooth — like plate glass — except for the little wrinkles caused by the water bugs skating about on the surface. It was so clear and still that we could look down and see the black mud bottom stir under the moving shadow of the canoe. Long ribbonlike seaweed streamed up from the mud and waved gently, about four feet, I judged, beneath our keel.

Often in a canoe, you have little sensation of forward momentum — on a big lake, for example, with the wind in your face and the waves flipping over the bow now and then. But on a smooth, dead body of

water like Rat Lake you really *feel* your speed. We put our backs into it and whipped along at a good pace about thirty yards from the shore.

I remember distinctly when I first felt that something queer was happening. Quite suddenly we had slowed down. There was a drag on the canoe. I had the strange feeling that we were being retarded by some invisible, mischievous force.

I remember pulling on the stern paddle until it bowed a little, then looking down to see whether we might not be aground. But we were afloat all right, with a good three feet of water between our bottom and the seaweed below. So I pulled on the paddle again, and with the same effect. It felt dead in my hands, without the little “kick” you expect at the end of a stroke.

And we weren't moving — much. It was exactly as though we had swung suddenly into a stiff headwind or were bucking a strong current. Yet neither the surface of the lake nor the mud and seaweed on its floor gave any sign of current or other disturbance. Of this I took particular notice.

My partner, paddling in the bow of the canoe, had also noted our sudden slowdown; but his explanation for it was simple.

“Maybe I rest now,” he called back sarcastically over his shoulder, “and you paddle for a while.”

I looked across the lake at our other canoe. It was abreast of us, about twenty yards away, and obviously sharing our own difficulties. The bow paddler glanced over and sheepishly called out something about an old ladies' outing.

For ten or fifteen minutes, I suppose, we struggled against this strange retarding power of Rat Lake's “heavy water.” Then, quite suddenly, near the end of the lake, our canoes shot forward, as if given a



A native of Minnesota and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, WALTER O'MEARA is a New York advertising man. He served during the war as Chief of the Psychological Warfare Staff, OSS, and later as Deputy Price Administrator in charge of OPA's Department of Information.

good push from behind. And after that we made normal progress until we reached our portage. Again I took special notice of the water beneath us. I could see no difference between it and the stretch through which we had just struggled.

At the Stairway Portage, later that day, we met a guide to whom, somewhat self-consciously, we mentioned our experience in Rat Lake. But, in the manner of guides, he smiled enigmatically and said nothing.

Several years passed. Now and again I came across someone who had also traveled the border route, but never one whose experience had duplicated my own. I came to mention the incident rather diffidently, doubting somewhat the reliability of my own recollection. And then I happened across Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *Voyages from Montreal Through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans in the Years 1789 and 1793*.

Mackenzie, like hundreds of fur traders in the eighteenth century, had followed the border "road" of lakes and rivers northward from Lake Superior. But he was an explorer as well as a trader, having reached the Arctic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean by this very route. And he had kept careful and detailed notes on all his travels.

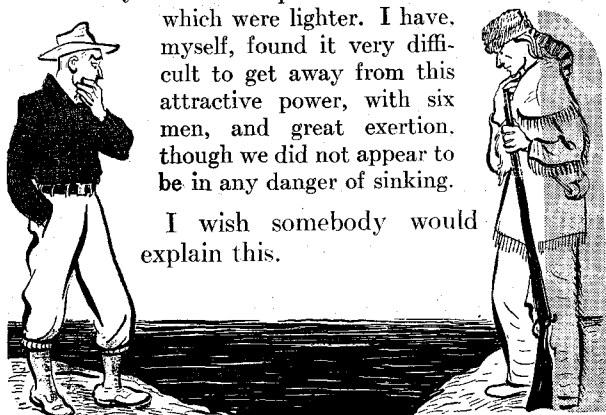
In Mackenzie's book I found specific mention of the very lakes through which we had paddled our canoes in the fall of 1929. Each name and each portage was noted and described with care. And on page lxxxiv I found this observation:—

They then embark on the Rose Lake, about one mile from the east end of it, and steer west by south, in an oblique course, across it two miles; then west-north-west passing the Petite Pêche to the Marten Portage three miles. In this part of the lake the bottom is mud and slime, with about three or four feet of water over it; and here I frequently struck a canoe pole of twelve feet long, without meeting any other obstruction than if the whole were water: it has, however, a peculiar suction or attractive power, so that it is difficult to paddle a canoe over it.

There is a small space along the south shore, where the water is deep, and this effect is not felt. In proportion to the distance from this part, the suction becomes more powerful: I have, indeed, been told that loaded canoes have been in danger of being swallowed up, and have only owed their preservation to other canoes,

which were lighter. I have, myself, found it very difficult to get away from this attractive power, with six men, and great exertion, though we did not appear to be in any danger of sinking.

I wish somebody would explain this.



Morning Musicales

By W. L. COPITHORNE

My friends warned me that it would be a sorry venture — that with admission limited to subscribers I'd probably be turned away at the door, and that even if I was admitted I'd doubtless be the only male in the audience and I'd find myself in an atmosphere so unnatural that it would kill any pleasure I might take in the music. With a fanaticism born of over a year of listening to an Army concrete

mixer, I held firm.

The concert was to be given at eleven the following morning in the ballroom of the most fashionable hotel in the city where I was spending my leave. The words of my friends had sunk in overnight, and my resolution had paled considerably by the time I reached the hotel. Only my intense desire to hear the pianist carried me on, but even that wasn't enough when, in the lobby just outside the ballroom, I came upon a great gathering of women — all wearing hats and all chattering like mad. I looked hopefully about, but no other man was in sight.

The crowd of women became more intimidating by the moment, and my courage ebbed to nothing. I was about to admit defeat and to slip quietly away when a large, forceful-looking woman suddenly disengaged herself from the throng and bore down on me, hat on high and furs flying. She grasped me by the right elbow and asked eagerly if I wanted to hear the concert. Trying unobtrusively to free myself, I mumbled that I *had* wanted to hear the pianist, but that under the circumstances I — well, I'd probably be happier elsewhere.

A light shone in her eye, she got a firmer grip on my right arm, and before I knew it I was swept into the midst of the hats and the furs and the chatter, and was being enthusiastically introduced left and right as a "soldier boy" who wanted to hear the concert. A buzz of excited interest attended the introductions and I got the ungrateful impression that these women had been trying to get a member of the Armed Forces to attend one of their Morning Musicales ever since the war had started, and that at last they had found a victim.

Still with a firm grip on my arm, my patron led me to a table where a small, thin woman with hat askew was fumbling distractedly with an assortment of admission cards. My presence was explained to her and she sought among the cards, eventually finding one that she knew would not be claimed that morning. A Mrs. Willoughby, it seemed, had called

W. L. COPITHORNE spent most of the war in Newfoundland in cryptographic work for the United States Army. He is a graduate of Harvard and formerly taught English in Havana. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

saying that she had a sore throat and could not come to the Musicale, and that her card could be given to anyone — anyone, she had added, except a music student. “Mrs. Willoughby is very peculiar that way,” sighed the woman at the table.

“Well, obviously, our soldier boy here is not a music student,” boomed my friend, the large woman, cheerfully, “so Mary Willoughby’s mind can be at ease.” She took the card and drew me off again, this time to a long table where several women were sitting pouring coffee into tiny cups. More introductions followed, and again there were the exclamations and expressions of pleased incredulity. Four of the little cups of coffee were pressed on me and in some confusion I downed them all. They helped. I was finally steered inside the hall and there turned over to a pretty young thing with black eyes and hair down to her shoulders, whom I followed lamb-like to a seat in the front row.

I had survived the trial by fire, and though somewhat shaken and confused in mind, I knew that I could take anything else they would have to give. As it was, the worst was over, for from then on I had to cope with only a limited sphere of women. I was flanked by two middle-aged ladies who, after they had satisfied their curiosity about the absence of Mary Willoughby, talked to me at amiable length of her good works and eccentricities. I gathered that she was something of a female Dr. Johnson, and certainly she suffered no dearth of Boswells.

The pianist played superbly and the audience was reasonably quiet while he played, but between times the talk was unnerving. “All technique — no art,” a woman behind me in a business suit kept repeating imperiously. The woman at my right sighed. “It does seem so nice to have a man as the artist,” she said. “Mind you, I have nothing against Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons, but, as Mary Willoughby always says, ‘A woman’s rightful place is in the home.’”

At intermission I escaped a good twenty minutes of Mary Willoughby by withdrawing to the lobby to smoke. I concealed myself behind a large pillar off to one side and had just finished a cigarette when, to my considerable surprise and relief, I saw another man — an elderly individual with white hair. He had just slipped behind the next pillar, where he stood chewing savagely on a cigar. He spied me and we made for each other like chemicals in a solution.

He drew me to a corner, put a hand on my shoulder, and said in a hoarse, furtive whisper, “My boy, don’t ever retire. No matter how old you get, don’t ever retire. When you do, your life isn’t your own any longer. You’ve got to put up with every whim



that comes into your wife’s head.” He shook his head hopelessly and there was a look of desperation in his eyes. “My wife’s had me coming to these damned things for over a year now, and this is the first time I’ve ever seen another man in the audience. For God’s sake, don’t ever retire!”

With further exhortation to stay in the Army should a fate like his seem remotely possible, he left me — or rather he was drawn away by a sweetly resolute old lady, who informed us that the intermission was over. I saw him over a flock of bobbing hats at the end of the performance and he looked at me somberly and raised a warning finger.

The Army is generally credited with teaching the soldier to adjust himself to any sort of situation — even Morning Musicales, presumably — and by the second half of the performance I was reasonably well adjusted. I still felt that I was but poorly taking Mary Willoughby’s place, and I’m afraid that I was rudely noncommittal when, in the middle of the final encore, the woman at my left whispered, “It’s the way the lights are shining on him. It’s bothered me all through. The last time I saw him he didn’t have all those lines on his face. It must be the lights.” And after it was over I was able to shake the hand of the woman who had collared me in the lobby at the start, look her in the eye unflinchingly, and say that I had enjoyed the concert very much.

Although I shouldn’t like to endure it again, I must admit that my experience at the Musicale was valuable. When I listened to our phonograph on my return to duty, I could at least have the memory of what the music should sound like, and when I started to brood about the absence of women on the base, I could think of my morning at the Musicale and count my blessings.

Good-by, GI

By A. P. HERBERT

This poem has been printed on postcards and mailed to thousands of Americans. Written by England’s famed author and Member of Parliament, A. P. Herbert, it first appeared in the London “Sunday Graphic” and then in “This Week.” It deserves to travel.

GOOD-BY, GI — Good-by, big-hearted Joe.
We’re glad you came. We hope you’re sad to go.
Say what you can for this old-fashioned isle;
And when you can’t — well, say it with a smile.

Good-by, GI — and, now you know the way,
Come back and see us in a brighter day,
When England’s free, and Scotch is cheap but strong,
And you can bring your pretty wives along.

Good-by, GI, don’t leave us quite alone.
Somewhere in England we must write a stone,
“Here Britain was Invaded by the Yanks,”
And under that a big and brilliant “Thanks.”

THEATER

Offstage

By RUSSELL MALONEY

To Paste in the Hat

Into everyone's life comes a time when he is taken backstage, red-faced and grinning, and introduced to the great star. The occasion calls for just the right remark, the perfect combination of civility and ecstasy. Since play or performance may have wobbled here and there, this can be a problem. One woman of whom I have been told has solved it. "My dear," she intoned, seizing the star's hand in both of hers, "you have simply no *idea* what it was like!"

*Foon vs. Boff*

The purchaser of entertainment finds himself under an irrational but very real obligation to the vendor. A movie, for example, is not a success in the eyes of its creators unless, during the New York run, there is a block-long queue of patient people waiting outside in the weather, their money clutched in their hands. Producers always have such queues photographed and the pictures printed in the trade press. Seeing a movie is not enough; you must prove your sincerity by risking pneumonia or sunstroke.



Similarly, in the theater, there is an obligation laid upon audiences at comedies, particularly during the tryout period; they must not merely enjoy the play: they must enjoy it noisily. Producers of comedies measure success in decibels. They have even worked up a special vocabulary to differentiate between laughs of varying degrees of intensity.

For instance, one kind of laugh satisfactory to a producer is the yak (pronounced "yawk"). This is the short, barking laugh with which the average pewholder salutes a shrewd thrust, or snapperoo — for example, "The trouble with women is . . ." or "A man isn't drunk until . . ." More to be desired, though, is the boff, which is the Homeric response to an elementally comic situation, such as the comedian's pants falling off. In the course of a boff the customer bellows or shrieks, slaps his thigh, nudges both his neighbors in the adjoining seats, loses his spectacles, drops his overcoat on the floor, and perhaps suffers a slight stroke.

The concept of silent enjoyment is a new one to show business. Countless times, a producer has tipped out of a theater where an audience was sitting, all crinkled up with silent and voluptuous amusement at a new play, and sent a hurry call to George Kaufman or some other reliable play doctor. Now there

is at least one comedian who takes cognizance of the silent laugh — or, to be exact, the just-audible evidence of enjoyment, which sounds to a person on the stage like the murmur of a breeze in distant pines. For this sound he has found a lovely word: he calls it the foon. The renaissance of the American theater will be at hand when we have a majority of comedians and writers working for foons instead of boffs. The comedy of manners will flourish, and whole seasons will go by without a single comedian losing his pants.

Full Circle

The marriage of ballet to musical comedy, like most marriages, has finally reached a stage of weary resignation. The producers all realize that there can be no musical show without its ballet — and not just an interpolated ballet, either, with some casual cue like "Hurrah! Here come the girls!" but a heavily plotted number in which the hero's or heroine's mental conflicts are acted out in the stark and fretful idiom of the modern dance. The producers realize this, but they don't like it.

Just recently I heard a producer and some henchmen discussing — or, as the West-of-Broadway idiom has it, kicking around — ideas for the obligatory "dream ballet" in a new musical play. After half an hour of fruitless talk, the producer moodily dropped his cigar butt into his coffee and snarled, "Maybe we should just have a ballet where the audience goes to sleep and dreams they're across the street at *Oklahoma!*"

Hot Tip

I don't know whether any established producer would touch the play I have in mind. Plays about the interrelations of whites and Negroes have tended lately towards an intellectual mushiness. The historical, geographical, economic, and social problems involved vanish behind a sexual smoke screen. Such plays remind us of the belligerent Southerner in the Pullman washroom, who crushes arguments by asking if anybody present wants to see his sister married to a colored man. The plays, to be sure, assume that we are liberal instead of bigoted, and would not object to such a union; they then base upon this assumption a further assumption that no real problem exists. It's mushy thinking, though well-intentioned.

The script I have in mind faces directly up to the facts. The fundamental problem, it says, is the economic one. One of the characters, a Southerner who is an exploiter of Negro labor, sets the keynote.

"I've got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to have," he says. The psychology of the Negro under a social system which, at best, is degradingly paternalistic, is explored in a series of searching character studies, ranging from a child who accepts her racial handicap with defiance and hatred of the whites to an old and



This is another in a series of theater notes from New York by RUSSELL MALONEY.

senile man who knuckles under completely and consoles himself with religious myths.

The author hints plainly enough that the Negroes' only hope is to leave the South; those who remain are shown entangled, one way or another, in a morass of mawkish sentiment which kills self-respect and hampers economic progress. In a final scene of mordant irony, we are given a comment on the net result of the sentimental approach to a real problem: Uncle Tom does not even hope for justice on this earth; perhaps in Heaven . . .

More Uneconomics

Bernard Baruch's phrase, "uneconomic area," meaning a situation in which the ordinary laws of economics do not operate, is indispensable in any discussion of show business. Show business is a permanent uneconomic area. Consider, if you will, the Strange Case of the Vanishing Postman, as I have ventured to call it.

Several years ago, there was a big historical play-with-music which you never saw because nobody ever saw it. In one scene a postman figured prominently — he wandered up to a group of people who were talking something over, disagreed with something somebody said, almost got into a fight, and wandered off. It wasn't a particularly powerful scene, but, then, none of the play was *very* powerful.

The scene was backwoods America in the nineteenth century, and the costume designer was delighted to discover, upon checking the exact dates and places involved, that the people of this region, at the time indicated in the play, were served by the Pony Express. To set off this postman from the other characters in the scene, who were all overall-clad farmers, the designer had made for him a skin-tight suit of fringed white buckskin, supplemented by a wide white Stetson and two six-shooters.

Meanwhile, inevitably, the play was being rewritten by another writer. As far as this new writer could see, the original playwright had made the postman a postman simply to get him on and off the stage with a minimum of explanation.

Already, there was some confusion, since it was plain that the original author saw his postman not as a Pony Express rider but as the ordinary kind of postman, the kind you have to tip at Christmas. It got worse, too. Over the week-end, the character left the Postmaster General's employ, the new author having found it more expedient to bring him in with the line "Where is everybody?" and to send him off saying, "Well, guess I'll go home for my vittles." Nobody thought to tell the costume designer about this, however, and for the duration of the play this particular actor wandered through his scene in inexplicable splendor. No great harm done, though: the play closed during the out-of-town tryout, as such plays almost always do.



Little Elegy

By FRANCES FROST

THERE was a place when we were young
where winter woods were filled with song.

The black-capped chickadees played there
in crystal or in snowy air.

Once beneath the flying skies
we ran with white stars in our eyes.

I climbed the zig of the fence to see
a blizzard-merry chickadee.

You climbed the zag of the fence to look.
By the frozen-throated pine-wood brook

we pushed the snow off with our mittens,
each on the topmost rail. And kittens,

puppies, and calves, and well-trained mice
vanished in our minds like ice

under spring freshets. There we were
stung by the drive of starry air,

both of us with hearts gone big,
you on zag and I on zig,

staring at a bird-throat black
lying little on his back.

We picked him up. Aghast, you said,
"Who did it?" I said, "Look, he's dead."

You dropped your mittens. I said, "You've
dropped
your mittens." You said, "His heart has stopped.

Who did it?" We looked at silver ground,
and the gentle pines were all around,

but we saw a big boy's hobnailed track
coming here and going back.

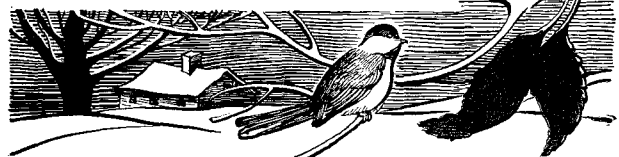
The other birds were shaking snow
gayly into the drifts below.

While the silver flakes went storming by,
you said, your face turned up to sky,

"All of a sudden he stopped singing."
Scowling because the snow was stinging,

we put him safely in my pocket,
folded wing and quiet socket.

You let me take him home to bury:
your eyes were kind of in a hurry.



FOOD

The Stew Pot

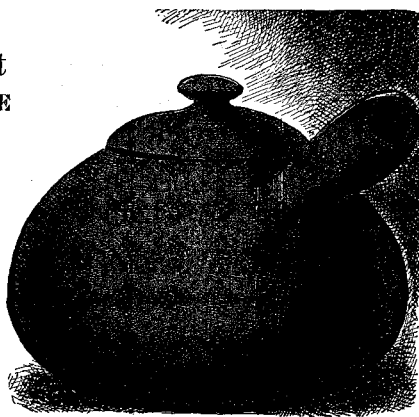
By CROSBY GAIGE

LUCIUS BEEBE, in one of his more purple moments, once designated the author of this essay as America's No. 1 gourmet. Nothing could be more embarrassing than such a classification. Potential hostesses at once took to cover like frightened does, imagining that nothing less than a tub of *pâté de foie gras* would satiate my jaded palate. The term gourmet, or epicure, is really an invidious one and should be avoided by the judicious. He who would be Epicurus in France would not so rank in Cambodia. The question sums itself up in the answer that Lorenzo the Magnificent gave when asked to define an expert. "An expert," said Lorenzo, "is a person who, when asked whether or not he really is an expert, admits the fact." Perhaps the best account of what an epicure or a gourmet is supposed to be is contained in *The Merle Armitage Book of Food*, from which I take the liberty of quoting:—

"I have always been doubtful of the prevailing picture of an epicure. It seems as false to picture him only as a decadent, sensuous taster of gastronomic sensations, as it is to consider a painter, à la motion pictures, as an unkempt, impractical, velvet-jacketed denizen of a Paris attic. The epicures whom I have encountered have been, without exception, men of cultivated palates and exacting tastes, but who knew thoroughly the value of purity and simplicity. He should frighten no reasonably intelligent hostess who knows anything about the rudiments of food and cooking. He may know wines, spices, salads, sauces, roasts and other luscious viands of every race and nation, but he will not be condescending about a good plate of corned beef and cabbage, nor in its time and place, buckwheat cakes, maple syrup and sausage."

As a matter of fact, I like a good stew and I don't mind standing right up in meeting and saying so. What more noble symbol of the good life can there be than the Stew Pot? It can be a Dutch oven; it can be made of iron; it can be fashioned of copper plated with tin or silver; it can be stamped out of gleaming stainless steel; it can be molded out of clay. I happen to be the fortunate owner of all these various implements, but my favorite is a French *marmite* of clay of ample proportions. *La marmite bout dans cette maison* is a wise French saying.

My *marmite* is the shape and size of a very large pumpkin; and like the pumpkin, it is a rich orange-



yellow at the top. This glowing yellow gradually tones into a soft, smoky brown as the upper curves expand into its comfortably bulging belly, from which bubble miracles of succulence and flavor. Its very shape typifies the plenitude of the round earth itself. More than any other element except the fire, it stands as the high queen of the kitchen. Into its capacious walls go from time to time all the fruits of the fair earth, there to melt together slowly, to blend and to mingle gently the flavors and concentrated nutrition that make a first-class stew—the

leading one-dish meal that can be devised.

There is an infinite variety of stews. They can be fashioned of meat and vegetables, of fish, or of vegetables alone so cleverly seasoned that they convey to the palate a rich and meaty tang. The magic wand of flavor holds the secret of such concoctions. For the enjoyment and good health of the readers of the *Atlantic*, I am going to describe the high and sacred formulas of one or two stews that, as far as I am concerned, have stood the test of time and so are forever welcome upon my table.

The first of these will be lamb stew as fashioned at the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. When the old hotel went into the hands of the wreckers, Oscar, that prince of hosts, escaped from the dangers of falling bricks and mortar, bearing in his inside pocket, as a sole memento of ancient grandeur, the recipe for Irish Lamb Stew Old Waldorf. One snowy winter's day, from his office in the new Waldorf-Astoria, he sent the secret on to me as a Christmas present. And now, with Oscar's blessing, I share it with you.

To serve six hungry persons you take:

- 14 ounces of lean pork shoulder, trimmed and cut into 1½ inch squares
- 28 ounces of lean and tender lamb, trimmed and cut into 1½ inch squares
- 20 ounces of sliced potatoes
- 8 ounces sliced onions
- 14 small whole onions
- 14 very small turnips
- 18 tender carrots, sliced
- 1 cup of green peas
- 1 cup of sliced string beans
- 1 bouquet consisting of 6 stalks of celery and a little parsley tied together
- 1 clove of garlic, chopped
- 1 bayleaf and a pinch of thyme
- 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley
- 1 quart of water
- Salt and pepper to taste

Place in the stew pot the meat, the water, sliced onions, one half of the sliced potatoes, the chopped garlic, and the seasonings, except the chopped parsley. Bring to a gentle boil and let simmer for twelve minutes. Then add the rest of the potatoes, the small onions, turnips, sliced carrots, peas, and beans. Season to taste with salt and pepper and continue

Author of many cookbooks, an authority on food and drink, CROSBY GAIGE is equally well known as a theatrical producer. This is the third in a series which he is writing for the *Atlantic*.

the slow cooking until the meat is lusciously tender and the vegetables are soft but still retain their individuality. Remove the bouquet. Serve very hot with the vegetables on top of the meat and the chopped parsley sprinkled over all. This excellent dish is garnished with flaky dumplings which have been made in the following manner.

Mix well together:—

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound flour
- 4 ounces of finely ground veal fat
- 1 lightly beaten egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of baking powder
- 2 tablespoons of chopped chives, parsley, and chervil if the latter is available

Pat the dough on an even surface to a half-inch thickness and cut into rounds with a cooky cutter.

Now there are as many different ways of cooking dumplings as there are said to be of killing a cat, and in most instances the result is an unhappy sogginess. Dumplings can be boiled in salted water or they can be steamed in the covered stew pot for fifteen or twenty minutes. So let us pop them into the pot and say amen to a perfect meal.

Franz Liszt dreamed the high and haunting melodies of the *Rhapsodies Hongroises*. It would be pleasant to believe that he also composed Hungarian Goulash, a fragrant symphony in its own right.

The shepherds on the wide plains of Hungary employed for their cooking an iron pot hung on a tripod over an open wood fire. Like the Greeks, they had a name for it — the *gulyás*, which in English becomes goulash. One of the characteristic seasonings of the Hungarians is paprika, their name for a member of the pimiento family, which possibly came to Hungary with the Turks some four centuries ago. In Hungary it is used green as we use our green peppers. When it is ripe, however, it reddens just as our peppers do. It has a flavor all its own and when ground into the paprika of commerce it can be almost as hot as a chili, if the seeds have been ground with it, or it can be mild and aromatic.

To make a proper goulash you go to your butcher and, if you are on good terms with him, — I have yet to find a good butcher who was not responsive to a person whose judgment of meat he could respect, — ask him to provide five or six pounds of choice top round. I usually cook on a week-end for at least ten or twelve voracious lions, so you must take this into account in estimating your own problems. The steak should be trimmed and cut into neat one and one-half inch squares. Personally, I like bacon fat to grease the saucepan; so into the bright, stainless steel interior of this perfect implement I put about four good slices of bacon diced. When the fat gets good and hot, in go the cubes of steak, to sizzle, with occa-



sional turnings, until all four sides are seared. Meanwhile, I have sliced up four pounds of sweet Bermuda onions. These join the beef, together with one onion whose rounded sides have been pierced with six cloves, and they all cook for about ten minutes. Next I add two bottles of ale, a half bottle of claret, a half cup of brandy, and a pint of tomato paste.

An hour and a half of slow cooking should suffice. Then season with salt, pepper, and a good tablespoonful of paprika. This last ingredient should be sifted in carefully so as to reach all sides of the meat as you turn it, but avoiding the sides of the pot, as scorched paprika will give a bitter taste to your stew.

In the meantime, a pound and a half of noodles have been boiled in salted water, and a cup of bread crumbs has been browned with a clove of garlic in hot butter. Pour the crumbs and butter over the noodles.

Place the noodles in the center of a large platter, and circle the rim of the platter with the cubes of meat. Serve the gravy in one of those maritime implements known as a "gravy boat"; then sit down at table and say nice things about the Hungarians.

Incidentally, as we must think of drink as well as meat, a bottle of Burgundy or Rioja is a pleasant accompaniment. Served with this meal may be a heaping bowl of mixed green salad and a well-ripened Brie to finish off our story in time for the coffee.

Pacific Winter

By SHEPARD KIMBERLY, 2ND

No more! No more!
 Humid fevered island of mud and dusty rain.
 How much longer — how much more rotting?
 What more unused pain and sweat stinging the eyes?
 Teach thy necessity . . .
 Only give us the virtue of the cool sea rolling
 Eastward to the cold tingle
 Of frosted wind, the round jingle of winter sounds;
 Only the feel of hard air through the open door
 On the nerve-ends and in the corner of the eyes;
 The honesty of snow again.
 No more
 The treacherous trickle of clammy rain
 Or steaming thickened sun.
 But crisp salt spray drenching on the way
 To the forgotten smell of snow-bent juniper and pine,
 The zero sign of frosty crunch beneath the feet
 (Not coral sands),
 The warm fusion of bare-clasped hands,
 The bright white plumes of winter laughter,
 The fire-warm glow of winter love.

Pointed crystal images of home.

FILMS

The Omnipotent Oscar

By GORDON KAHN

FOR the entire first quarter of this year Hollywood has lain soaking in a marinade of praise. Scarcely a day passed without scrolls of merit and plaques; diplomas-of-honor and golden apples being pressed upon it. Newspapers and magazines whooped; critics' circles and loose federations of movie zealots fell all over each other in slavish haste to be first and loudest with hosannas.

One fan magazine alone struck off thirty-five solid gold medals commemorating *The Valley of Decision* as "The People's Choice for 1945" on the assurance of the Gallup survey which said the same thing about Dewey in '44. And though actors, directors, and producers were hung with blue ribbons like premium fat-stock at a cattle show, all this hoopla is small beer compared to the annual award of Oscars by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

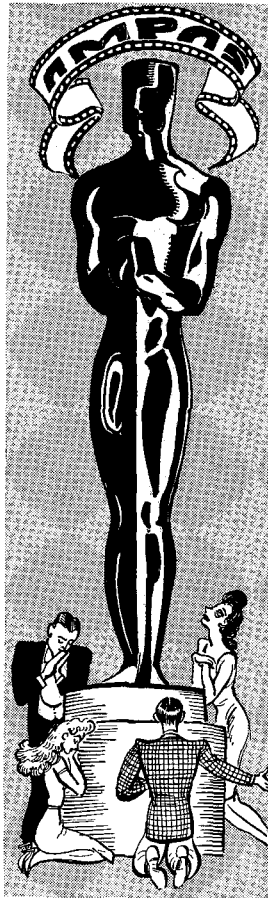
Many of the earlier trophies were richer, and it is readily conceded that a year-end poll among the mass of filmgoers is a more accurate gauge of cosmopolitan partiality. But Oscar is still dearest to the mummer's heart and none is called *hadji* until he has borne a gilt statuette away from the Academy's annual rodeo of self-approbation.

This rapture flames hotter even than the fawnings of the trade press which require acknowledgment by a courtly exchange of compliments at rates up to \$600 a page in two colors. To the theater managers who gave Darryl F. Zanuck an icon brevetting him as "Box Office Champion of 1945," he, in turn, gave them each a handsome wrist watch.

Publicity is not the entire objective of those who seek the Oscar, which only their peers can confer, although it pays off heavily in that currency as well. The Academy's press agent reported that the bestowal of the statuettes, and the windy ritual that goes with it, fetched more than 1400 full columns of space in the newspapers during the publicity-lean months of March and April, 1945.

The exercises this year, the eighteenth since the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was founded, were held in Hollywood's own vast echo chamber, Grauman's Chinese Theatre. From habit, because the first fourteen annual awards were made at banquets, the function is still called the Academy Dinner. And it was during those first fourteen years that the affair degenerated to tournaments of shrill

This is another in the series about Hollywood which GORDON KAHN is writing for the *Atlantic* from an observation post in the midst of the movie capital.



bombast with overtones of vainglory. Newspapermen who covered the events slyly quoted the prizewinners, line for turgid line. But during the last four years the tone of the proceedings has become successively more sensible, coincident with the Academy's efforts to coördinate the best work of the creative elements in the motion picture industry.

The first Oscar ever cast was given to Janet Gaynor in the final year of the silent feature, 1928, for her role in *Seventh Heaven*. Her opposite number that year was Emil Jannings, who took his statuette to Germany, whence his friends among the *Herrenvolk* sent it back to us in three-inch fragments. Other Oscars had their heads reamed and became candlesticks. Some are used as doorstops and for pounding nut meats. But none, so far, has ended in a pawnshop. Which is more than can be said about Phi Beta Kappa keys.

The first year of the awards was also the last in which the art of writing titles for silent pictures was recognized. The title writers of those days were a snug and overpaid hierarchy whose arrogance was fabulous. They called themselves The Titular Bishops and wrote chits —

but only to each other — on vellum engraved with a miter.

In that year also, Warner Brothers produced *The Jazz Singer* and this picture had to be memorialized in some way. So a special award was designated: For Marking an Epoch in Motion Picture History. Nothing lavish was intended here since the term epochal until recently was understood to be a degree slightly above terrific and a shade below boffo.

Until the 1943 awards, the annual prize revels of the Academy were gigantic bouts of oratory and tears. In the forensics handicap, Charles Curtis, a former vice-president of the United States, took on all comers and clocked off forty-five minutes of memorable tedium. The shortest speech on record was James Cagney's when he took the Oscar for *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. He said, "Thanks. It's nice to know what the people in his own business think of a man's work."

Virtually all the lady medalists wept at their moment of victory during the banquet years. On accepting the totem, traditionally from the hands of the previous year's winner, they would open the spillway, finally to be helped off the podium in a condition of restrained hysteria, and streaked with mascara.

The *Hollywood Citizen-News* reports a recent encounter: "When Anita Colby impetuously rushed up to Claudette Colbert following the premier of *Tomorrow Is Forever* and told her how wonderful she

was in the role, Claudette broke into tears. . . . When she [Claudette] goes before the cameras she is like a finely strung instrument on which human emotions can be interpreted."

During the Joan Fontaine-to-Greer Garson, or let us say the *Suspicion*-to-*Miniver*, exchange of compliments and the earlier Ginger Rogers-to-Joan Fontaine transfer of Oscars, all the soggy stops were pulled out to the nub. Mrs. Miniver opened the sluice a bit and coasted off on the "I-feel-just-like-Alice-in-Wonderland" theme. The retiring *excellentissima* joined her in about sixteen bars of keening. And from there La Garson took it for what seemed twenty full minutes of humid patter, during which strong men, taut with sirloin and large wines, went awash.

Unblushing braggadocio rattled the glasses during those early carnivals. An aging film magnate some banquets back, on handing the puppet to a younger aspirant, said, "My son — and I can *call* you my son — keep up the good work and some day you will be a great man — perhaps even as great as I am today."

When accepting the Oscar, and while fumbling for his notes, the prizeman is most frequently constrained to begin: "My friends — and I can *call* you my friends — I can't tell you how delighted and surprised I am."

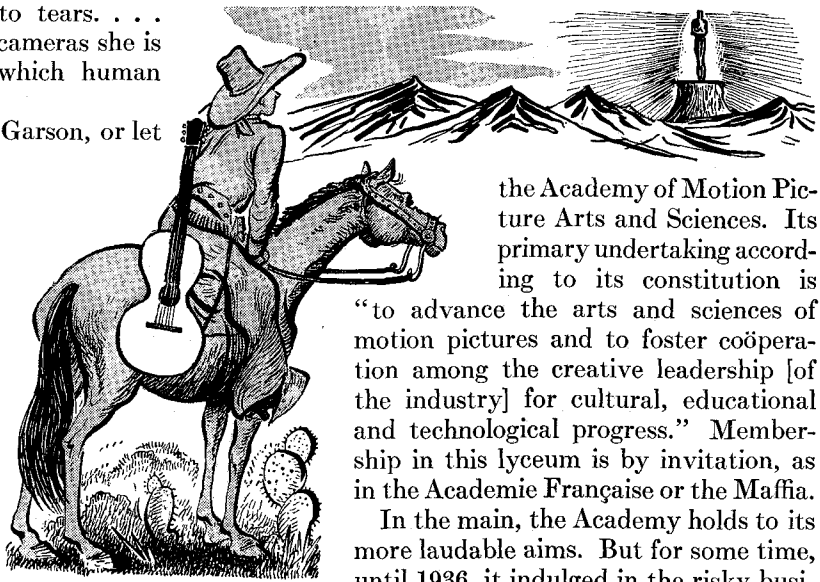
Delighted as he may well be, his surprise is pure rhetoric. No winner of an Academy juju has ever failed to show up at the proceedings to tell how the triumph startled him.

A cowardly rumor gets abroad every year to the effect that this perfect attendance record is maintained with the connivance of some gossip columnists who violate the release date on the earth-shaking results of the final ballots. This is denied again and again, but like the Hitlerian lie, it dies hard.

The Academy conducts the balloting with scrupulous fairness, and for their part the 8000 persons who voted this year employed their honest opinions. Yet there was vigorous electioneering by the studios and the contending artists as well. For, to have a film named as The Outstanding Picture of the Year means cash as well as kudos; another whirl around the theater circuits and an additional million dollars in its gross earnings.

While the studios campaign by means of heavy advertising inserts in the film-trade press, leading men glow with amiability toward bit players and electricians. A *prima-cinerina* notoriously waspish toward extra girls, particularly pretty ones, in the weeks before the voting, began lavishing perfumes, civility, and fifths of wholesome whiskey on all hands.

The institution of these prize awards, although the most advertised, is by no means the sole function of



the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Its primary undertaking according to its constitution is

"to advance the arts and sciences of motion pictures and to foster coöperation among the creative leadership [of the industry] for cultural, educational and technological progress." Membership in this lyceum is by invitation, as in the Academie Française or the Mafia.

In the main, the Academy holds to its more laudable aims. But for some time, until 1936, it indulged in the risky business

of union busting. After denouncing the Academy as "a producer-front to prevent organization of the talent guilds," Dudley Nichols was offered the Oscar for his screenplay of *The Informer*. Had the Academy learned the lesson of that picture they would have been saved the ignominy of getting Dudley's firm turndown.

It has turned over several new leaves since then and now asserts in printed matter designed for general distribution: "The Academy is entirely freed of all labor relations responsibilities and has no concern with economic or political matters." It goes even further by saying in the amended articles of its incorporation that in the discretion of the board of directors it may "coöperate and/or affiliate with any organization or association whose objective is the betterment of the motion picture industry as a whole. . . ."

It will take a long time, however, before the Academy can dispel the popular impression that its annual awards amount to a mutual arrangement for the movie folk to pin medals on each other, all hands around.

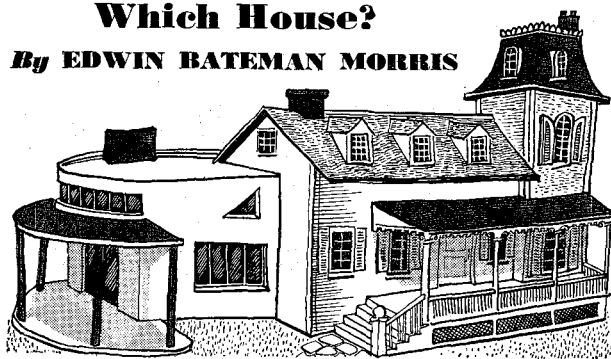
To some it is regrettable that only the nonpareil in each block of contenders is announced. Second money here is no money at all. In the general balloting, their writers, the actors, and the others concerned will never know how stood *Boston Blackie*, *Booked on Suspicion*, *A Guy, a Gal and a Pal*, *Both Barrels Blazing*, *I Accuse My Parents*, and *White Pongo*.

Take *Lights of Old Santa Fe* — that color-drenched allegro of the untamed, untamable Border in which the thrum of a singing cowboy's lute pierced the heart deeper than the bullets of a Colt have ever done.

One vote for it was certain. And there might have been two if that wretched collaborator of mine hadn't turncoated on us and voted for *Leave Her to Heaven*.

Which House?

By EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS



The Motif House

Intensely sophisticated and original. Geraniums painted on window glass. Ceiling utilized for decoration, with painted flowers, ascot ties, and so forth. One door in the room decorated to match the ceiling. This gives it a personal fillip, perhaps even a bright salute. Here and there bottles filled with bright-colored water. Then you go out and pick up some twigs and, combining them with modeling wax, make knowing little Rogers-group things. Paint two and a half walls in each room Scotch tartan. This makes the room more cozy; or, if you don't want it cozy, you can consider it gives it jolly expanse.

The Big-Window House

It is a good First Conception — the Big Window to Bring the Outdoors In. Having decided, after looking at department-store show windows, upon the type and size of glass panel desired, you can easily make the rest of the house fit in with it. When the house is completed and the Big Window becomes adjacent to Outdoors to Be Brought In, the resulting state of affairs can often be cured by heavy planting, or a high white board fence with a crenelated top. Unless, of course, you just love to look outdoors, and the bras pendant from adjacent lines have for you the restless sweep of flying gulls, the white sheets the distant feel of snow-capped mountains. Imaginative thoughts may rise from seeing the oyster-gray fluted cylinders like truncated Doric columns of eld, tipped with a touch of frost — in this case, the overflowing ashes. In the trail of the oilman dragging his soiled snake through the snow, what an arabesque pattern of black on near-white! The track of the dog to the overturned garbage can! Yet — on second thought, perhaps Venetian blinds.

The Reduced-Space House

The principle of so-called sardinization. Saving a bit of area here and a bit there. Eating at a flap-up wall table in the kitchen, on stools the children fall off of. Guest rooms, if any, mostly closets with an inlaid bunk. Multiple-tier beds in children's room. Living room with folding desk, folding sewing machine, folding radio, folding couch, space-saving

chairs. If one has any leisure after making up high beds, folding this and unfolding that, there must be a barbershop in the neighborhood where there is plenty of waiting, where a fellow can stretch his legs.

The Reminiscent House

This is the type of house that follows the uncatalogued museum theme — authentically nostalgic of something, but not documented. And no price lists. The owner will tell you postprandially about bargains achieved. Along the walls you have old wagon wheels, breaking up the square lines of the room and carrying you back mistily to the days when people didn't have the lovely homes we have today. Against one of these wheels is an old piano remodeled for a desk and painted red. Then there is that appealing though possibly fatal rocking chair with the short rear rocker-ends — painted red — a potential gymnasium unless you sit well forward and watch it.

By the side of the fireplace you hinge the interior blinds you bought when they tore down that old Main Street mansion, to act as an inflammable but pretty fire screen. These are painted red. On the ceiling are adze-dressed beams from the Old Mill, not exactly structural since they don't quite reach the walls at either end (how else could you get them in?), but providing a sentimental background for that fifth-cocktail yearning for the bygone days.

Moderate-Income House to Make Life Easy

Simplicity the keynote. Simplified kitchen, with cubicle for electric range, drawer-type refrigerator, fume hoods, dishwashers, garbage disposers; cubicle for laundry; dining cubicle; a couple of walls of ceiling-high cupboards. Simplified occupational therapy room, available for junior recreation, ping-pong, formal dinners, parent-teachers' meetings, rainy-day clothes drying. Simplified adult reflection room, soundproofed, acoustically treated, bookcased, built-in-radioed, with decorative meat-house tracks on the ceiling for movable lights. Simplified bathroom, with sun lamps, acoustical correction, roomy expanses, cubicles, closets, forced ventilation, instantaneous hot water. House operates smoothly with plenty of fuel oil, plenty of electricity, plenty of machine servicing, plenty of mortgage.

Before and After

"Only Fate knows why we were attracted to that stuffy house with its plain Greek pillars and wide porch — 'verahndah' my husband humorously dubbed it. Pillars and porch came off. The center hall we wisely merged with the former stiff Colonial parlor, to make a large Foregathering Room, with nubby rugs, merry tankards, churns, and cobblers' benches about. A country-store counter, painted red, became a bookcase. We traded the stuffed-shirt Georgian mantel with fine carving, which simply didn't go with our witty *décor*, for a darling meat-cutting block that sparkles as a cocktail table. The house now gives you a *fillip*. It's gallant, I mean."

EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS was formerly associated with the Office of the Supervising Architect in the Federal government.

There are 1,951,730 radio families living in the five boroughs comprising New York City. They spend 59,840,042 hours a week listening to their radios. It boils down roughly to 4.38 hours of listening per family per day which comes very close to the amount of time the average American family throughout the country spends listening to its radio.

We bring this up not to suggest that a lot of people find radio their richest source of entertainment, inspiration and instruction. That goes without saying. We bring it up as a sample of the kind of research which CBS research provides for its clients, and which these clients are gracious enough to consider the best in radio. For if you are in the business of telling people things either as a radio advertiser or a broadcaster, the first thing you want to know is how many people are listening to you, who they are and where they live. From Columbia's Research Department you can get a pretty accurate audience picture for each of the 3,072 counties in the U.S.

★

Kansas farmers count on Gene Shipley to cover frontline agricultural news, on his weekly farm service program on WIBW, the CBS affiliate in Topeka. When the State decided to bomb out one of the largest crow roosts in recent memory, Shipley brought his recording kit within 300 feet of the target. Then he opened the microphone as the fuse ignited the first of a series of 366 dynamite-and-shot bombs. Shipley's listeners heard each separate explosion clearly, then his triumphant report of 200,000 fewer crows.

★

It was Inaugural Eve. Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge were ready to take the official oath of office. A few weeks earlier the first ship-to-shore telephone conversation had been completed when someone on Catalina Island talked to someone 3000 miles away on a vessel off Long Island. Episode 23 of the *Perils of Pauline* had the movie fans biting their nails. And in the home of one of the rising comic spirits of the day a party was in full swing.

"How's for a song, Fanny?" said a guest. Whereupon Miss Brice launched into a baby-talk parody of a song called *Poor Pauline*. In the ovation that followed Baby Snooks was born and became an integral feature of the Brice vaudeville act.

You may have heard Baby Snooks on CBS on March 3. It was Fanny's 230th performance on the air, the 25th anniversary of the role. By simple arithmetic Snooks should now be 31, but time has not altered nor custom staled the special timbre of the famous voice. "Why, Daddy?" says Fanny, and laughter ripples through millions of living rooms across America.

★

For 21 years station WHEC, the CBS affiliate in Rochester, has been a powerful voice in the service of western New York. To describe its purposes and policy as a community-minded broadcaster, WHEC adopted an ancient Etruscan motto of the Fifth Century:



"And a Voice went forth, echoing throughout the valleys and resounding among the hills. And it entered at the hearths of rich and poor. And all rejoiced. For in it was the memory of past guidance, the knowledge of present help, the promise of future inspiration. And all men paused to heed it."

★

The *Two-B News* is a four-page mimeographed illustrated newspaper published at random by pupils of the Second Grade of the Amityville (L. I.) Elementary School. Recently we ran across the issue of February 7, which was mainly devoted to a description of an after-school class party held on the occasion of an *American School of the Air* broadcast. With the permission of the copyright owners, we reprint a salient extract:

"At exactly five o'clock the *School of the Air* trumpets began to blow. We sat right up straight with our Peter and the Wolf hats on our heads and listened quietly... It was fun. We enjoyed it. It was fun because we knew the story well. We have heard it on the victrola quite a few times. We laughed and made motions as we listened. We

were cats and wolves and Peter and Grandfather and the Ducky-Wucky and the bird and the hunters. We even let the lasso down for Peter. We didn't make any noise because if we did we couldn't hear."

★

As the days lengthen, keep your eyes aloft. On a late Spring evening you may see a plane dip through the clouds on the first leg of a globe-encircling mission of good will. Its principal passenger will be radio's pre-eminent writer and producer Norman Corwin, winner of the first "One World Award," a memorial to Wendell Willkie, and a tribute to Corwin's striking contribution to world fellowship through such CBS broadcasts as *On A Note of Triumph* and *Word From the People*.

This time, carrying the word to the people, Corwin will follow the trail Willkie blazed to London, Paris, Moscow and Chungking, and then go on to new places. Here's how he defined the word when he accepted the award:

"If oneness of the world is a dream, then we are proud to call ourselves dreamers. There was a time when roundness of the world was a dream, too; and when the oneness of separate states was a frail ideal..."

"Wendell Willkie's concept of One World has just begun to fight. It has on its side certain considerable resources, such as the ardent yearning for peace and freedom of billions of people; it has the virtue, in a world not distinguished for cool reasoning, of being logical.

"When the logic and truth of his great dream is translated to all people, and absorbed and shared and implemented by them, then the world of Wendell Willkie will come about..."

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Astronomy

By PRISCILLA HOVEY WRIGHT

WHEN I went to college, astronomy was one of the subjects considered especially good for young women who, aside from a few teaching positions and secretaryships, had nothing open to them after graduation but the ancient and honorable profession of home-making. Not only was it considered beneficial: it was necessary for the completion of your science requirement — unless, of course, you chose to substitute botany or geology.

New students, freshmen and sophomores who didn't know better, might sign up for these sciences, but juniors and seniors who had kept their eyes and ears open were too shrewd to be caught. They knew there was more to botany than the dear little flowers, more to geology than the harmless little rocks.

Astronomy was different; astronomy was safe. No exhausting field trips here — and even if there had been, Professor Brown was so old he couldn't have taken them. He looked rather like Santa Claus, had a fatherly, indulgent attitude toward young women striving for a sheepskin, and wouldn't think of giving any of them a bad mark. It was reported that never, never had Professor Brown given a student less than a C, and as a rule he passed out only A's and B's. Here was the course for the unscientific, the course for the impractical English majors.

The first day in Astronomy I(a) was most enjoyable. So many students registered for it that it was a large class. Not all were permitted to take it, and I had anxious moments before I knew I was enrolled. It was my senior year and it was now or never for astronomy. Professor Brown smiled at our eager, upturned faces. He gave us a little pep talk on the planets and we took our pens and notebooks and wrote: "Dear Parents, I've been so busy studying I haven't had a chance to write until now" or "Dear Frank, I can't tell you how thrilled I was to receive my Princeton banner!"

Throughout the fall, Astronomy I(a) lived up to its reputation. Of course there were lab hours, which naturally had to come at night, but everybody followed old Dr. Brown out on the knoll where the tiny observatory was, and looked up at the sky and said, "Oh, yes, *now* I see!" and "Well, for goodness' sake, imagine!" and then went back to the dimly lighted observatory classroom and made diagrams of the constellations, while Professor Brown withdrew to his study and said to ask him for help if we had any trouble.

Of course we never had any trouble when all we



had to do was open our books and copy the constellations, or hold up one of the students who really knew something and ask her how the thing went. There was a sprinkling of these obnoxious people, some of whom were cagey and wouldn't impart information.

Then there were the nights it rained, and we couldn't go outside, but merely got our notebooks

and personal correspondence caught up. On special occasions we looked at the heavenly bodies through the small telescope which the observatory boasted and which, I'm sure, wasn't much more powerful than the one my son procured years later with the tops of two cereal boxes. Gravely, however, we peered into it while Dr. Brown carefully adjusted it. Being extremely farsighted, I could do much better with the naked eye, but I never said anything that would hurt Dr. Brown's feelings.

Yes, everything was going wonderfully, and I was planning on pulling down an A in the course, which would do wonders for my general average, when poor Dr. Brown had a stroke. It didn't kill him — in fact, he lived for several years in the comparative comfort he justly deserved — but it nearly killed most of the class.

In just a week's time we had a brand-new professor, a lean, zealous, maiden-lady Ph.D., and from that day on, the heavens were dark and glowering. The new professor was determined to have us know what we were supposed to know. She wouldn't take no for an answer, or if she did take it she also put a red D beside it. Mathematics not only began to creep into what had been a peaceful science, but to dominate it. You had to know exactly how many miles or light-years things were from one another and draw diagrams of everything.

Lab hours became hours of torture. While the botany and geology students were resting their fallen arches at night, sitting around in their kimonos, stirring up fudge in their chafing dishes, and twanging "Moonlight Bay" on their mandolins, you were miserably trekking in the dark and the cold to that horrible observatory. No letters to dear parents or dear Frank, no conscience-free cribbing from the book and the brainy ones. Alone you stood and alone you fell.

Just before midyears an embarrassing conference made it distressingly clear that I was flunking Astronomy I(a). Impossible! Why, nobody ever flunked *that*. Everybody got A's and B's. Ah, but that was in the days of dear, kind Dr. Brown, not the days of the grim, fiendish follower of Galileo with whom I was having the interview.

Well, I passed it, but at what cost of sleepless

PRISCILLA HOVEY WRIGHT went into newspaper work after her graduation from college, and is the author of several short stories, a novel, and two books of humor. She lives in Braintree, Massachusetts.

Announcing the
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Third Annual Novel Award

— 1946 —



THE JUDGES: HARRY HANSEN, Literary Critic of the New York World-Telegram; AMY LOVEMAN, Associate Editor of the Saturday Review Of Literature; SIDNEY FRANKLIN, Producer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Random Harvest, Mrs. Miniver, Madame Curie, and The White Cliffs of Dover. THE PRIZES: \$125,000 minimum to the Author; \$175,000 maximum to the Author, contingent upon sales; \$25,000 to the Publisher, upon publication.

For further information, address...
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Annual Novel Award, Loew's Incorporated, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.



nights and care-filled days! Hours and hours were taken from Milton, Shakespeare, and George Eliot and spent on the solar system. I passed with a D minus and after breathing a short sigh of relief was plunged into the second semester and into Astronomy I(b), which was even worse. Throughout the winter and spring I slaved at that observatory, watching the constellations assume

with diabolic humor different positions in the heavens so that I would have to graph and compute them all over again. At the final examination I once more prayed and sweated and came out with another D, this time a straight one.

I got my sheepskin all right. It was a long time, however, before I was able to look up into the sky at night with any pleasure; a long, long time before I could forget what I had learned and gaze up at the stars with honest enjoyment, give a healthy, hearty sigh and exclaim, "What a glorious night! I wonder if I can find the Big Dipper!"

The Water's Skin

By LORUS J. MILNE

WHEN you sit by a pond or a winding stream, the city's hurry drains away, and from the corners of the mind thoughts come out and sun themselves. Before you on the water, bugs and beetles skip about. They stay afloat because the surface tension of the water acts as a skin, elastic and smooth, that prevents them from sinking.

Two kinds of air-breathing insects are the most familiar users of the water's skin. The shiny, black whirligig beetles zigzagging in groups on streams, ponds, and small lakes draw attention to themselves by their hurried movements. They fascinate the small boy standing dry-shod on the bank. He wants to catch one, but the beetles are safe from cupped hands as they dart and spin. If alarmed beyond their gyrating system of escape, the whirligigs tip their tail ends up to grasp a bubble of air as they dive to the bottom. There they swim around and later surface like a submarine, some distance off, their glossy backs shedding water. The front pair of their six legs are long and slender; the other four are short paddles which whip the insect through the water.

The whirligigs often climb out on floating logs or lily pads to bask in the sun, but are off into the sur-

face film at the slightest movement within sight. The beetles have a water line, below which they are really wet. This line passes through their compound eyes, which are divided actually into two, the upper half for vision into air, the other for watching the water's depths. In winter the whirligigs crawl under fallen leaves along the banks or in near-by woods, and come out on warm spring days to seek their fellows on little pools or in quiet bays along the river. The female beetle lays her eggs on plants just above the water's surface; there they hatch into aquatic larvae, which hunt for smaller animals within the pond.

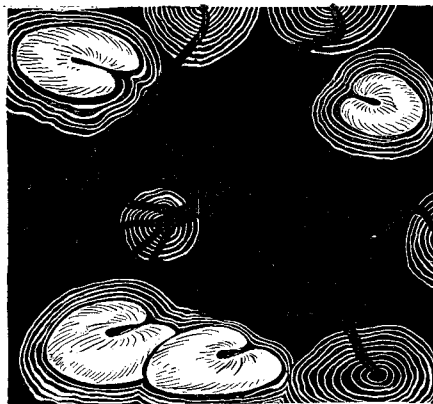
The other commonly seen inhabitants of the surface film are the water-striders, known in Texas as "Jesus bugs," in Canada as "skaters." These insects are suspended in the same way that a clean needle can be made to "float" on water in a tumbler. They rest their weight on the short front pair of legs and on the outer third of the long hind pair, and use their middle legs as oars to push themselves along. Their waxy-haired feet press the water surface downward without breaking the film, and form elongate dimples which support them. Actually they ride the water as a result of a combination of surface tension forces pulling upward in the slanting sides of the dimples, and of the buoyant force of water

displaced from these depressions in the surface.

It is very striking to watch one of these insects cleaning its legs a pair at a time, rubbing them together in the same way that a housefly does. First it cleans the front pair, the body being held unusually high above the water on the remaining four legs. Next it rubs a middle leg against a front one, lying down on the opposite side to elevate the appendages being cleaned. Finally it cleans the back pair; its head

is almost in the water, the chin pressing into the surface, and the middle legs are brought far back to allow the abdomen to be raised up as far as possible.

Toilet completed, antennae brushed, the insect rows forth alertly to seek its fortune. This may be another strider or some floating carcass into which the bug's slender beak may be thrust and food obtained. Many of their dashes over the pond surface are rewarded with a struggling leafhopper or other small insect which has fallen onto the water and is supported by the surface film. Water-striders dive upon occasion, but only under threat of serious danger. Afterwards they crawl out, wet and obviously miserable, to dry and comb themselves into respectability. All active stages in a water-strider's life cycle are spent on the water surface, but for winter they fly or crawl (some are wingless even as adults) under leaves much as do the whirligig beetles.



LORUS J. MILNE is a teacher, biologist, and biophysicist at the University of Pennsylvania and Beaver College.

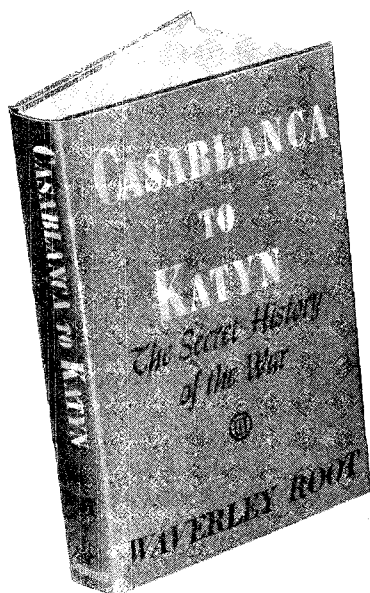
1846



A Century of Publishing



1946



Casablanca to Katyn

Vol. III of

"The Secret History of the War"

by

WAVERLEY ROOT

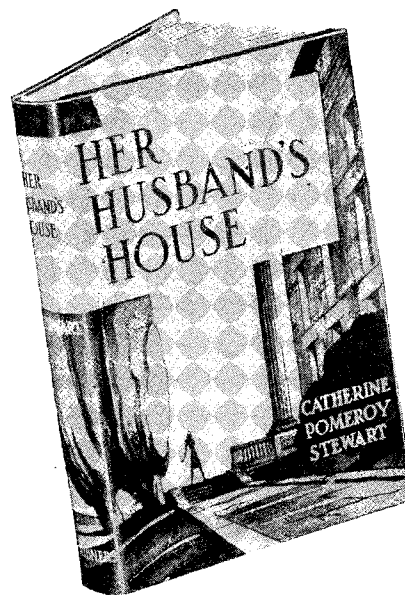
This fascinating book is more than a sequel to the two successful volumes of "The Secret History of the War" in which Mr. Root brought his account of the undercover diplomatic and political maneuvers of World War II up to the end of 1942. It is a self contained work in itself, dominated by the motif of "Germany's 1943 Strategy" which culminated in the Katyn massacre that led to the diplomatic break between Poland and Russia. Mr. Root presents much material hitherto unpublished in any book—about North Africa, Morocco, Italy and Russia—and gives new meaning to the events of a critical period. \$5.00

Applejack for Breakfast

by HELEN and ALFRED CAMPBELL



"Meant to entertain and is a vast success," says *The Chicago Sun* of this "delightful story of a family who bought a farm and made a go of it." Here are facts and characters much more real, and far funnier, than fiction. *With drawings by Alice Harvey; 2nd Printing* \$2.50



Her Husband's House

by

CATHERINE POMEROY STEWART

Author of "So Thick the Fog"

This is the story of an American girl who married an Italian nobleman, and lived on a vast estate in Calabria, a part of Italy "so wild and abandoned as to give rise to the illusion that you had stepped back into the magic land of the Druids." The novel begins in the early days of Mussolini's rule over Italy . . . a regime that barely touched the life of the Calabresi. It ends during the closing days, of the Second World War. It is eventful, warm-hearted, perceptive, filled with high-spirited humor and deep emotion—a convincing and wholly absorbing picture of a country and its people as seen through the lives of a delightful company of fully-realized characters.

\$3.00

The Long Year

A new novel by

ANN CHIDESTER

Sinclair Lewis said of Ann Chidester: "She soars universes above the neat and talented young novelists who pick at their little emotions and family clashes . . . She is so good . . . and exciting!" That praise applies just as strongly to this new novel of the havoc wrought by a "career woman" who returned to her native mid-western town. \$2.75

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every so often a water-strider is noticed with a few bright red specks attached to it. On closer inspection, these are found to be the parasitic immature stages of the red water mite. The young mites suck nutritious juices from inside the water-strider. They weaken it a little but do not kill it. After a few weeks the mites drop off and shed their six-legged skins to become proper eight-legged relatives of the spiders. Then as adults, they run nimbly over the water surface, mate, and lay eggs on floating plants, where the young hatch and wait for water-striders or other pond insects. The mature water mites are very handsome with their bright, rich-red bodies. Their swimming is distinctive, for their eight short, hair-fringed legs move so rapidly that the globular red body glides along smoothly, in contrast to the jerky movements of the pond insects and crustaceans.

Perhaps the largest walker on the water is the Dolomedes spider, which could straddle a silver dollar without touching it. These are tan-colored, with dark stripes, and are members of the wolf-spider family. They are seen often around boathouses on small lakes and rivers. They run out on the water surface mainly when traveling across some small bay or when driven from the shore by the approach of danger. Fish often snap them up if they hesitate — retribution in kind since these same spiders creep down into the water and snatch small fish in their murderous jaws. The female Dolomedes, like others of her family, does not trust her precious eggs out of her sight. She wraps them up in a creamy white ball of silk and drags the spherical bundle after her through the woods, out on the water, everywhere she goes.

A more frequent spider on the water's skin is a smaller member of the same wolf-spider family. This is a very active, running spider, which nimbly skips and rushes from lily pad to shore and weed to weed, picking up food as it goes. Dead insects or live, it makes no difference, but the actual eating of the catch is reserved for the safety of some plant stem or the shelter of the bank. Like the Dolomedes, the small water spider drags her ball of eggs, and when the young have hatched, carries them upon her back and legs until they gain confidence to leave her.

Among the more spectacular yet seldom noticed inhabitants of the water film are the springtails, a group of minute insects which have a most unusual means of locomotion. Beneath the hinder end of the body, they have a long appendage, sometimes forked, which reaches forward to engage a catch between their legs. In use, the body is tensed so as to strain the appendage against its catch. Letting go of the catch allows the appendage to strike violently against the water surface on which the insect stands, throwing the tiny body high in the air, to fall somewhere else. For a creature so minute, air has an excellent cushioning effect, so that it lands without damage, often on its feet.

Ever since someone first dropped a piece of camphor into a dish of water, people have been amused to see the chip of waxy white gum dash here and there over the water surface. The explanation was far less interesting — the camphor chip dissolved non-uniformly, and reduced the water surface tension as it dissolved. The side where most was dissolving at any one time was the side where the water surface tension was most reduced momentarily, and the water opposite yanked the chip away. The same experiment may be performed with two toothpicks or wooden matches floated in a dish of water. After a few moments they will cling together in the center of their pond. If a slender, pointed stick of soap is pushed down to touch the water surface between the two toothpicks, the surface tension there is reduced and the water film beyond the toothpicks jerks them apart. If you have a cube of sugar to spend on the experiment, dip it into the water between the spread picks. Back together they come, since the sugar solution has a higher surface tension than the pure water, whereas the soap solution has a lower tension.

All this is entertaining parlor magic, but there is a little rove beetle, *Stenus* by name, which actually uses this trick. *Stenus*, like its close relatives, is a hungry little fellow with short wings, and flies around a great deal trying to find food. Often it makes a mistake and falls into water. But it merely expels from its anal glands a substance which lowers the surface tension at its hinder end, so that the water ahead of it can draw it forward rapidly like a toy boat, often causing the beetle to reach a dry object from which it can fly on again.

Even vertebrate animals may cross the water surface if they are quick about it. Barbour tells of small lizards in Central America, the basilisks, which are common around streams and ponds. When disturbed they rush across the water surface on their hind legs, with the fore feet folded against their sides and the tail raised to counterbalance them. Related lizards in Cuba do this too, but instead of hurrying to the opposite bank or some solid refuge, they run over the water merely to some quiet spot, where they stop, sink quickly to the bottom, and remain until they believe the danger has passed. Some of our native salamanders and newts can scamper across the water's skin in much the same way, although they use all four feet and must touch the water along their bellies too. In all of these, the animal is kept from sinking by its nimble action, feet pressing down on the water and away again so quickly that the water cannot flow around, its own inertia no match for the speed of the animal.



Books of Lasting Value from PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY

THE CREATIVE MIND

by Henri Bergson

\$3.75

The last of Bergson's published works. A masterly autobiography of this eminent philosopher's method. "Bergson at his crispest and most logical."
The New Yorker

DICTIONARY OF WORD ORIGINS

by Joseph T. Shipley, Ph. D.

The origins and backgrounds of 8,000 commonly used words and the meanings and derivations of 900 first names, with special lists of doublets and words based on persons or places. "It is a much-needed supplement to all the dictionaries."

\$5.00

—BURTON RASCOE,
N. Y. World-Telegram

PROBLEMS OF MEN

by John Dewey

This is the latest work of America's foremost philosopher. It is rich in dynamic ideas, provocative and timely. In one especially rewarding section, Professor Dewey introduces the reader to other famous thinkers of our time, such as Marsh, Whitehead and James. \$5.00

LEGEND OF A MUSICAL CITY

The Story of Vienna

by Max Graf

A stirring account of the rise and fall of the world's music capital by one who lived through much of its recent history. With intimate glimpses of world-renowned composers and musicians, from Brahms to Toscanini. "A pleasure to recommend this warm and affectionate book."

\$3.00

—*Saturday Review of Literature*

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION

Edited by Vergilius Ferm, Ph. D.

President, American Theological Society.

"A truly great achievement. Here, at last, we have factual information about faiths, ceremonies and institutions—not forgetting personalities of all religions and denominations—comprehensively collected, compressed to essentials and, above all, stated objectively."

864 Pages \$10.00

—*New York Times*

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ARTS

Edited by D. D. Runes
and Harry G. Schrickel

A monumental reference volume on all the arts of all times and places, written in non-technical language by 150 authorities. Encompasses such subjects as Painting, Sculpture, Music, Literature, Cinema, Architecture, Theatre, The Dance, and many others. "A vast amount of information is packed into a single volume . . . sound, well-written and freshly up-to-date."

1,064 Pages

Boxed \$10.00

Order From Your Bookseller or From

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, Publishers

Dept. 54, 15 East 40th Street
New York 16, N. Y.

The reading experience of a lifetime

✦ "I nominate it for the Nobel Prize . . .
the literary achievement of a generation."

—DR. DANIEL POLING

✦ "I know of no recent work so intense, so
compact with terror and tenderness, brutal-
ity and beauty . . . a great experience."

—SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

✦ "A rare and complete achievement."

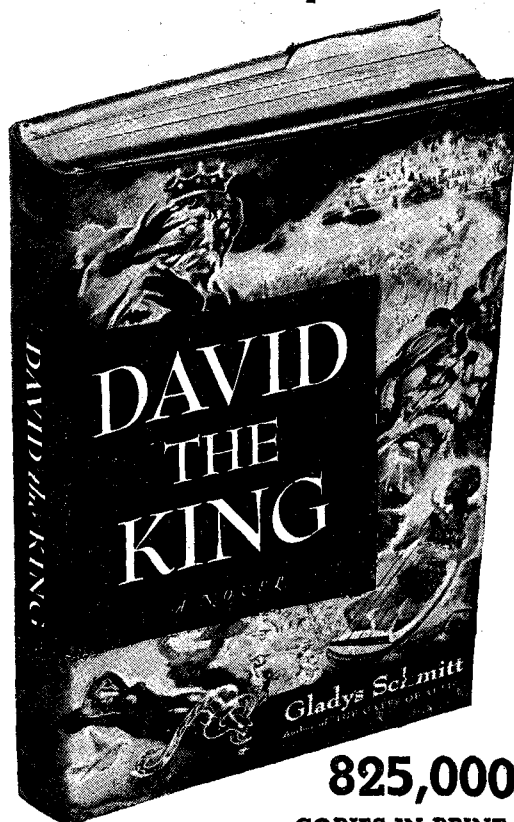
—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

✦ "A magnificent and inspiring performance."

—CHICAGO SUN

✦ "The most distinguished writing by an
American in years."

—HARRY HANSEN



825,000
COPIES IN PRINT

640 PAGES, \$3.00

The story of God's most
magnificent sinner by

**GLADYS
SCHMITT**

AUTHOR OF

The Gates of Aulis

A strange and won-
drous modern novel of
a shepherd who became
a king . . . of his sins,
in passion, in greed,
and in thoughtlessness
. . . of how he brought
freedom and glory to
his country but only
bitterness to those who
loved him . . . and of
how, at last, he found
his soul, his God, and
peace. A magical story
whose fascination never
fades from beginning
to end. *Illustrated by*
CATHAL O'TOOLE.

Literary Guild and
Religious Book Club Selection



"If you like blood and fire,
love and hate—*hurry out*
and buy this novel."

—BOSTON HERALD

The **FOXES** of **HARROW**

The new best seller by
FRANK YERBY

CHICAGO SUN: "Sheer entertain-
ment . . . A highly flavored, ex-
hilarating tale."

LOS ANGELES TIMES: "A tale of
action and color . . . There are
duels, luscious belles, a quadroom
mistress, gambling scenes . . . a
dish which should satisfy."

DAVID APPEL: "Tops in historical
novels."—*Chicago News* \$3.00

610,000 COPIES IN PRINT



ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED
Permanent Library SUCCESS

THE SHORT NOVELS OF **Dostoevsky**

*With a biographical and critical
estimate by* THOMAS MANN

Six superb novels by the author
of *The Brothers Karamazov*, in-
cluding *THE GAMBLER*, *NOTES FROM*
UNDERGROUND, *UNCLE'S DREAM*,
THE ETERNAL HUSBAND, *THE DOU-*
BLE, *THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY*.

NEW YORKER: "This volume is
one of the happiest ideas any pub-
lisher has had in a long time."

CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "One of the
most welcome omnibuses of many
a year." 840 pages, \$4.00

NOW IN ITS 4TH PRINTING

At all bookstores

THE DIAL PRESS, New York

**You'll enjoy the
wit and wisdom
of Will White...**

Enjoyment of life is an art, and Will White was a master of that art. "I have never been bored an hour in my life," he wrote, and his autobiography bears abundant proof of this statement. The account of his boyhood is filled with laughter-provoking incidents. As a young newspaperman he indulged in (and was the victim of) the elaborate practical jokes which are so hugely funny to Americans.



PHOTO BY
ALBERT
CORNWELL
EMPORIA

The
Autobiography of
WILLIAM
ALLEN
WHITE

As a friend of the great and near-great, Will White had an opportunity to observe, and has recorded in his autobiography, many humorous and revealing incidents. For his humor, as well as for the stirring narrative of America's growing-up days, readers will agree with Henry Seidel Canby, who calls this "probably the last of the great American autobiographies of the nineteenth century."

\$3.75

At your bookstore

M A C M I L L A N

FIRST PRINTING **400,000** Including BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

In a tiny, comfortable theater, a projection room in the Film Section of the Pentagon Building, I sat watching the rise and fall of the Nazi Party — films, taken every foot of them by German cameramen and showing in high-lights and in continuity the guile, the pomp, the power and fanaticism with which Hitler subdued first his own people and then the slave nations of Europe.

Our Army captured forty million feet of official Nazi film. The story they tell begins in the days of the silent flickers with a gawky little parade and with skepticism on the faces of the German onlookers. But the sound track was added in the early thirties, at the time Hitler was beginning to feel his power, and thereafter the sound and fury as you see and hear it again and again in the streets of Nuremberg and in the *Sportpalast* mounts in an intoxicating crescendo.

The Nazis took these pictures with pride — or, in the case of the concentration camps and at the trial of Hitler's assassins, at least with brutal candor. The chronicle in its four and one-half hour showing constitutes the most amazing self-accusation which men have ever bequeathed to history. For this reason it was pieced together and first shown in the darkened courtroom of the trial at Nuremberg.

Step by step, here is the spoilation of Germany. In the early silent pictures the gangsters look hard, young, and camera-conscious; the passers-by avert their heads or are tolerantly amused. Here is the early *Putsch* that failed; yet one notices at once the veterans, the big businessmen, and the Prussians who already have climbed aboard. You notice Hess, the dark zealot; you see the shopwindows marked against the Jews, the machine guns at the entrance to the

labor union headquarters; you see hero-worship infect the Hitler Youth and how the undergraduates assist at the burning of the books; you watch the seduction of the Reichstag; you watch the spade bite the earth, and the once-unemployed as they begin to build the *Autobahnen*; you see the bare torsos and the shovel drill of the Land Army transformed into the goose step and the war games at Nuremberg; you watch the parades against the Wagnerian beauty of Nuremberg, and the effect on the women, once uninterested, now frenzied; you look — and not unmoved — at the torchlight processions; you hear the *Horst Wessel* song, Hitler's voice as in speech after speech it rises in its mad spiral, and then the crashing response of the *Sieg heil!* of the master race.

The first half of this documentary film is said to have brought ejaculations of delight from Göring, Hess, and the other prisoners. The staging puts Hollywood in the shade; such display of power must be intoxicating to those who tasted it. But as a record it is both ruthless and obscene — the utter degradation by gangsters of a people who had once had dignity, conscience, and aspiration. This is far more than an indictment: it is history to be remembered for its malevolence.

A national library of films

In Washington I heard of plans which have been sponsored by the President, the Librarian of Congress, and the Archivist of the United States, for construction of a five-million-dollar library of films at Suitland, Maryland. The blueprints await the authorization of Congress. Meantime the collection has far outgrown the storage vaults available in the Capital, and new acquisitions are being housed in New York. The library will bring together the more notable products of the motion picture industry the world over and copies of all government films, including the millions of feet taken by the various services in the First and Second World Wars.

The newsreels are already historic, for they go back to the nineties, to McKinley's funeral and to Admiral Dewey's landing at Gibraltar on his return from Manila. Here are T.R. with his flash of teeth, the genial Taft, Wilson in his classic speeches. From

Rinehart
A COMPANY - INCORPORATED
Publishers

"Superb photographs, pictorial maps and list of honors and casualties make this work as close to an official report as we possess."

—N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM

VOLUME I of

the greatest epic of the sea ever told

Battle Report

PEARL HARBOR TO CORAL SEA

By **COMMANDER WALTER KARIG, USNR, and**
LT. WELBOURN KELLEY, USNR

The blazing account—from *official* sources—of Pearl Harbor, Midway, Wake, Guam and the Philippines through the Coral Sea.

And now... the whole story of the Battle of the Atlantic from the Neutrality Patrol (1939) to the Crossing of the Rhine in

VOLUME II of

Battle Report

By **COMMANDER WALTER KARIG, USNR, LT. EARL BURTON, USNR,**
and **LT. STEPHEN L. FREELAND, USNR**

- Each illustrated with photographs, maps and charts. At all bookstores, each \$3.50



1912 to 1942 the collecting marked time; it was thought to be a fire risk and perhaps unwarranted. This thirty-year gap is now being filled by an alert staff and by private gifts from Hollywood. Mary Pickford has given her famous collection of motion pictures. So has William S. Hart. And the studios are making up for lost time. Here in years to come will be a great repository of living history as well as drama. Here will be the uncut as well as the exhibited films of *The Memphis Belle*, *The Fighting Lady*, *The Negro in the War*, the Invasion of Normandy, the Landings at Tarawa, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. The ideal, of course, is that this should become a national lending library as well as a repository, with reels available for schools, colleges, adult groups, and neighborhood theaters.

Photographed by Brady

A veteran of the War Department once told me of his early days as a clerk and of how at noon he and his side-kicks used to sport in the attic. There they would help themselves to old photographic plates taken from a pile under the eaves, scaling them the length of the building, to bring up with a crash of glass against the wall. The plates were by Brady. True or apocryphal, this anecdote expresses the nation's gratitude towards its most famous photographer.

Mathew B. Brady was an artist who mastered and then improved upon the daguerreotype. In 1844 he opened his gallery at Broadway and Fulton Street and, still a young man, was well on his way to making a fortune. In 1845, a few months before Andrew Jackson's death, he visited the Hermitage and there revived Old Hickory, who was propped up in pillows, in the face of death. Webster came to place his massive dome in the jaws of Brady's head clamp, and his lips tightened and his eyes bored home as the screws were turned. Clay, Calhoun, Jenny Lind, and P. T. Barnum all sat for Brady. He caught Poe, melancholy and distraught after his wife's death. He made a magnificent photograph of Whitman — the Whitman of the hospitals. And in his gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue he did Lincoln and "Tad," Mrs. Lincoln, and most of the Northern leaders, with the same art and naturalness with which he was to catch General Lee and his son Custis Lee on their Richmond porch in 1865.

These, the most celebrated of Brady's photographs, a number of them never before published, and a selection of his battle views, are reproduced in *Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man* in company with an appreciative though not well-balanced biography by Roy Meredith.

Mr. Meredith writes with admiration; he has done his best to bridge the gaps in Brady's career; he points out the technical hazards of such pioneer photography and he makes us feel the neglect with which Brady was rewarded. So far, so good. But in retracing the campaigns of the Civil War the biographer too often loses sight of his little bearded hero;

the original captions of the battle scenes are not as closely related to the text as they might have been, nor is allowance made for discrepancies such as the photo of the National Hotel in Washington with a taxi parked in front!

The pictures talk. Brady's work as a combat artist was made known to American readers early in this century when the *Review of Reviews* published the ten-volume *Photographic History of the Civil War*. Brady trundled out to the first battle of Bull Run in a little red cart, wearing a straw hat and a linen duster. "I felt I had to go," he said to a friend, "a spirit in my feet said go, and I went." In that darkroom wagon of his, — the "Whatsit" the soldiers used to call it, — he followed the Northern armies and occasionally crossed the lines to photograph the Confederates. He built up a team of twenty field operators, and there was naturally a free exchange of negatives and prints among them. But his lecture book gives us clues to the ones he himself took, and they were often the best.

He was under fire — at Bull Run, at Petersburg, and at Fredericksburg, where the big brass barrel of his camera caught the attention of the Mississippi sharpshooters and where he nearly lost his life. His glass plates, fifty at a time, he carried in a solid wooden case with a cast-iron handle; and if his pictures have a certain immobility, it must be remembered that they were taken of necessity after the heavy gunfire had ceased, and that the soldiers in them had to accept a three-minute freeze. The dead, in the Devil's Den or the sunken road of Fredericksburg, lie quieter than that.

It would be happy to say that Brady received his reward when he came home from war. For a time Ben Butler's bill calling for a \$25,000 appropriation for the War Views pressed for action. But it was not passed until 1875, and by then Brady's credit had begun to run out. Bit by bit he sold pictures and mementos that were dear to him, and when he died he was a charity case, leaving behind him two coats and the ring which had been given him by the Prince of Wales. His famous plates had been impounded or destroyed.

Men without guns

In 1943 it occurred to an Army doctor that the time had come when American artists should portray the tireless devotion of the men and women, the doctors, nurses, and corpsmen, of the Army Medical Corps. With the Surgeon General's encouragement, he turned to the Associated American Artists, who nominated eleven men and one woman for the assignment; and to the Abbott Laboratories, who agreed to sponsor the collection. The artists, most of them in their thirties, were in the field early in 1944: they did their work in the battle zones of the European, Pacific, and CBI theaters, on hospital ships, in hospitals, and in planes. Their best paintings and sketches — in all, 137 plates — have been beautifully reproduced in *Men Without Guns*,

No Time for Tears

A Life-in-America Prize Book

LORA WOOD HUGHES

Tears would have been the very last item on the list of the indomitable Mrs. Hughes. A lifetime of frontier nursing in the Northwest has provided her with a wealth of good stories and she tells them with irrepressible wit and occasionally with a very moving tenderness.

And so there is the outrageous tale of lugging a severed leg all over San Francisco and the story of measles in a bawdy-house and a grim and passionate fight to save a wilful and desperate young patient.

Mrs. Hughes' life in America has been a magnificent one.

At all bookstores \$3.00



And THAT'S NO LIE

Beatrice

Bill Talbot



John Linehan who never learned to read or write had to leave Ireland behind him fifty years ago and come to America to achieve his dearest wish — to see his sons have the education which he did not get.

But though John Linehan could not write, he could talk, and he could remember Ireland outdoors in the spring in the sunshine and the heroics of his happy youth against that glowing background. And all that he remembered he told — interrupted by sudden sadness or by still more sudden laughter — to Mrs. Talbot who was his American employer for thirty happy years.

At all bookstores \$2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY PUBLISHERS



a pictorial record surpassing in strength, beauty, and compassion any others I have seen. Each painter as he returned from his mission confided his experiences to DeWitt Mackenzie, whose direct, colloquial introduction provides a very human catalogue to the exhibit.

Like Bill Mauldin, these artists have described in their own words the situations which seemed to them so striking and so typical that they had to be preserved for the record. Thus Franklin Boggs, who was assigned to the invasion of the Admiralties, has told in prose and in color the miserable story of "jungle rot," the story of the malaria, the scrub typhus, and the open sores, the story which, as you see it in his painting *Jungle—Ally of the Enemy*, makes you realize what affliction men can endure and still fight.

Thus Joseph Hirsch, who did his paintings in Italy and in the South Pacific, underscores the Yankees' ingenuity. "Normally in a back injury," he reminds us, "a boy's whole body has to be kept in traction and very often his entire torso must be incased in a plaster cast. But a dentist in Naples contrived a way of transporting a man with a broken neck in an airplane without a plaster cast." The same doctor, using a mine detector, devised what he called a foreign-body locator for shell fragments. Hirsch brings this lifesaving home to us in his drawings *Personal Magnetism* and *Medical Ingenuity*. Thus Robert Benney, who worked straight through the bloody invasion of Saipan, recalls: "You never heard the really wounded cry out. There was a certain amount of moaning, but no yelling."

And later, flying back with fifteen eye cases to one of the island hospitals, he recalls how the doctor took the bandages off one boy thought to be totally blind, and saw in an instant that while one eye was dead there was life in the other. "'I think we can give this boy an eye,' said the physician. With that he swabbed the pus from the eye and though it was puffed up and discolored, the eye was O.K. I'll never forget the expression on the soldier's face when he realized he could see again!"

These paintings and sketches, every one of them, are good reporting. Many of them are charged with deep feeling. The best of them achieve in composition and color a remarkably high level of artistry. I wish there were space for a complete citation. I intend no invidious comparison when I mark these for special attention:—

- Peter Blume (Halloran), *Fracture Ward*
 Lawrence Beall Smith (England and France)
Normandy Victory Cargo; Tension at Dawn
 Franklin Boggs (New Guinea)
Visiting Hour; Anopheles Home Front;
Race Against Death
 Marion Greenwood (Atlantic City)
The Dental Front; Speeding Recovery
 Howard Baer (CBI)
Moon-Light in Burma; Ambulance, Jungle Style

Joseph Hirsch (Italy and South Pacific)
Field Examination; Non-Combatant;
After the Fascist Fair

Robert Benney (Western Pacific)
Flashlight Surgery in Saipan; Night Rendezvous

Thackeray's self-portrait

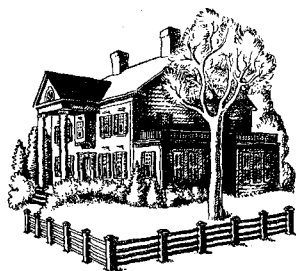
To picture a writer at his work can be a fascinating pastime, particularly if the author will describe his factory of the mind with the vivid honesty which Anthony Trollope employed in his *Autobiography*. To me the most absorbing reading in all literature is to follow a writer day in, day out, through the disappointments and exhilaration of his creative years. The poems of John Keats, for instance, sound with more depth and intensity when they are identified in his letters. Chekhov's stories and the stories of Katherine Mansfield both gain in the imagination if they are read against the background of the intimate journals and letters of their authors. The key to this combination is the word "intimate." For unless the author is speaking informally, as in letters to a dear friend or, as in Trollope's case, in a book to be padlocked until after his death, the account is likely to seem dressed up and pretentious.

The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray is the self-portrait of a novelist whom some of us hold to be greater than Dickens. When the war made all papers perishable in Britain, the novelist's granddaughter, Hester Thackeray Ritchie Fuller, entrusted to Gordon N. Ray, a young Ph.D. from Harvard, the extensive collection of family letters and papers which she had been quietly collecting. Mr. Ray had won his doctor's degree with a brilliant thesis, *Thackeray in France*, and in 1939 had met Mrs. Fuller while he was traveling abroad on a fellowship. From that time until 1942, when he entered the Navy (he is still serving in the Pacific), he edited and mounted a work of scholarship which is the reanimation not only of the novelist but of the fascinating circle in which he lived.

"Scholarship," I realize, is a rather forbidding word for a work as hospitable as this, the first two volumes of which take us through Thackeray's fortieth year. The book opens with a series of character sketches introducing us to Thackeray's intimates, his mother, his stepfather, Major Carmichael-Smyth, his friends, chief among them Edward FitzGerald, John Foster, and Richard Monckton Milnes, and his ladies of more than passing fancy, Isabella Shawe, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Proctor, and, new to our knowledge, the charming Mrs. Brookfield. These introductions, like the footnotes and the appendices on Thackeray's gambling, are written in a quiet tone of voice and without the least intrusion of the editor. Their sole purpose is to make us at ease in Thackeray's intimacy, and as such they are models of verisimilitude.

Thackeray's love for his mother was the strongest tie in his life. When he left home for boarding school

*Some memories of a family and a town
in Connecticut across the years from 1659 to 1906*



THE Lost Landscape

The only work in prose by WINIFRED WELLES

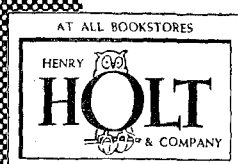
THIS RICH, retrospective book is destined to be loved and lingered over. It will delight all those who are warmed by the tenderness and charm of serene and graceful times.

From out of the memories and musings of her childhood, from heirlooms, relics, and half-forgotten tales, Winifred Welles recaptures the deeds, dreams, and places of a distant past. She weaves them lovingly into an exquisite tapestry of New England life.

Written with strength and wit, with delicacy and precision, THE LOST LANDSCAPE is a book to be read slowly for the delight of full savoring. It is presented here in the gracious setting of *Phyllis Coté's* old New England decorations in pen-and-ink. \$3.00

The ripe fruit of a life of wisdom

THE Faith OF A Liberal



*Selected Essays by
MORRIS R.
COHEN*

INTO HIS finest book since *Reason and Nature*, one of America's foremost philosophers has gathered 51 essays drawn from a quarter century of thought in many fields of human knowledge: history, politics, law, religion, education, literature, physics and economics. THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL is a penetrating re-examination of the meaning of liberalism in an era of dogmatism.

Opinions on MORRIS COHEN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.: "A man of great learning and great gifts . . . a real philosopher."—from *Holmes Pollock Letters*

IRWIN EDMAN: "A clear spirit dedicated in a world of violence and confusion to the ideal of clarity and intellectual responsibility."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

500 pages, indexed, \$3.75

COLUMBIA BOOKS

The Roots of American Loyalty

By MERLE CURTI

Professor of History, University of Wisconsin, author of THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT (Pulitzer Prize, 1943)

This entirely new approach to the familiar pattern of American history examines American patriotism, its elements, how it has affected the course of our national development, what it has in common with the patriotism of other lands and wherein it is unique. Coming late April. \$3.00



By WILLIAM S. HAAS

of the Iranian Institute and School of Asiatic Studies; author of WHAT IS EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION?; and for five years Foreign Adviser to the Iran Ministry of Education.

The first, and only, complete authoritative survey of the Middle Eastern powder-keg. His book "reflects a great deal of information which has never before been published."—Dr. Taghi Nassr, *Director, Iranian Trade and Economic Commission*. "Dr. Haas knows his subject. His book is learned, authoritative, useful."—*N. Y. Times*. Illustrated with 8 pages of photographs and map. \$3.50

The Trollopes

The Chronicle of a Writing Family

By LUCY POATE STEBBINS and RICHARD POATE STEBBINS

"One of the most accomplished of recent biographies."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*.

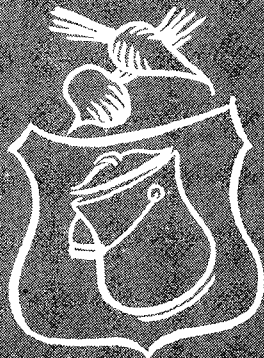
"Each of the major figures of the group is sharply drawn . . . the absorbing story is straight-forwardly and ably told."—*Chicago Sun*.

"A tremendously readable story of an interesting family, with generous side-glances at certain contemporary literary figures."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. Illustrated. \$4.00

At all bookstores

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS • NEW YORK 27, N.Y.

THE ANCIENT & HONORABLE
ORDER OF THE THUNDERMUG



NE ILLEGITIMI CARBORUNDUM

(Freely translated as *Don't let the bastards wear you down*)

Diary of a Kriegie

by **EDWARD W. BEATTIE, JR.**

Author of "Freely to Pass"

War prisoner Ed Beattie was at the Diez interrogation center when he helped found this famous society . . . the symbol of which was their favorite eating utensil. It is recorded in this uncensored diary, which tells not only of the trials of the *kriegie*, but also of the death-throes of the German nation. Captured in September, 1944, ace U. P. correspondent Beattie watched the supermen shrink with each Allied advance. He knows how the Germans took defeat—and *what they are thinking now*. A human, humorous, prophetic account of the one side of the war that has not yet been disclosed. *Illustrated with 46 cartoons by the author.* \$3.00

*A frank, outspoken
novel of our times!*

The Single Pilgrim

by
**Mary
Roland**



Out of one woman's tragic mistake and its consequences comes this heart-breaking story of love in wartime . . . of a girl who, thinking her fiance has been killed, turns in desperation to a young flier, only to face not brief forgetfulness, but the most horrible of diseases. And then her fiance returns . . . and she must try to fight her way back to happiness. A novel that will move you as have few other stories you have ever read. \$2.50

Country Heart *by Isabel Dick*

Charlotte Acton didn't know which she loved more — the man or the beautiful land she hoped to share with him. When her first love rejected her, when the second, deeper experience was tragically halted by death — she finally learned what the country meant to her. A long, rich, engrossing novel by the author of *Wild Orchard*. \$2.75



432 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

and later Cambridge, he was under promise "to journalise" for her. He wrote her day by day a news packet which was sent off at the week's end, and this habit stayed with him until his death. He wrote these long revealing chronicles to those he loved best. And they were kept. As is to be expected, his undergraduate correspondence will only endear itself to those to whom Trinity College and the Great Court are living entities. But Thackeray was sent down for reckless gambling in the midst of his second year (in our money he lost the equivalent of \$15,000 at cards) and from then on with greater and greater frequency his letters come alive.

He travels and studies in Germany, dances at the Court at Weimar, falling in and out of love and being taken up by Goethe's daughter-in-law. He reads novels insatiably, visits the theater two and three times a week, enjoys wine parties, and on his return to London, lives at the Temple (where he tries to study law) and again gives in to the gambling halls. He resents his mother's scolding and even at twenty-one he is thinking in terms of his first novel. By twenty-two his dissipation and a bank failure had wiped out his fortune.

His courtship, his quarrel and his marriage with Isabella Shawe; his early happiness, his little daughters, and his wife's deepening despondence; his irresistible friendship with FitzGerald; his sketching and his joy in pictures; his self-rebuke (though here pages are ripped out of his diary) and the goads which drove him to writing; the solace he found with Mrs. Brookfield after his wife had passed into her living death (she was to live on for fifty-three years in psychosis) — these are but a few of the self-disclosures of a strong and absorbing personality.

Mr. Edmund Wilson writes Thackeray off as being a snob. This is unfair in view of these letters. Thackeray, like Scott Fitzgerald, did pass through the usual undergraduate's giddiness; and in this phase, snobbery certainly attracted him. But he grew out of it to become a fivefold greater writer than the Princetonian, and the process of his growth, the gay irony with which he turns to his best friend, Old Fitz, the passion and earnestness with which he persuades Isabella Shawe to come back to him after their quarrel (July, 1836), the grim humor with which he records his failures, whether in books or in gambling, the sensitive solicitude which he shows for his growing daughters, and the clean breast with which he writes to Mr. Brookfield in February, 1847 — these are spontaneous and to me endearing evidences of manliness, big-scale.

The editor's footnotes, as I have said, are full of reflected life. Here is Fanny Kemble's description of Thackeray's first lecture.: —

"Oh, Lord," he exclaimed, as he shook hands with me, "I'm sick at my stomach with fright." I spoke some words of encouragement . . . but he held my hand like a scared child, crying, "Oh, don't leave me!" "But," said I, "Thackeray, you mustn't stand here. Your audience are beginning to come in." . . . "Oh,"

he said, "if I could only get at that confounded thing" (his lecture), "to have a last look at it!"

So back she goes to the lecture hall, and reaching up to the lectern, which is over her head — Thackeray was six-foot-three — down comes the manuscript in a cascade of loose leaves.

I must have gone nearly on all-fours, in my agony to gather up the scattered leaves, and retreating with them, held them out in dismay to poor Thackeray, crying, "Oh, look, look, what a dreadful thing I have done!" "My dear soul," said he, "you couldn't have done better for me. I have just a quarter of an hour to wait here, and it will take me about that to page this again, and it's the best thing in the world that could have happened!"

In the two concluding volumes, promised for this spring, we shall read of Thackeray's visits to America, of his break with the Brookfields, of *Esmond* and *The Newcomes*, of Sally Baxter and *The Virginians*. But meantime, to Lt. (j.g.) Gordon N. Ray our unstinted gratitude for his understanding, his literary skill, and his scholarship, which have given us this latch key to the great Victorian.

Hero come home

Ethel Vance is the *nom de guerre*, the war-split personality of one of our abler novelists, Mrs. Grace Zaring Stone. To protect her daughter, whose husband was working in the Communist Underground, Mrs. Stone felt it expedient to publish under a pseudonym her war novels, *Escape* and *Reprisal*. Like "L. Adams Beck" and "E. Barrington" (twin signatures of a talented Canadian), she has established her fiction under two trademarks. There is quality in each, and perhaps an additional amount of excitement in the stories by Ethel Vance.

In its temper and setting *Winter Meeting* comes halfway between Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome* and Mr. Marquand's *Repent in Haste*. It is a short novel which brings into head-on collision Susan Grieve, a New England poet, and "Slick" Novak, a submarine commander who won the Congressional Medal. They meet in the hothouse intimacy of a New York night spot, and Susan, who flushes easily, who is shy, virginal, and intense, does more to release the man within the hero than the talk or the sex of the other guests. He follows her to her apartment and thence to a little house which she owns on the Connecticut coast — it might be Stonington — where, for she is already in love with him, she hopes she can make his leave a discovery and a liberation for them both.

Slick, the boy from Oconway, Wisconsin, the officer who with both legs riddled, and helpless on the deck, ordered his crew to "take her down and get the hell out of here," proves to be much more gifted with natural instincts than Susan. He detects that there is something wrong with the place. He draws out of her in a scene like a confessional the pain that has locked her in. He flirts with Mrs. Castro, the

Jo Sinclair

The 1946
Harper Prize Novel

Wasteland

"The Harper Prize novel of 1946 is a tremendous thing; tremendous in its implications, tremendous in its impact, and tremendously moving."—Edward A. Laycock, *Boston Globe*. \$2.50

Marthedith Furnas



A Serpent's Tooth

Rich in incident and humor, brilliant in characterization, this sensitive novel of a rebellious mid-West childhood "has a drive and a gusto which are irresistible." —William McFee. \$2.75

Joan Charles



author of
THE DARK GLASS
and
SON AND STRANGER

And the Hunter Home

Many readers will find something close to their own lives in this moving novel of young Alan, back from war, who finds himself face to face with his girl, his family and their changed relationships. \$2.50

Virginia Dale



Honeyfogling Time

A delightful excursion into the late nineteenth century—the story of two young people in a small American town who are in love, woefully confused, and at odds with the accepted customs of the community. \$2.50

Joseph G. Hitrec's Rulers' Morning

The mood and mystery of modern India in a group of brilliant, unorthodox stories. "The author gets behind the commonplace facade of fictional and romantic India and gives us India today, this minute." —From the Introduction by Christine Weston \$2.50

Roy Helton's Come Back To Earth

In poetry distinguished for its simplicity and lyric beauty, Roy Helton expresses a profound philosophy for our time. "A wise man and a strong voice that should be heard above the conflict." —Margaret Curthbert \$2.00

Aldous Huxley's Science, Liberty & Peace

One of our truly great thinkers examines the predicament of the individual today, and charts a path which will lead man out of insecurity toward personal liberty and control of the forces that threaten to destroy him. \$1.00

Raymond Swing's In the Name of Sanity

How can we keep the peace and save our civilization despite atomic power? The world's most important problem is the subject of this lively, eloquent discussion by a leading political commentator. \$1.00

At all bookstores
HARPER & BROTHERS



two-hundred-pound Portuguese cook. He is all set, so Susan thinks, to be domesticated. And then he snaps out of it.

The enticement of this story is as clever as a woman can make it. Stacy, a fussy little man about town who brings the lovers together; Peggy, all bosom and legs, who is supposed to be just what Slick wants and who thinks so herself (as they looked at each other "Susan thought of two cobras raising their heads from the grass"); the impassive control with which Novak handles himself all through that first dreadful evening — these are delineations deft, brief, and telling; they entice the reader as they enticed Susan into a relationship far more complex than any mere toss in the hay.

Ethel Vance is an observant writer with a decided gift for description. Manhattan in the murk, Susan's apartment, which was a reproduction of a nineteenth-century Boston library, and the little white house on the coast are settings made so seeable that in their midst one doesn't pause to question the people. But when the novelty has passed and when the denouement begins, we discover, to our disappointment, that Slick and Susan are thinner, less substantial than we had imagined. This book is enjoyable for the illusion it creates. It is like a well-set, well-acted comedy, the last scene of which does not support our expectations.

LEST WE FORGET

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

THE jacket of *Rudyard Kipling*¹ with greater accuracy than is habitual with jackets, describes this book as "a provocative study of a paradoxical man." The author — Hilton Brown — modestly states that his study is in no sense an official biography, but sufficient biographical data are supplied to illustrate and explain the impact of life and circumstance on Kipling as a writer — as an artist, if you will. Much that needed explanation — if the public were ever to understand and evaluate Kipling's work — is here presented candidly and dispassionately, and yet with genuine understanding. It is a timely book. It had to be written before the generation which knew Kipling in the flesh, or which at least observed him as a contemporary phenomenon, passed away and his name became a memory.

How difficult it would be to reconstruct him in the future was illustrated by the paucity and inadequacy of the appraisals which emerged from literary and journalistic morgues at the time of his death in 1936. Mr. Kipling had, it seemed, outlived his time or his audience. The "genius," hailed by the Victorians with uncritical enthusiasm, had become old hat. As Mr. Swinnerton says in his foreword: "Until Mr. T. S. Eliot caused consternation among the genteel by

analysing his virtues as a poet he was safely dismissed by them as a sort of literary boulder who was somehow responsible for the Boer War." Truly, as Kipling observed somewhere, we Anglo-Saxons do not deserve our great men.

That Mr. Kipling was a strange man was always obvious. His childhood in India was a not abnormal Anglo-Indian childhood, but his experiences as an exiled child, — exiled to England for the best reasons in the world, — those tragic experiences detailed in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," left an indelible impression on his spirit. His years at the unusual Services School of Westward Ho!, described in *Stalky and Co.*, did little to heal this inward hurt. And, when he returned to India to begin — and to complete in a few years — his bewilderingly successful apprenticeship as a teller of tales, he masked his inward insecurity with a cockiness and self-confidence which seemed justified by the obvious brilliance of his talents. Throughout his adult life he was forever taking refuge in a spiritual privacy which he defended fiercely, and at last with an almost pathological ferocity.

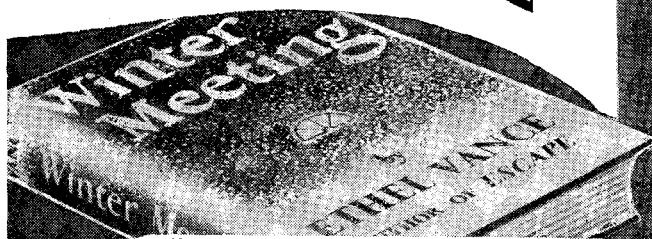
That privacy was cruelly violated by his American experience, an episode which left him lacerated, half ridiculous, half tragic. From that time on, he began to lose touch with the thinking and feeling of his age. Mr. Brown believes, as I do, that he continued to ripen as an artist; that his later work was, in many instances, richer in background and finer in texture than the flamboyant canvasses of his youthful period. But if he drew more deeply from the springs of life, he became less and less responsive to the currents of his times. This explains, perhaps, his fading away as a "popular" writer. His bitter attacks on all and sundry who failed to support the Empire as he thought it should be supported came at a period following the Boer War when imperialism was becoming less and less popular. Besides, he seemed to speak with a kind of "you be damned" attitude to a world which at first would not let him alone and ended almost by ignoring him.

In his criticism of Kipling's prose and poetry, Mr. Brown is wise, discerning, and sympathetic in his judgments. Few writers have been so overpraised and so harshly criticized as Kipling. His faults were so obvious that they leapt at you; his great virtues were too often improperly assessed or misunderstood. Mr. Brown gives due importance to Kipling's controlling obsession, — obsession is perhaps too strong a word, — his short-cut philosophy of life: that a man's work, his job, and how he does it are the most important things under the sun, but that the job and all that it entails are subject to "the Law," a mysterious regulatory force that controls man's efforts and judges them wise or foolish. In this he reads acutely the touch of the "womanly" in Kipling which explains his prevailing interest in a world of men, his comparative failure, not to understand women, but to give them a proper importance. There is no "unconscious homosexuality" in this — as our modern critical faculty would assume. The job is the

¹ Harper & Brothers, \$3.00.

Spring Fiction Favorites

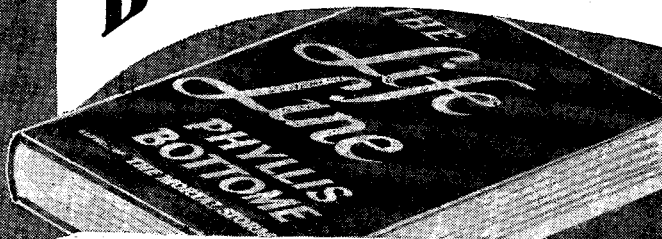
**ETHEL
VANCE**



Winter Meeting

"A few days in the lives of a remarkably lovely girl and a young war hero. This book . . . is not only a novel with that unusual quality, moral stamina, but a fresh and compassionate story told with wit and a gentle irony."
—*New Yorker*. \$2.50

**PHYLLIS
BOTTOME**



The Life Line

The drama of *THE MORTAL STORM* is matched with the insight of *PRIVATE WORLDS* in this richly textured story of a man's conversion from cold aloofness to warm participation in life . . . a novel alive with physical danger, inner turmoil and passionate love. \$2.50

MARTHA ALBRAND

Remembered Anger

A novel of love and intrigue in liberated Europe, by the author of *NO SURRENDER*. \$2.00

JAMES ALDRIDGE

Of Many Men

In this new novel by the author of *SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR*, the nameless fighting millions become one hero, the "many men" become one man, fighting one evil—war. \$2.50

ON THEY GO!

EVELYN WAUGH'S

Brideshead Revisited

641,000 copies in print

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection
\$2.50

JAMES HILTON'S

So Well Remembered

839,000 copies in print

A Literary Guild Selection
An Atlantic Novel
\$2.50

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY • BOSTON



thing, and the job is done by men under "the Law"; women help or hinder; this is a man's world.

There is one phase of Kipling's life which Mr. Brown dismisses rather cavalierly. "All through his life he yearned, with a persistence that survived more than one disappointment, to join some sort of Society, to be Initiate, to be a Member. That he became a Freemason as early as possible goes without saying: he could not *not* have been a Mason. Yet it is worth noting that for all his constant parade of Masonry and his endless allusions to its ritual, he does not seem to have pursued the Craft into its higher stages: the fact of initiation, the knowing of the words, the sharing of the esoteric secrets — these, it would seem, contented and sufficed. He was 'in the know.'"

I am not a Mason, and any speculations on my part as to the influence of Masonry on Kipling's thinking and writing can only be purely conjectural. But I submit that his Masonic experience must have amounted to more than the mere satisfaction of a boyish or vulgar curiosity. Is it not possible that in Masonry he found the outline and precept of that "Law" of which he was always — though vaguely — the prophet and proclaimer?

Mr. Brown gives due credit to the nice punctuality of his literary craftsmanship. "It is in the consummation of this essential art of balance, the precise arrangements of pieces, that the craftsman in Kipling rises so high above his rivals. Dixon Scott has pointed this out in his excellent and understanding essay; 'Prise out a sentence,' he writes, 'and you feel it would fall with a clink, leaving a slot that would never close up. Replace it and it locks back like type in a forme.' It is true; yet this brilliant patterning has its dangers; at all costs it must not show, it must not give itself away." And Mr. Brown proceeds to point out that too often we can see the framework and hear the mechanism creaking. Kipling, he adds, "had a passion for the metaphors of the workshop; how often do we read of work 'carven,' 'inlaid,' 'filed to a hairsbreadth'?"

Is it too fanciful to read into this constant preoccupation with the craftsmanship of his calling, together with his prevailing rule that all work must be done under and within "the Law," at least a memory of the lessons learned as a Mason? I do not recall seeing this question answered or even discussed in any critique of Kipling which I have read, and I present it with a suitable timidity. It is easy to see, running through the work of James Joyce, a savage nostalgia for the Catholicism he denied but could not escape. It is, perhaps, less easy to establish or estimate the importance of a continuing acquiescence to the lessons of a more secret order in the case of Kipling.

To return from such speculation to Mr. Brown's careful and intelligent analysis — he points out that Kipling's feeling for things that "would cut and fit" sometimes led to confusion or contriving in making human characters conform to pattern. He also puts a sure finger on Kipling's chief weakness and want:

the lack of a genuine sense of humor. Kipling could never have been a universal genius, because, with all his talents, he could not produce a Falstaff or a Wife of Bath. His laboriously humorous stories are the brayings of wild asses, loud but mirthless. At best they are fourth-formish, a kind of japery which leaves adults particularly cold. Nor, in fact, could anyone have swallowed early in youth, hook, line, and sinker, the pleasant myth of altruistic imperialism and retained all that tackle during his adult life, without regurgitation, if he had been troubled with a philosophical sense of humor. To his sincere exhortation "Take up the White Man's burden," Mr. Dooley responded simply, "And hand it to the coons" — a reply before which argument withers and dies.

I have only praise for this sincere, modest, and persuasive interpretation of Kipling. Its unpretentious presentation does not obscure its oblique but searching criticism and its just appraisal of Kipling's proper place as a great man of letters. Mr. Brown's sympathy with his subject is evident but it never obscures his candor. His knowledge of India removes him, at the outset, from the ordinary run of Kipling's critics. And his own talents as a writer become clearer to the reader with each chapter. He does not attempt to explain or define Kipling's or anyone else's genius; nobody can.

WASTELAND

\$2.50

Jo Sinclair

HARPER

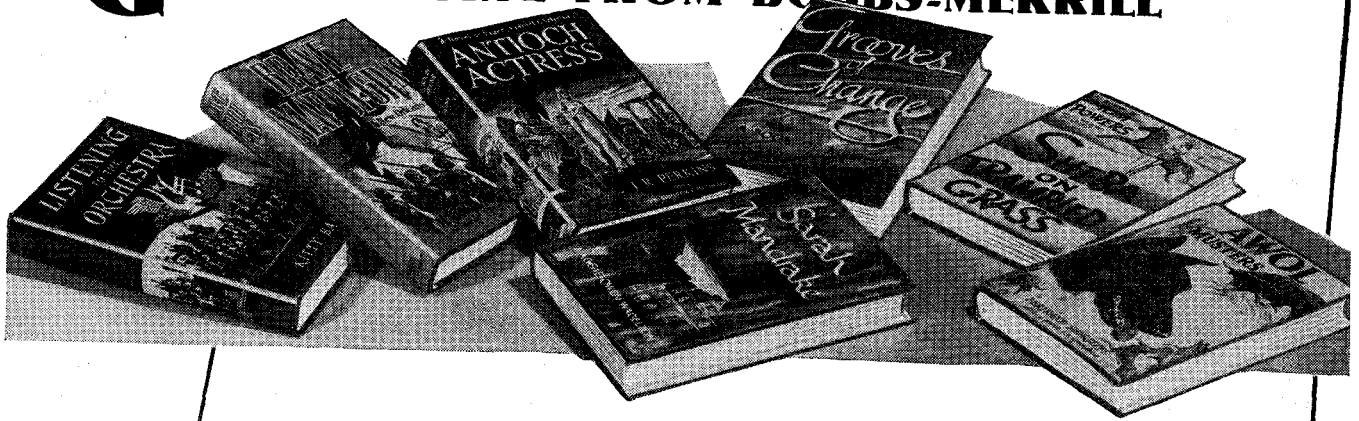
SO FAR as I know, there has not until this Harper Prize Novel been a novel which confined itself almost entirely within the limits of a patient's conversations with his psychoanalyst, though analysis itself has had a considerable vogue in forms as diverse as *Lady in the Dark*, *Arrival and Departure*, and *Spellbound*. By its adaptation of an obvious but hitherto neglected technique, *Wasteland* invites comment on its method as well as on its story.

We begin in neurosis and inarticulate evasion, as John Brown, born Jake Braunovitz, drags his trouble fistful by fistful into the light. Saturday after Saturday we follow the unveiling of his insecurity: his lack of any sense of belonging, his shame in his Jewish family, his memories of poverty and a loveless home and the human weakness of his father and brother and the mistakes of his sisters.

It is a completely credible family, each individual sharply realized. The old harpy of a grandmother, dominating everyone until she goes off alone to die her own hard death in Palestine; her weak and dirty son, Jake's father; Jake's mother with the soft, startled eyes and the soft, startled thoughts and the gentle smile; Sigmund, their oldest son, middle-aged and defeated, regretting a lost girl and a lost job; Debby, a Lesbian, forced by the weakness of her brothers to assume more and more of the masculine strength needed to hold the family together; Roz, wanting warmth and love and winding up a waitress in a bar; Jake himself, a news photographer, drinking too much and tied to the home he half wants and half can't stand.

These are people who, however revealed, are real and human; one of the clear virtues of the slow, uncovering technique employed by Jo Sinclair is that the people

GOOD READING FROM BOBBS-MERRILL



Antioch Actress

A Novel of Pagan against Christian

By J. R. Perkins. "The theme of this powerful novel by the author of *The Emperor's Physician* is the conflict between church and state."—Dr. Daniel A. Poling, *Christian Herald*. A Religious Book Club Selection. \$2.75

Grooves of Change

A Book of Memoirs

By Viscount Samuel. "... memories of his long and distinguished career ... an important contribution to English history."—Lewis Gannett, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$3.75

Sarah Mandrake

By Maggie-Owen Wadelton.

A superb tale of the supernatural, a ghost story in modern dress sure to thrill and fascinate every reader. \$2.75

Sheba on Trampled Grass

By Tom Powers. Author of *Virgin With Butterflies*. "The story of some carnival people ... alive ... dynamic ... a bit of light reading that is hard to improve upon."—Kelsey Guilfoil, *Chicago Tribune*. \$2.50

Brave Mardi Gras

A New Orleans Novel of the '60s

By W. Adolphe Roberts. "A historical romance with a quality as evocative as a journey through the antique shops on Royale Street [New Orleans]."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. \$2.75

AWOL Musters Out

By Bertrand Shurtleff. An exciting new story of the fighting dog, Awol. For everyone who enjoyed AWOL: K-9 COMMANDO: and for everyone who enjoys a good rousing adventure story. Illustrated by Diana Thorne. \$2.50

Listening to the Orchestra

By Kitty Barne. An exceedingly readable and informative book for music lovers, presenting a wealth of detail on the history of the orchestra and of music. Illustrated. \$2.75

At All Bookstores

BOBBS-MERRILL

emerge in the round, and in a very real sense compel that understanding which amounts to forgiveness. We end by half liking most of this family, even the dirty old father, and we never for an instant doubt their realness.

Slow and sure and thorough, the analyst-office technique certainly is, and as a novel of character *Wasteland* will stand with Harper Prize Novels of the past. But it should be remarked that there are weaknesses as well as strengths in Jo Sinclair's method. For one thing, there is the suspicion more or less constantly present that one function of the book is to justify and demonstrate psychoanalysis, and whenever that suspicion intrudes, the book suffers, the technique is like the epistolary technique of Samuel Richardson in its repetitiousness and occasional tediousness as well as in its ability to reveal character. We get the same point not only in Jake's words to the analyst, but in the conversations with his sister Debby which he reports. Then we get it all over again in the analyst's notes.

Sometimes we follow through pages to learn what an ordinary novelist uncluttered by the rituals of analysis could imply in a single paragraph. And finally, the ending is foreordained; there is no possible suspense, because from the beginning it is perfectly clear that the rather too naïve Jake is going to have his inarticulate questions answered, and is going to come to terms with his background and family. A novelist who adopted psychoanalysis as a method and then wrote a novel about psychoanalytic failure would be biting the hand that fed him.

How this story holds up as psychoanalysis I am not prepared to say, though I suspect that both the problems Jake comes in with and the solving of those problems are simplified for literary purposes. I suspect further that the whole method is open to doubt, because when it is oversimplified it becomes bad psychiatry, and when it isn't oversimplified it becomes tedious storytelling. What saves Jo Sinclair's book — what makes it, in spite of its method, a much better than average novel — is the success she has had in creating the people behind the shadowy figure of Jake. Probably no method which can offer that should be criticized very harshly.

WALLACE STEGNER

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY \$3.50

Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn LITTLE, BROWN

THE "great conspiracy" is a secret war waged for a quarter century by a terrifying combination of sinister people including Winston Churchill, the German General Staff, and Leon Trotsky; object: overthrow of the Soviet Union; methods: terror and sabotage, international espionage, and astronomical use of capitalist gold. The plot provoked armed intervention in 1917, heinous betrayals in the twenties and thirties, and finally, in 1941, the open Nazi attack, stimulated by the appeasers.

There is a grain of truth to all this; a great many people did not like and actively fought the Communists, inside and outside of Russia. But the idea of a "great conspiracy" arises from febrile imaginations, distorted evidence, and literal acceptance of partisan propaganda, only to dissolve at the first critical examination.

The authors work by innuendo, by partial quotations torn from sources, by unfair juxtaposition of irrelevancies — most of all, by simple suppression of critical contradictory evidence. The long diatribe against Trotsky, for

instance, closes without mention of the fact that he, almost alone outside the party fold, defended the Soviet attack upon Finland in 1939. In the story of the Chinese revolution of 1927 there is no reference to the name Borodin, nor any hint of the prominent part played by Moscow. Only a footnote mentions the Comintern, as a body dissolved in 1943, and there is not a word about the role of Communist parties in the capitalist world.

The same technique — evasion of the possibility that causes other than the conspiracy might evoke opposition — runs through the two largest sections of the book. The account of the counter-revolution, 1917-1919, rests upon the assumption "that the Bolsheviks represented the masses of the Russian people"; foreigners and generals alone were hostile. Yet the rank and file of the White armies were not aristocrats, and the Social Revolutionaries at least had a broader popular base than the Communists.

Similarly, Sayers and Kahn close their eyes to the essential question of the great treason trials. Granting the truth of all the charges, one must believe either that the traitors betrayed their country for personal gain, a degree of corruption in high places unmatched in modern history (even the fascists did not sell each other out); or that some burning dissatisfaction with the society which had raised them to commissars, marshals, chiefs in the OGPU, drove them to attack the course of the revolution for which they had spent their lives.

OSCAR HANDLIN

STAR OF THE UNBORN \$3.00

Franz Werfel VIKING

UTOPIAN romance is a subject on which taste is arbitrary. Around a hearth at a farmhouse we were playing the game of describing each his private utopia. It came to the surgeon's turn. His utopia sounded uncommonly like a magnificently equipped General Hospital.

"But, Alan," objected his hostess, "in utopia there won't be any sick people."

"Look here," says the surgeon, "whose utopia is this? Yours or mine?"

Star of the Unborn is Franz Werfel's. It is not mine. On the jacket the publisher's concluding words before the curtain rises are: "It is only rarely that a last work is also an author's greatest, but it was given to Franz Werfel to achieve this." Query (1): Is this the first draft of a novel which the author did not live to rewrite? There are good places in it, but they should come closer together. (2) Was it written first in German and then translated? The idiom is English but the style diffuse. There is in it, too, the pathos of the refugee writing for an audience which he is not sure he understands, his own having disintegrated.

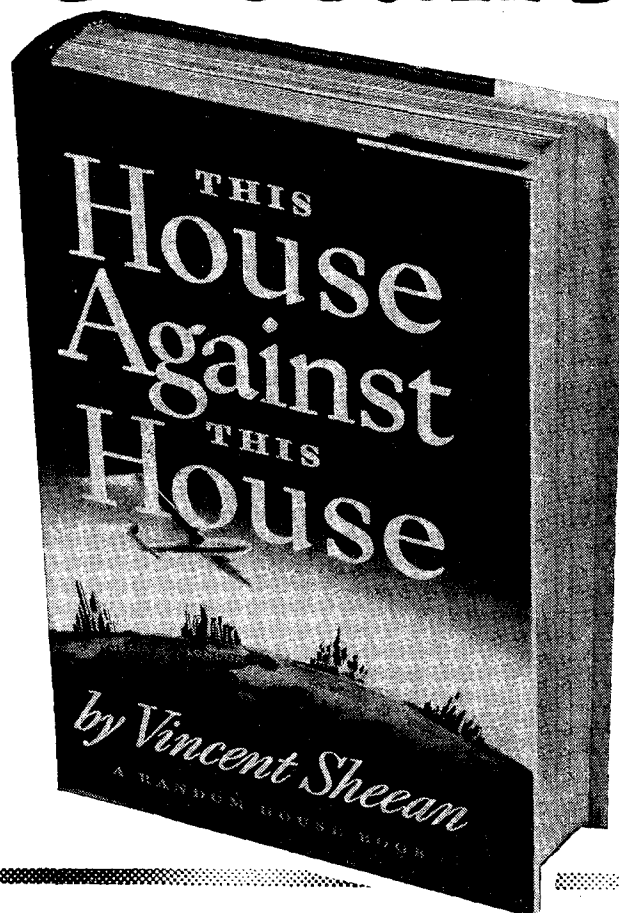
Werfel appears to have read Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, whose familiar lineaments occasionally peer through the veils of the fantasy; it is not so certain that he knew Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited*, which contain far more audacious thinking than Shaw's and more distinguished writing. For utopian romance is a severe test of the quality of a man's imagination: when offering us a vision of future society, one should try to give us something we would leave our happy homes for. . . . A week in the utopia of William Morris's *News from Nowhere* might be a pleasant experience; there, at least (except for one murder over a love affair) everybody is good-natured all day long. Shaw's *Methuselah* repelled a good many readers by his

Vincent Sheean's

first book in three years!

➔ In the years since *Between The Thunder and The Sun* was published, Vincent Sheean has been on two major war fronts as an Army Air Forces officer and in three countries as a war correspondent. He also took part in the North African and Italian invasions.

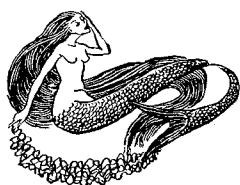
Here is this great correspondent's report on what he saw, what he did, and what he thought during the three history-and-headline-making years between the invasion of North Africa and the United Nations conference at San Francisco. \$3.50



If it's
laughter
you're
after

COUSIN FROM FIJI

By NORMAN LINDSAY. When Cecelia, the femme fatale from Fiji, joins her slightly mad Australian family there's much ado down under. Another uproarious tale by the author of *The Cautious Amorist* and *Age of Consent*. \$2.50



PEABODY'S MERMAID

By GUY and CONSTANCE JONES. A fantastic adventure in a Caribbean colony. Arthur Peabody, Bostonian, catches an irresistible mermaid and puts her temporarily into his wife's bathtub. The consequences are even more startling than you might suppose. \$2.50

AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE *Random House, N. Y.*



PUBLISHERS OF THE MODERN LIBRARY

Betty



MacDonald's

"Riot of Laughs"

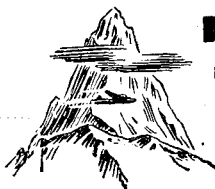
THE EGG AND I

306,000 copies are in print • \$2.75

**James
Ramsey Ullman's**

*"Rousing, spectacular
adventure story."*

THE WHITE TOWER



617,000 copies in print
including Book-of-the-
Month Club • \$3.00

A "Vermont David Copperfield."
—Book-of-the-Month Club News

HEARTWOOD



By Anne Miller Downes

3rd Printing

\$2.50

At all bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia New York

usual contempt for romantic love, and when it came to describing an aesthetically desirable future, he called in ancient Greece, *Back to Hellas*, which Werfel is also inclined to do.

Werfel, for his part, is pseudo-scientific, pseudo-philosophical, compounded with the Hindu concept of reincarnation, a snack of Einstein's theory of relativity, and that pretension to some *Weltgeschichtliche Anschauung* which nearly all German writers seem to feel they must have in order to keep their intellectual self-respect.

At a time when responsible citizens are exerting all their energies toward helping to get mankind through one of the worst crises in our existence as a race, flights of utopian imagination need to be especially ingratiating. Werfel's I find drearily labored and far-fetched. Instead of reading this, why not read Butler's two *Erewhons*, which do contain currently pertinent social criticism, and Anatole France's *Revolt of the Angels*. This last is especially to the point: Anatole set his fantasy smack in the midst of the modern world, where it is all the funnier and all the more effective. Besides, to write this romance of A.D. 101,945, one needs to be, as Anatole France was, a powerful sociological thinker and a great literary artist.

LUCIEN PRICE

BATTLE REPORT, Volume II: The Atlantic War
Commander Walter Karig, Lieutenants Burton and
Freeland, USNR
RINEHART, \$3.50

COMMANDER KARIG and his young assistants have, I think, hit the mark again with this second volume of their "Battle Report." Their mark they describe as "a narrative tour of the battle areas of the Atlantic, the Caribbean, the Arctic, and the Mediterranean." In text and in illustrations they give an excellent picture of what stands in some jeopardy of being the Navy's "forgotten war."

We have for so long dated time from Pearl Harbor that few remember the undeclared war we fought in the Atlantic before the Japs attacked. But Lend-Lease had swept away our neutrality almost nine months before, and our first merchant ship was soon torpedoed by a German submarine. The Navy began its far-flung convoy work. Its landings in Greenland and Iceland followed as it reached out to the eastward. Then came that grisly "Murmansk run" with its armed guards who quite properly called themselves "fishbait." Three months before Pearl Harbor the Germans made their first submarine attack on an American warship. The President promptly ordered the Navy to "shoot on sight."

The chapters on the vital anti-submarine campaign are good reading, though much of the technical details of that sea-air hunt for the "Skipper's pants" — the proverbial proof of the sinking of a submarine — are necessarily omitted. Not so the classic hand-to-hand fights with subs, of the U.S.S. *Borie* and *Buckley*, and the capture of the U-505.

The growing pains of the amphibious force are barely sketched in. It was a great job which should have been organized before we were at war. A landing on a hostile shore is one of the most difficult operations of war, and one which clearly faced us if we went to war. But for the better part of the first war year we floundered about such basic questions as that of responsibility for training and command.

The Report does not mention the great amphibious training centers of the Army Engineers in Florida and on Cape Cod, competing with the Navy's on the Chesapeake and the Marines' at New River. To this reviewer the confusion and rivalry between the three services over that

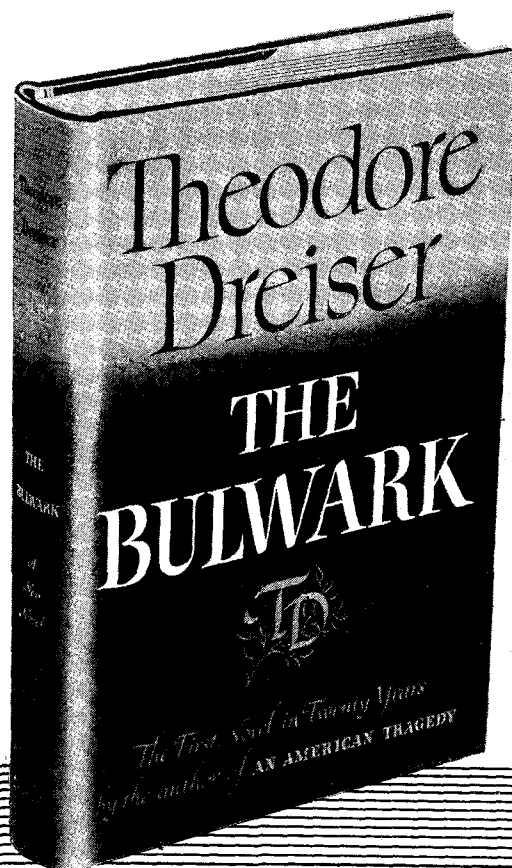
Remember the excitement that greeted such

great and distinguished novels as *An American Tragedy* and *The Genius*?

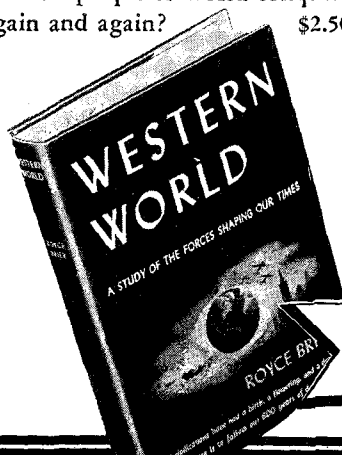
THE BULWARK is a novel of equal stature—a book to enhance the reputation of THEODORE DREISER.

"He was the great pioneering realistic writer, a novelist of world significance . . ."—JAMES T. FARRELL, *Saturday Review of Literature*.

Just published, \$2.75



Answers to your questions about the state of our civilization after 600 years of trial and error are in this stimulating book by **ROYCE BRIER**, of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and a winner of the Pulitzer Prize. He traces the forces behind our destiny, explains Western history in terms of its recurrent crises, and provides an answer to many fundamental questions such as: What impels the German people to world conquest again and again? \$2.50



The Messenger by R.V.C. Bodley

Author of "Wind in the Sahara"

It was T. E. Lawrence who suggested that R. V. C. Bodley go to live among the Arabs. From this experience he has written a biography which, for the first time presents Mohammed as a living human being among his people as they were and are. He was a merchant, a lover, a statesman, and a soldier, besides being the founder of one of the world's major religions. \$3.00

At your
bookseller's

DOUBLEDAY



HARVARD

UNIVERSITY PRESS PRESENTS

Three New Books

A NATURALIST'S SCRAPBOOK

THOMAS BARBOUR

The famous naturalist's account of Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoölogy and of the great and near-great who have walked its corridors. 20 illustrations. \$3.00

HISTORICAL ANTHOLOGY of MUSIC

ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON and WILLI APEL

A library of music in itself, this great anthology records the history of music—Oriental, Medieval, and Renaissance—from the beginning to 1600. Its more than 200 representative examples are individually complete compositions, chosen for both intrinsic beauty and suitability as illustrations. A commentary with bibliography, translations of foreign texts, and an index complete this work—invaluable to teacher and student, scholar and amateur.

April. \$7.50

NED WARD OF GRUBSTREET

HOWARD WILLIAM TROYER

"An admirable and faithful exercise in scholarship... If any reader takes this trip to London with Ned Ward, he will return muddled, blinking, and breathless, more content to live in the Atomic Age."—Donald A. Stauffer, *N. Y. Times*. 8 illustrations. \$3.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

proof of the need of merger. But let that pass—one must admit that, from a very poor start, through the first landings ("We were damned lucky," said Admiral Kirk), the Navy made a superb finish on D Day in Normandy.

The remainder of the Report covers those landings through which the war in Europe was won—first North Africa, then Sicily, Italy, and France. The authors do not miss the ascending curve of endeavor and success which history gives them. Nor do they omit many good yarns of the sea—the "cub-carriers" who wanted flight pay, the Admiral's salute to the bedraggled LCT's for their gallant work off Sicily, the Negro skipper of a "duck," with only his white teeth showing in the dark night, who wanted to know "where at is land?"

SHERMAN MILES

THE BRONTËS: CHARLOTTE AND EMILY

Laura L. Hinkley

HASTINGS HOUSE, \$3.50

IN WHAT hidden way does genius work? No better case histories for the investigation of this question could be chosen than those of the four Brontës, all of them gifted, but only two of them touched by the unmistakable flame of greatness. Thanks to much devoted research, the circumstances of their brief and limited lives are displayed for our examination as though under glass. The romances of their childhood, together with the poems, novels, and letters of their maturity, do not comprise an unmanageable body of writing. It is possible to scrutinize them from every angle.

What small deviations brought genius to successful flowering in Charlotte and Emily and doomed it to wither on the stalk in Anne and to putrefy in Branwell? Miss Hinkley sets clearly before herself the problem of determining how the writings of the four Brontës came out of their lives, and to the solution of the problem she brings remarkable qualities of sympathetic imagination and good judgment.

A work of artistic creation, according to Miss Hinkley, must be prepared by long gestation in the unconscious mind. It centers in an emotional vortex caused by some painful shock or devastating loss. The impetus of the life stream is blocked as by a dam, and behind the obstruction the waters mount up until the act of creation releases them. The placid Anne Brontë could not form such a reservoir of unconscious power, and hence the feebleness of her fiction. Branwell dribbled away his stock in futile dissipation. But in Charlotte and Emily the conditions of genius were complete. In each the vital tendencies denied fulfillment in actuality imperiously demanded an outlet in imaginative form. In both, the integrity of their natures kept their creative minds true to the essence of their experience. From the conscious use of what the unconscious had long stored came Charlotte's supreme assertion of a love bursting through stilted conventions in *Jane Eyre* and Emily's dynamic evocation of a love transcending death in *Wuthering Heights*.

Miss Hinkley's foreword contains a dismaying list of the perils that beset the critical biographer: the perils of the romantic appeal, of the dramatic rearrangement of facts, of assuming a condition that did not exist, of transferring to the subject the writer's private responses, of failing to test the assumptions of previous writers, and of seeing all things in relation to a pet theory. It is Miss Hinkley's great distinction that she has skillfully avoided all these perils and has produced a genetic study of Charlotte and Emily Brontë full of penetrating insights into the workings of the mind of genius.

GEORGE F. WHICHER



by Conrad
Richter

THE FIELDS

The new novel by the author of *The Sea of Grass* continues his saga of the conquest of the wilderness begun with *The Trees*. This is a rich and human story of the mid-American frontier in the period of small settlements and the tilling of the soil—of Sayward as a wife and mother, working with her own brood to create a durable home and the aspects of civilization in the midst of a land that was itself striving.

\$2.50



a novel
by Angela
Thirkell

MISS BUNTING

"No one since Jane Austen and Trollope has pictured the life of the so-called county families of England with such fidelity and gentle humor."—JOHN COURNOS, *New York Sun*.

\$2.50

by Graciliano
Ramos

ANGUISH

A brilliantly accomplished story-teller writes an intense, relentless novel of a man's moral and mental disintegration—one of the masterpieces of contemporary Brazilian literature. Translated by L. C. Kaplan.

\$2.50

by Justice
Robert H.
Jackson

The Case Against the

NAZI WAR CRIMINALS

Contents: Justice Jackson's opening statement at the Nürnberg trial; the complete text of the indictment; the text of the four-power agreement on which the trials are based. "Conveys the sense of a drama missing from the dispatches."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

\$2.00

by Alvin M.
Joseph, Jr.
Introduction by
Gen. A. A. Vandegrift

THE LONG & THE SHORT & THE TALL

A Marine combat correspondent tells the story of his unit in action at Guam, Iwo Jima, and elsewhere, with a vividness and immediacy equalled by few other personal narratives of the war.

Illustrated. \$3.00

by Arthur
Walworth

BLACK SHIPS OFF JAPAN

The story of the opening up of Japan by Commodore Perry in 1853 not only is an engrossing narrative of one of the great episodes in American history, but suggests valuable parallels for our own time. Preface by Sir George Sansom.

Illustrated. \$3.00

by Edward
Townsend Booth

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY

"A charming collection of essays upon men of letters who preferred country to city living."—LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune*. "Completely delightful."—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

\$2.50



by Frederick L.
Schuman

SOVIET POLITICS

At Home and Abroad

"Contains about all the information on contemporary Russia that anyone can ask for . . . sympathetic, judicious, and eminently readable."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

710 pages. \$4.00



indicates a book
designed by
W. A. Dwiggins

For sale at all bookshops, published in New York by

ALFRED · A · KNOPF



The TREASURE CHEST

An Anthology of Contemplative Prose

Edited by J. DONALD ADAMS
FIRST OF THE DUTTON COMPANIONS

"A companionable book, capacious in subject, choice in content, kindling to the mind."

—Charles Lee

"An almost perfect bedside book, a sort of 'Compleat Angler.'"

—Newsweek

"A cherishable book, place it next to Palgrave and the Oxford Book of Verse."

—John Mason Brown

"An ideal anthology—something here for almost everyone."

—Joseph Henry Jackson

\$2.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., N. Y. C.

At All Bookstores

"A SIX ROOM HOUSE, \$2800

Complete, Ready for You
to Move In"

BY GEORGE W. PEARCE

The author, a mechanical engineer, reviews the history of housing and shows how building costs have risen in the last 150 years until few families can buy a house adequate for their needs.

He then describes how, by the use of various money-saving building methods, a large, modern, 6-room, thoroughly insulated, fire resistant, 2-bath bungalow with garage can be had most anywhere in the United States for \$2800.00.

Included with the book are 10 folded drawings, 12" wide x 10" long. These drawings by Mr. Pearce show all the details of construction for this house—the wiring, the plumbing, the automatic oil heating system and the fluorescent lighting. The book is devoted to showing how similar savings can be made on any house of any style, size or floor plan.

A very readable and interesting book. Every prospective home owner should have a copy. 138 6" x 9" pages, 26 illustrations, leatherette bound. 10 large drawings.

Send \$2.00 to TECHNICAL PRESS, Box 6 S, Swampscott, Mass., and your copy will be rushed to you postpaid. Distributed solely by Technical Press—Not sold in book stores.

THE STREET

\$2.50

Ann Petry

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Few people ever see this version of Negro poverty, because it is a condition that is unspectacular. It is a story of quiet, obscure, fear-laden living, denying the conception of the stereotype, the happy-go-lucky Negro. In winning the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship, Ann Petry has given us a better than good novel, written with great honesty and insight. There are thousands upon thousands of girls like Lutie Johnson living in some isolated Harlem in every industrial city of the nation, but to those who know these unhappy sociologic islands only by their night clubs and their violence, she may seem a strange, unreal character.

Lutie and her kind are the direct descendants of other black men and women who fled the hunger and oppression of the rural South in search of the bright but phantom opportunities of the urban North. These families accepted and absorbed the shock of frustration in these harsh, lusterless lands-without-promise in exchange for an assured forty weeks of school for their children. But the ensuing generations discovered that this idolized Education was neither the key to opportunity nor the solution *per se* to race prejudice.

The girls married men who could not get jobs. They went to work in domestic service, because that was the only occupation abundantly open to them, and left their men at home to rear the children. And, paradoxically, while they kept their employers' families running smoothly, their own families disintegrated and fell apart.

The instability of the Negro family, seen in its true light, is not a "racial characteristic" but a response to our culture wherein successful family life depends upon the man's going out to do a man's work, and upon the daily presence of both parents in the home. The American man does not flourish emotionally if his virility is shunted for long periods into ungainful employment. Eventually he escapes into some other way of life, good or bad, which holds some promise of restoring his self-esteem. The wives and children of such men go to live in some cruel, ghetto-like street, and gradually drift outside the pale of social services and away from social organization.

Our sociologists have described all of this before, but *The Street* makes it live through characters who are only partially fictional.

JOHN CASWELL SMITH, JR.

1 1 1

THE LIFE LINE

\$2.50

Phyllis Bottome

LITTLE, BROWN

PHYLLIS BOTTOME was born in England, spent six of her childhood years in America, and since her marriage in 1917 has lived much of the time in the Austrian Tyrol, which is the background of her new novel. To all who know it, the Tyrol is a special place and the Tyrolese are a special people, highly individual, like all mountain peoples. It is hard to think of regimentation of any kind invading their high, thin air and incredible mountains, to imagine "Heil Hitler!" replacing their sturdy, gentle "Grüss Gott." But the Nazis came to Innsbruck, to Kitzbuehl, to all the stations familiar to generations of climbers and skiers. Miss Bottome has written of these people at war, and of an English schoolmaster who chose to join them.

In the summer of 1938 Mark Chalmers was in his middle thirties and exactly where and what he wanted to be—an untroubled, successful master at Eton. In 1938 he might have given up his usual summer climbing in the Dolomites except that a friend at the Foreign Office was urgent about his taking a message to a Jesuit monk in an

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
NEW YORK

America is in the Heart

Carlos Bulosan has written the brave, tragic, sometimes humorous and tender story of his life in the Philippines and in America. This autobiography rightly shocks those not knowing the brutal, tragic discriminations against Filipinos in America. Yet Bulosan's high courage and spirit prevails — his profound belief in America survives. An honest and challenging book. \$3.00

VALUES FOR SURVIVAL

Lewis Mumford has gathered in one volume his essays, addresses, letters on politics and education during the past eight years. When the first essay in this book was published four months before Munich, Mumford not only saw America's danger but had the courage to demand military counter-action. Since that time his political predictions have come true with sobering uniformity. In this collection he brilliantly indicates once more what modern man must do to be saved from the disintegrating forces which, at war's end, still threaten to engulf us. \$3.00

J'accuse de Gaulle

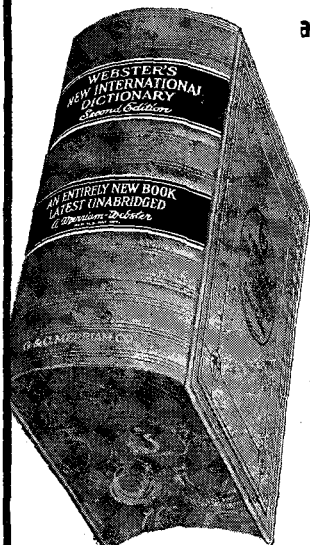
Henri de Kerillis, former member of the French Chamber of Deputies, has written an unsparing indictment, based on facts unknown to the general public, of a French general who, profiting by his country's defeat, chose to become a politician. The documentary evidence here submitted throws much-needed light on the machinations of the Fourth Republic. \$2.75

BRITAIN: PARTNER FOR PEACE

Percy E. Corbett makes a convincing argument for the belief that, while Great Britain has lost its pre-eminent position in world affairs, it will remain a necessary partner for peace. A lucid analysis of the assets and liabilities of Great Britain in its triple role as center of the British Empire, a member of the big three, and a chief proponent of world organization. \$2.50

EVERY DAY, MORE AND
MORE COPIES OF

The Merriam- WEBSTER



are reaching book stores

WITH shortages eased, your dealer may be able to supply you immediately, or within short notice. Be sure you get the **MERRIAM-Webster** — the only unabridged dictionary completely revised and rewritten in 25 years. 3,350 pages, illustrations for 12,000 terms, and a total of 600,000 entries — 122,000 more than any other dictionary. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield 2, Mass.

**WEBSTER'S
NEW INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY
Second Edition**

"The Supreme Authority"

Read About The YOGIS of India Who Live to Be 350 Years Old

in "Lives and Teachings
of The Yogis of India"

BY RISHI SINGH GREWAL

Noted Author, Lecturer and Teacher of Yoga



THIS FASCINATING BOOK gives an intimate insight into the lives of great Yogis of India by one who lived among them. Discusses:

- Miracles! How are they performed?
- Food and silver manifested from the atmosphere.
- Rebirth evidence; longevity.
- Still alive after 12 years without food.
- Forty-five days suspended animation.

PLUS many other astounding subjects. 184 pages of thrilling and amazing reading — only \$2 Post-paid.

For Convenience Use Coupon

Rishi Singh Grewal Yoga Publications
2914-C Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Send me ☐ "Lives & Teachings of The Yogis of India" — \$2 Prepaid
☐ "Patanjali's Raja Yoga" — \$3 Prepaid
Enclosed find ☐ Money Order; ☐ Check; ☐ Cash; ☐ Send C.O.D. — I'll pay mailing cost.

Name

Address

City Zone State

**For The More Advanced
Student of Yoga — READ
"Patanjali's Raja Yoga"**

This is the famous book selected by Oglethorpe University for their "Crypt of Civilization" (a collection of the greatest books of this generation, to be preserved for posterity). No other book like this. Extensive commentaries by Rishi Singh Grewal makes Yoga, the timeless philosophy of The Orient, clear, fascinating and understandable. \$3—Prepaid

ancient monastery. He had no idea, when he asked the Father to assist a valuable agent to remain in Austria, that he himself was the agent.

High on a mountain meadow, sitting in the warm sun on a tapestry of flowers, a British schoolmaster joined a Jesuit monk, a German painter, and a woman doctor in their dangerous and secret war against the Nazis. Ida Eichorn ran a sanitarium for the insane in her beloved mountains, and it was here that Mark would stay, provided with papers which proved him insane, and coached by Ida in the technique of appearing a lunatic. Before his mission was accomplished Mark Chalmers would know much about life and danger, about courage and love.

It is too bad that the book wasn't written two years ago. One is troubled by the author's hindsight, and by the fact that many such novels have already been forgotten. However, the characters are fresh, especially Ida, and the set is handsome, its most novel feature her *Nervenheilanstalt*. This reviewer seems to recognize the figure of Alfred Adler at Miss Bottome's elbow.

DOROTHY HILLYER

IN THE BLAZING LIGHT

\$2.75

Max White

DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE

SET in eighteenth-century Spain and compounded of the usual heady mixture of intrigue, exciting incident, and romance, this historical novel is the story of the growth of the great Spanish artist, Goya, as he progresses from a vain upstart to Court painter, and finally becomes the cynical recorder of human cruelty.

Coming up to Madrid after a roistering young manhood, Goya soon found himself in the midst of personal and public conflicts. As a young artist, he decried the traditional in painting; as the son of a peasant, he was outspoken against the nobility. Yet as an ambitious painter whose overpowering ego demanded recognition at Court, he was forced to accept some sort of compromise — to conform at least ostensibly to the wishes of his royal benefactors.

In the Court ladies, and particularly in the beautiful but maddening Duchess of Alba, he found an insulting challenge. Yet at the height of his social triumphs, he would weary of the senseless parlor games of his Duchess and would hasten to the Tavern to seek the company of Antonia, who loved him with a childlike faith, and to listen to young Vicente sing the sad songs of the Spanish people.

The characters of the book are drawn from Goya's Court portraits and from the grimy subjects of his etchings. Weak kings totter on the throne of Spain; the Inquisition sends its muffled carriages through the dark streets. The court revels in pageantry while the people stir restlessly, and the revolution in France is the topic in the salons. Finally, Murat sends the murdering French Army into Madrid. The deaf and outraged Goya wanders through the carnage, fixing in his mind the scenes which are to become the subject of his great etchings, *The Disasters of the War*.

ROBERT W. ANDERSON

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH AND AMY LOWELL

Harley F. MacNair UNIV. OF CHICAGO PRESS, \$3.75

THIS "Correspondence of a Friendship," edited by Harley Farnsworth MacNair, is a self-confessed work of affection. Mr. MacNair tries to combine data on a poetic collaboration with the records of a friendship between his wife, Florence Ayscough MacNair, and Amy Lowell. Amy Lowell, as usual, was either overbearing or silent. As a result the correspondence includes material on the friend-



AMERICAN DAUGHTER

By **ERA BELL THOMPSON**. The heartwarming autobiography of a Negro girl whose simple friendliness and enduring faith solved for her one of America's great problems. An unforgettable story written without rancor or bitterness, told with wit and understanding and pride in America.

Coming April 22, \$3.00



MIDWEST AT NOON

By **GRAHAM HUTTON**. The Midwest is fast becoming the most important economic, political, and social force in the nation. Here is the essence of America's maturing inland empire; its sprawling cities, fruitful soil, outrageous climate, and exuberant people—40 million strong—as seen through the eyes of a modern Bryce.

Coming April 15, \$3.50

BREAKING THE BUILDING BLOCKADE

By **ROBERT LASCH**. We can do something about the housing shortage. This book tells what we can do to reduce building costs, speed up construction, reclaim blighted land, avoid future slums. It is a solid plan for needed action by government, business and the individual citizen, to provide adequate homes for 15 million people.

Coming April 8, \$3.00

POPULATION AND PEACE IN THE PACIFIC

By **WARREN S. THOMPSON**. The lands of the Pacific are the crucial area where the Big Five will either clash or work together to build a better world. One of the world's great population experts points out the adjustments all the nations involved must make to preserve the peace.

Just published, \$3.75

PEOPLES SPEAKING TO PEOPLES

By **LLEWELLYN WHITE** and **ROBERT E. LEIGH**. This first report from the *Commission on Freedom of the Press* analyzes all our facilities for international communication—radio, movies, books, periodicals, etc.—showing how they are used, and can best be used, to spread knowledge and understanding among the world's peoples.

April 22, \$2.50

THE GROWTH OF CONSTITUTIONAL POWER IN THE UNITED STATES

By **CARL BRENT SWISHER**. An overall picture of our constitutional system as it now exists, showing how two major wars and a major depression in the last 30 years have affected its development.

\$2.50

SYSTEMATIC POLITICS

By **CHARLES E. MERRIAM**. America's most famous exponent of the philosophy of government sums up 40 years of political thought and experience in this, his greatest book. "Should be in the hands of every student of government."—*N. Y. Times*.

5th printing, \$3.75

PIERO DI COSIMO

By **R. LANGTON DOUGLAS**. A lively and intimate study of the amazing artist—a contemporary of Leonardo—who was more akin to modern man than any other Renaissance master.

87 reproductions, \$5.00

Available wherever books are sold
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Illinois



Announcing . . .

The Atlantic \$10,000 Novel Contest for 1947

Closing date—January 15, 1947

There are no restrictions whatsoever as to author or subject. The sole purpose of this Contest, as in previous years, is to secure a novel that is both distinctive and interesting, and to make it one of the outstanding books of its year.

For circular giving complete details, address
ATLANTIC NOVEL CONTEST for 1947
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

The Best Way to Get Started

WRITING FOR MAGAZINES

Develop the writing habit under the personal direction
of an experienced writer or editor

THE Magazine Institute, a private school completely owned and operated by successful editors and writers, offers a series of fascinating assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. They are sent regularly to your home, where you work on them in spare time. They give you a chance to polish your style the way professional writers polished theirs — by writing continually.

You may concentrate on either short story or article work, advancing as rapidly as your ability warrants. Every assignment you submit is returned with detailed criticism.

Successful Writers Show You the Tricks of the Trade

Every Magazine Institute instructor is a writer or editor of magazine experience. The course was prepared by men and women who have made a success of the business of writing, whose stories and articles you have read in national magazines. You deal personally with your instructor, asking as many questions as you like, receiving his frank and friendly comments on each assignment, learning from him just what you need to do to fit your work to the demands of the modern magazine market. He suggests outlets for you, shows you where the beginning writer has the best chance.

Send for Free Catalog Today

The free catalog, offering a detailed description of the Magazine Institute plan of modern help to writers, telling about opportunities for writers, and identifying the writers and editors who serve as instructors, will be sent on request. Inquirers will also receive "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates. (The Magazine Institute does not use paid testimonials.) Fill in the coupon below and mail it today.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. 14-D, 50 Rockefeller
Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send your catalog, without obligation, to:

Name
Address

(Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call)

ship that is irrelevant to the collaboration, and material on the collaboration that is only indirectly connected with the friendship. And several of Amy Lowell's letters to Harriet Monroe have a bearing on neither.

Without an introductory biographical and critical commentary on Mrs. Ayscough, her relationship with Miss Lowell, and the curious poetic enterprise they launched together, the reader must decide for himself where the value of the correspondence lies. Whoever reads the Lowell-Ayscough letters for their intrinsic appeal as letters will hardly escape the feeling that Amy Lowell is working her translator professionally, as a spiritualist works a medium.

There is little of the personal rapport that inspires the correspondence of an Emerson and a Carlyle. So, in the absence of a colorful interchange of personality and intellect, the letters are significant for the light they throw on Amy Lowell and her poems from the Chinese.

As a primary source, much of Mr. MacNair's volume will be indispensable for studying the literary achievement of *Fir-Flower Tablets*, where Amy Lowell rendered in her polyphonic prose those pictographic attributes of Chinese poetry which captured her fancy as an Imagist. It will also be appreciated by those who seek in the marginalia of poets and in books like *The Road to Xanadu* an insight into the processes of making poetry.

But students will find the lack of any index, and of most of Florence Ayscough's translations from which *Fir-Flower Tablets* was composed, more provoking than provocative.

LAWRENCE SARGENT HALL

1 1 1

WAR AND THE POET

DEVIN-ADAIR

Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman

\$3.00

AS PART of the interest in war poetry, Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman have compiled a conscientious little anthology (200 pages) to represent "the continuity of the various reactions to war" of poets of all times and literatures from 1800 B.C. to the present. The scope of the ground plan has obviously required exploration into seldom-tapped sources, the reward for which is some really exciting discoveries. I find most memorable the selections from the Russian poets, Li Po's "The Moon at the Fortified Pass," and Wolker's "Epitaph," all of them superbly translated.

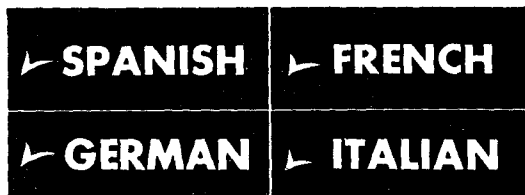
The tracing of the various themes that have emerged with time is, in general, excellent. The evaluation of Cummings and Rosenberg as two of the best voices of World War I has been delayed long enough, and it is proper and good to find it made here. But it is difficult to escape the feeling that the editors fumble on the one-yard line after a fine long run. There are some surprising omissions in the section of World War II poets, among them John Pudney. And Randall Jarrell, who has written some of the best poetry of the last few years, is inadequately represented by one short poem.

There can be little doubt that the real theme of the best poets of World War II is social: that the fighting and the stupidity and the suffering were for one reason only — for the right to fight again in peace for the meaningful world that reactionary ignorance is capable of taking from us; for Shapiro's "peace kept by a human creed"; and for the thing Jarrell sees: "From these moments repeated forever, our own new world will be made."

Selden Rodman, at the end of his preface, does make an attempt to state this emergent theme, but with a vagueness and timidity reminiscent of the last chapter of a Ph.D. thesis, where the author feels the need to state conclusions but isn't sure he has any. The total result is a good anthology that might have gone one perception further and been the better for it.

JOHN CIARDI

Start to SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE CORRECTLY IN ONLY 7 DAYS



WHICH can bring YOU the biggest
returns in business, in social life?

FOR many years to come government activities in Europe and South America will open countless opportunities for Americans who know one or more foreign languages. Business will be on the lookout for men and women to conduct affairs with foreign firms, maintain contact with individuals, manage overseas offices.

GET PROOF Get proof that now you can master your choice of four basic languages—easily, pleasantly and right in your own home! Get proof that within *one short week* you will have learned useful words and will be speaking phrases and even entire sentences in Spanish, French, German or Italian correctly and fluently.

Because Funk & Wagnalls knew that following the war there would be a great demand for a quick, easy way to learn a foreign language, this great publishing house started long ago to lay the groundwork for this announcement.

Now after three years of the most painstaking preparation, the completely new, up-to-the-minute improved Language

Phone method is ready for you—ready to give you *quick* mastery of the basic language of your choice by *listening* to a language master!

HOW THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD WORKS

Have you ever noticed how easily you acquired the *tune* of a new popular song? Actually this calls for memorizing hundreds of musical notes and phrases; yet you do all this unconsciously, not by laboriously memorizing the individual notes.

Well, that's just how easily you can learn to converse in another language—*when*

you use the new Language Phone Method!

This way, sitting comfortably at home, you listen to the cultured voice of an internationally famous language professor, electrically transcribed on records. At the same time you see the words he is speaking in a printed supplementary conversation-pronouncing manual. This way almost at once you start to speak and read the language you are studying.

NOT A "Correspondence Course"

Using the new Language Phone Method, you spend no tedious hours memorizing grammar rules and mere lists of words. You can have as many or as few "language-study companions" as you choose (a roomful can listen as well as one person!). And—you don't pay for high, by-the-lesson tuition. You pay only one, moderate known-in-advance sum for *everything needed to give you complete mastery of the language.*

METHOD ENDORSED

Learning a foreign language through the medium of phonograph records has been an important part of the Army and Navy war-effort program. The success

has been so great that leading college educators have given it their fullest approval, and signified their intention of using the record method of teaching in colleges, universities and schools throughout the country.

**Start RIGHT HERE
To Mold Your Future—let
a foreign language multiply
your opportunities!**

**STOP MERELY WISH-
ING** you could speak Spanish, French, German or Italian! Now you can make your wish come true! You'll be amazed at how quickly and enjoyably you progress from speaking just a single simple sentence to rattling off a complete conversation.

Take advantage of this opportunity which may spell success for you and your family and fill in the coupon below. It will bring you a complimentary copy of the beautiful 24-page booklet shown here, and information about how you can get a complete, new Language Phone kit for seven days' free trial. Remember, when you send in this coupon you are not ordering anything. You are merely requesting your free copy of the booklet. There is no obligation on your part, and no agent will call on you.

THE NEW 1946 FUNK & WAGNALLS LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

18 Records
Double Faced

Thirty-six brand-new electrically transcribed lesson records in each of our French, Spanish, German and Italian Language Courses... New self-teaching language guidebooks... Two-language dictionary... Commercial business and travel section in each advanced course... All records and textbooks in a handsome, simulated leather carrying case.

All included in YOUR 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Here's what you get—all sent to you for seven days' free trial.

1. **36 Recorded Units** (on 18 double-faced records) electrically transcribed in world-famous RCA-Victor and National Broadcasting Company studios.
2. **Conversation-pronouncing Manual** synchronizing with the first 26 Recorded Units, enabling you to see as you hear lessons.
3. **Advanced Supplement of Business Forms.** 10 Recorded Units which give instructions for business correspondence in the language you are studying.
4. **Self-teaching Language Guidebooks** by world-famous linguists. Complete texts, permitting study without use of Recorded Units.
5. **2-Language Dictionary** in two complete sections, separately thumb-indexed. A permanent, valuable addition to your library.
6. **Carrying Case** compartmented to hold all foregoing study aids. Covered in durable simulated leather on sturdy wood frame; luggage handle; reinforced hinged top.



MAIL THIS COUPON

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Yes, send me my free copy of the 24-page booklet about your easy method of learning a foreign language, and tell me how I may obtain a complete Language Phone kit to try out in my own home for seven days.

() SPANISH () FRENCH () GERMAN () ITALIAN
Check language desired

Please Print Name.....
Name and Address Plainly Address.....

ONE WORLD

"Since Whittlesey House was first established by McGraw-Hill in 1930, we have not published any book devoted to a subject of greater importance to the survival of mankind than **ONE WORLD OR NONE.**"

—JAMES H. MCGRAW, JR., President,
McGraw-Hill Publishing Company

OR NONE

A Report to the Public on the Full Meaning of the Atomic Bomb

PREPARED BY 17 OF THE FOREMOST AUTHORITIES ON THE SUBJECT

Edited by **DEXTER MASTERS**, *Editor of Science Illustrated and*
KATHARINE WAY, *Nuclear Physicist, of the University of Chicago*

Presented by the editors of **Science Illustrated**

To give the American public an authoritative, over-all analysis of the immediate and long-range problems created by the atomic bomb, we have persuaded some of the outstanding scientists associated with the project, as well as top authorities from the political and military fields, to collaborate on this book. This remarkable document presents a rounded discussion of the full meaning and dimensions of the bomb's threat to world survival, bringing together in one book, *for the first time*, an informed discussion of all the ramifications of the subject.

CONTRIBUTORS

Introduction by **ARTHUR COMPTON**, *Nobel Prize Winner*

Foreword by **NIELS BOHR**, *Nobel Prize Winner*

H. H. ARNOLD
HANS BETHE
E. U. CONDON
ALBERT EINSTEIN,
Nobel Prize Winner
IRVING LANGMUIR,
Nobel Prize Winner
WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP MORRISON

and The Federation of American (Atomic) Scientists.

J. R. OPPENHEIMER
LOUIS RIDENOUR
FREDERICK SEITZ
HARLOW SHAPLEY
LEO SZILARD
HAROLD UREY,
Nobel Prize Winner
EUGENE P. WIGNER
GALE YOUNG

In order to make **ONE WORLD OR NONE** available to the widest possible market, we are issuing it in a paper binding for . . .

The bulk of the proceeds from this book will go to the Federation of American (Atomic) Scientists for use in furthering public understanding of the facts of atomic energy and their implications for society.

\$1⁰⁰

At all
bookstores



WHITTLESEY HOUSE A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York 18



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

DELTA WEDDING

by EUDORA WELTY

SUMMARY. — Laura McRaven, nine, arrives at Shellmound, plantation home of her dead mother's brother, Battle Fairchild, in the Mississippi Delta, during the late summer of 1923. The family consists of Battle and Ellen, their eight children ranging from Shelley, eighteen, to Bluet, two; the old aunts, Mac and Shannon; and dead brother Denis's child, Maureen, not quite right in her head from injury in infancy. Two more sisters of Battle's, the old maids Primrose and Jim Allen, live at a near-by plantation; Tempe Summers, his oldest sister, has come from Inverness with her grandchild, Lady Clare Buchanan.

The family are preparing for the wedding of Dabney, seventeen, to Troy Flavin, the Shellmound overseer. George, Battle's younger brother from Memphis, the adored one of the family, brings the news that his wife Robbie Reid (whom the family considers as "common" as Troy) has left him. Robbie returns to Shellmound, and she and George are reconciled while dancing at the wedding rehearsal.

46

IT WAS Dabney's wedding day. Pinchy was setting the table and Aunt Mac was at the china closet loudly counting the glasses of each kind. Horace was hosing down the Summers car and in a mystifyingly high falsetto he was singing "Why?" Howard, with Maureen running about the foot of his ladder, was with almost imperceptible motions hanging paper lanterns in the trees, gradually moving across the yard like the movement of shade under the climbing sun. In the soft early air — Ellen stood at her window, with Battle asleep — in which there was a touch, today perhaps the first touch, of fall, the sounds of the busy fields came traveling up to the yard, the beat and sashay of a horse's feet. Though by another hour the fields would seem to jump in the sight with heat, now there was over them — and would be later when evening would come — the distance and clarity of fall, out of which came a breath of cool. Ellen took it, the breath, and turned to wake Battle.

"When does Primrose Fairchild think she can make that ton of chicken salad, if she doesn't come on?" cried Tempe aloud in the kitchen as the clock was striking the dot of something. Some of the roast turkeys and the ham were lined up in the middle of the kitchen table, and the oven gave off waves of fire and fragrance. Roxie was cooking breakfast over a crowded little unused stove in another part of the kitchen, followed by Ranny begging sticks of bacon, and stamping her foot at the kittens that ran about over there. "I bet Jim Allen is trying to make mints. That can keep you running crazy all day, and with a wedding waiting on you. Roxie, where are the Memphis mints?"

"Great big pasteboard box yonder in de pantry, Miss Tempe," called Roxie. "Have to untie you de ribbon to git you a taste. But you ought to see dem Memphis ice slippers! Green!"

Tempe went from the pantry to the back porch icebox. "And hard as rocks — *I* know," she said. "And slippery! People'll lose them off their plates and they'll slide across the floor from here to yonder, oh me. It's an old story, Roxie, weddings to me." She slammed the icebox door, after taking out a little piece of celery.

"Yes, ma'am, sure is. Old story."

"Who's going to make the beaten biscuit, Roxie? I have to have the kitchen to myself when the cornucopias are made! I'll kill anybody making beaten biscuit around me."

"Miss Tempe, you sure will. Miss Ellen say she make one or two ovens of biscuit while you all be taking your napses."

"Good idea. *Everything* would be done more satisfactorily if you could do it with most people asleep. I don't think that's even remotely near the number of pickled peaches it will take for going around the hams and turkeys!" She started counting on her fingers. Ranny offered her a bite of bacon and she bent and took it.

The Memphis flowers had come down just right, on the Yellow Dog that morning, and Miss Thelma had sent them up on horseback, the boxes tied over Sammie McNair's saddle, with Sammie holding Miss Thelma's umbrella over them.

"Oh, mercy — the bride's bouquet! We ought to look at it," Tempe said darkly, as Sammie got off to have breakfast with them.

"Why?" asked India, appearing in her nightgown.
 "Just to be sure."

India in a moment had the bouquet out, and held it up at arm's length over her head. "Are you sure, Aunt Tempe?"

"We'll have to doctor it a little, just as I thought," Aunt Tempe said, "take out those common snapdragons. Vi'let! You can take Miss Dabney's bouquet and all these flower boxes to the springhouse, Vi'let, but keep their paper around them so not even your breath touches them."

"Ain't they pretty?" Vi'let cried. "Oh! Oh!"

"There's a ladybug on Dabney's," said Bluet, gazing up. She had come out in her nightgown too.

"I bid it!" India went off with the ladybug on the back of her hand, Bluet following hopefully, asking the ladybug if the trip from Memphis wasn't simply *smothering*.

In a little while here came bumping a wagon. "It's the cake!" said Tempe clairvoyantly. It was the cake in the tallest box yet from Memphis.

"Now the cake will have to be lifted out by everybody, on the cutting board — there's no two ways about that, if you don't want a ruined toppling thing," said Aunt Mac with spirit.

"One strong, sure-footed man might be the best," said Tempe, "I would think."

"Go to grass!" said Aunt Mac. Vi'let ran for the old cutting board in the attic, big as the head of a bed, and she, Howard, and Little Uncle began to get the cake on it and so down from the wagon. Old Man Treat, a passer-by who had driven the cake up specially for Miss Thelma at the post office, was not allowed to put in a word or move.

"Mercy! Open it first!" cried Tempe. "So it won't rub off on the box! So we can see it!" They opened the box and stripped it back, like the petals of a flower. Mr. Treat looked over his shoulder. There it was, the tall white thing, shining before God in the light of day. It was a real fantasy! Only God knew if it was digestible.

Ellen already held the door, and some of the girls in their nightgowns and kimonos came out watching.

"It's leaning! It's leaning!" cried India, laughing and joining her hands.

"It looks like the Leaning Tower of Pisa," said Shelley critically.

"Well, it cost your father thirty-five dollars," Ellen told her. "It's no wonder it looks like something or other — do you think, Mr. Treat?" she threw in, for she remembered he was a distant cousin of the Reids.

"Talk about spun sugar!" said Tempe. She gave a little smack. In her arms, forgotten, were the early-cut flowers from the yard. "I think they did real well, considering it was all done by telephone. Now did they forget the ring and thimble and all inside?"

"That's something we won't know till the cake's cut and eaten," said Ellen. "That's too late to tell Memphis about."

"I'm going to cut the ring!" sang India.

"Who're you going to marry, child?" asked Aunt Tempe.

"Dickie Boy Featherstone! No, Red Boyne."

"Red hair!" cried Aunt Tempe exasperated.

"What has happened to this clan? Don't you dare do it, India."

"All my children will be ugly like Lady Clare."

"And she upstairs with the chicken pox, shame," said Ellen. "Stand here by me, India."

"There will be no holding Lady Clare when they're all in their dresses, I'm afraid," said Aunt Tempe, flinching now as she watched the cake actually being lifted down. "I'm not saying she won't fight her way to the wedding after all — you watch that cake, Howard! Do you know what'll happen to you if you drop that?"

"Yes, ma'am. *Dis* cake not goin' drop — no'm."

"That's what you *say*. You have to *carry* it straight up, too."

"Little Uncle, you kind of go *under* — like that. Spread your arms out like a bird — now. That's grand, Little Uncle."

"I'm a wreck," said Shelley. "I'm glad Dabney's not here watching. Oh, Croesus, I wish old Troy Flavin would just *quit wanting* to marry Dabney!"

"Don't frown like that, you'll hurt your looks, Shelley. A fine time *now* for Troy Flavin to do a thing like that," said Aunt Tempe. "You all set the cake where it's going to *go*, on the middle of the dining-room table. We'll just have to eat like scarecats all day and not do any shaking or stamping."

"Can you all tell the middle of the table?" asked Ellen anxiously as the cake went in the door. "You run in, India, and show them with your finger — make them put it right in the center of that lace rose that's the middle of the cloth. This was certainly nice of you, Mr. Treat. Run lightly, India, don't shake the house, from now on."

George coming downstairs held still with his eye on the cake — it was crossing the hall. Howard, Vi'let, and Little Uncle with the cake coming in were meeting Bitsy and some of the field Negroes, Juju and Zell, carrying a long side-table out.

"No collisions, I tell you!" cried Tempe, at the heels of the cake party.

"You've got to find a level place in the yard to set that down now, Bitsy," said Ellen, in the voice of one who is not sure there are any level places in the Delta.

"Yes, ma'am! *Dis* table goin' to go down in a level place."

"Where's Robbie, Georgie?"

"She's still asleep," said George, running down and kissing them. "All of you look beside yourselves!"

"I think Robbie's going to sleep the day away! Like Dabney."

"That's *all right*, she was good and tired," said Ellen.

"Well! It looks like she could show some interest."

After all, there's a wedding in the house!" Tempe said. George grinned, and snapping off a Michaelmas daisy from her armful handed it to her.

"Where's my pipe, girls?" he said.

Bluet went in and woke up Dabney, carrying her coffee, with her sisters watching in the door. "Wake up, Dabney, it's your wedding day," she said carefully.

"Oh!" Dabney sat bolt upright. She seized the cup and drank off the coffee. Then she fell back, pulling Bluet up in the bed with her. She pressed the little girl to her.

"Precious! Precious!"

They all laughed and came in, and saw that she got up. They brought her down to the table and made her eat her breakfast. They all sat down around her wedding cake.

"It didn't break?" smiled Dabney, giving it a bright glance as she ate a plum. She and Shelley looked at each other, their kimono sleeves, pink and blue, fluttering together in the morning wind.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tempe, rising from her breakfast and running to the window. "Lady Clare's out there talking to a mad dog!" She turned to George — and time was when he would have dashed out of the house to hear that, but not now. He smiled absently and ate a bite of his mackerel. Pattering out the door, Tempe sighed. She ran through the sun as she would run through a pounding rain, and took hold of Lady Clare, who was in her nightgown and all spots.

"Don't you know strange dogs may be mad dogs?" she said, running in with her. "Probably *are* mad dogs. I fully expected something to happen to you, Lady Clare. A time like this and a house like this!"

The strange dog — mad or not, Lady Clare would never know — looked after their retreat and trotted off to the bayou bank.

47

How do I look, Aunt Ellen?" cried Laura, running into the parlor, where Ellen was getting the smilax hung. Mary Lamar Mackey, in a yellow kimono, was kneeling over the stool running her hands over the piano keys. Laura had on Lady Clare's flower-girl dress, without the petticoat. "Shelley's trying it on!"

"Mercy, I see your knees. But Primrose can let out the hem for you in two shakes of a lamb's tail when she ever gets here."

"Do I look like a flower girl?" asked Laura. "Shelley wants to know."

"Mama, will she do?" called Shelley's voice from the upper regions. This was the calling-est house! thought Laura anxiously.

"You couldn't look *more* like one," Ellen said, and held her tight. "You'll have to put a little of Dabney's or Shelley's face powder over those old bites — where have you been? — and let somebody turn your

hair over their finger, and you'll be splendid. Run back and tell Shelley to get the dress off you quick now. Would you like your hair up on old rags all day?"

"Oh, Aunt Ellen!"

"All right, I'll tie you up myself. I wish you'd prevail on India to wear curls just for tonight. She won't let anybody touch her."

"Mama used to curl my hair in curls," said Laura shyly. "Mary Lamar — what are you playing?" and she walked near the music wearing her dress.

"It's not always anything," said Mary Lamar in a soft voice. "I'm improvising."

Up close, beautiful Mary Lamar's arm showed great covering freckles below the chiffon sleeve — her arms were leopard-like!

"Well, Pinchy," said Dabney, frowning.

There stood Pinchy in the dining room, swatting an old September fly. For a few days a creature of mystery, now that she had come through she was gawking and giggling like the rest.

"You swat every fly, Pinchy. That's what you're for, now, this whole day," she said sternly.

"I'll git 'em," said Pinchy.

On the back porch, later, surrounded by fireless-cooker pots and cake pans of cut flowers, Shelley and Dabney were making shiny bows. Battle wandered out.

"What are those made of, now?"

"Material," said Dabney.

Nobody else seemed to be around, except Ranny, who sat on the back steps motionless, looking at his father over a bright beard of what seemed also to be material.

"Well, Dabney, little girl, I wanted to confer my blessing, my paternal blessing," Battle said rather heartily.

"Two Princess baskets of pink and white Maman Cochet roses, Miss Tessie at the icehouse sent up, Dabney," said Ellen carrying them onto the porch. "She sent them over by *twins*."

"Then it was every one she had," called Tempe's voice from within. Her brother looked in the direction of her voice as if in a moment he would comprehend Tempe.

"Who sent these real late Cape jessamines — Miss Parnell Dortch?" Shelley leaned over and buried her face in them while Vi'let held them out.

"Yes, Miss Parnell." Ellen whispered, "I don't know what we'll do with old Roxie's nasturtiums — little bitty short stems, look, they don't even peep over that shoe box. But it was every nasturtium Roxie had — she *loves* Dabney."

"We can float them in an old card tray. She'll be looking for them at the wedding," Shelley said.

"She used to let me pick them, nasty-turtiums," said Dabney idly. "I'd pick them and eat them all the way from the stems up, when I was little."

"Then you can eat these," said Ellen with a little laugh. She leaned on the door.

"Come here and let me kiss you, Puddin," Battle said.

But, "Look at Miss Bonnie Hitchcock's fern," groaned Shelley.

Four little colored boys holding a tub in balance on the handle of a broom staggered up the back path. The tub and the boys were in the shade and glow of an enormous fern that tilted its weight over them and fluttered its fronds in every direction like a tree in a gale.

"Mama! She sent that up for Aunt Annie Laurie's funeral!" Dabney said in an awe-struck voice.

"We almost never got it back to her after *that*," Shelley said doubtfully. "Or did we?"

"I don't want it where it was before," said Dabney.

"Dabney!" Battle said. "Come kiss me."

"It can go behind Jim Allen and India serving punch," said Ellen. "It will go fine there. It won't do anything but hide the china closet. If we could put it by the outdoor table! But that would hurt Miss Bonnie's feelings — it will have to come in the house."

"Mama, I think it's so tacky the way Troy comes in from the side door," said Shelley all at once. "It's like somebody just walks in the house from the fields and marries Dabney."

"You're sure you wouldn't rather have a trip to Europe than get married?" Battle remarked into the air off the porch. "Ranny, will you take off that beard or stop looking at me?"

Dabney ran to her father, the shiny material in hand, and laughed as his whispering lips tickled the nape of her neck. "Or go back to college?" he said.

"Horrors, Papa," she said.

"You don't have but one silver champagne bucket, I know that," said Tempe stepping out dramatically from the kitchen. "Why didn't I think to bring you mine! It would have been no trouble in the world. Mercy!" She spoke to the fern, which was at the door.

"It's grown, Mama!" said Dabney, leaning back as the fern went by, vibrating and seemingly under its own power, up the steps and across the back porch. Battle pinned her backwards against him and kissed the crown of her head.

"Well, one thing," said Tempe in a low voice to Shelley, looking after the fern with a sigh of finality, "when people marry beneath them, it's the woman that determines what comes. It's the woman that coarsens the man. The man doesn't really do much to the woman, I've observed."

"You mean Troy's not as bad for us as Robbie," whispered Shelley intently.

"Exactly!"

"Don't stop, don't stop! This way!" Ellen hurried ahead of the fern and led it into the house.

"The crooks have come! The bridesmaids' crooks have come!" cried Orrin, racing in. "Dabney, I brought your crooks! Watch!" He reached into Little Uncle's arms as Little Uncle ran up with yellow

sticks everywhere and began throwing them in the air like a juggler. All the children ran picking them up — each got one.

"Orrin!"

"I was watching for the Dog! I saw them take everything off, and I wanted to bring you the crooks ahead of everything, Dabney! Only I went in swimming a minute — I was on Junie —"

"Oh, Orrin! Oh, I hate to go off and leave you and everybody!" Dabney kissed his smiling lips, and he untied her sash behind her.

"Give me one," she said, looking at the running children. "Ranny, I want that one."

"What's that old Bojo brought on the mule?" asked Ellen.

"Aunt Primrose's cheese straws," said Shelley, rushing to lift the lid of the corset box. "From the secret recipe!"

"I just have to have *one*," said Aunt Tempe, putting in her hand. "Excuse me, you all."

Dabney took the box, laughing, and ran to the kitchen.

Aunt Studney was in the kitchen taking a little coffee. Howard's little boy, Pleas, who was on the back porch twisting smilax on the altar, came stealing in behind Roxie and tried to look in Aunt Studney's sack. But Aunt Studney was up with a kettle off the stove and like lightning poured it over him, making him yell and run off as if the devil had him.

"Why, Aunt Studney," said Dabney. "I wanted to invite you to my wedding!"

"Ain't studyin' you," said Aunt Studney. She lifted her coffee cup in her quick, horny hand that was bright pink inside, and drank. Then she was gone with her sack.

48

PRIMROSE and Jim Allen came up to Shellmound in time to sit down to dinner, to Battle's teasing. And as it turned out, Primrose was making the chicken salad (which Roxie had luckily cut up for her), Ellen baking the beaten biscuit with Robbie (swallowed in a Fairchild apron) watching the pans, Tempe rolling out her cornucopias, and Roxie and Pinchy squeezing the fruit for the punch, all in the kitchen together. Jim Allen had spent the morning making green and white mints, which they all declared were better than the Memphis mints, so she lay down and dozed a little on a bed.

"Mr. Horace," Vi'let said coming through the shade in the yard with more napkins dry enough to iron, "you standin' up pretty good." All Horace had to do was wash cars and shine them, and get his flashlight ready for tonight, make sure it would burn. Preacher, the Grove chauffeur, who thought yesterday he had better not try to carry so much as a paper lantern in his old age, never do anything except drive an electric automobile, felt younger today and said he would be glad to fish seeds out of cook's juice, give him a spoon.

Some wagons loaded with planks came up in the yard, and Howard was told to fix a dancing place as he saw fit — but hurry! — out of an old landing Mr. Battle was sending up from the river. “Mr. Battle sure love doin’ things at las’ minute, don’t he, Miss Ellen?” laughed Howard from the top of his ladder, making it sound attractive, even irresistible, of Mr. Battle.

“Don’t you fall off that ladder, Howard, before you come down and nail those planks! Dancing on the platform’s what the lanterns are *for*.”

“No’m, I ain’t goin’ fall off *dis* ladder. Dance, yes, *ma’am!*”

Laura heard behind the bathroom door sounds of great splashing, and in between the splashes Dabney’s voice, talking to Bluet.

“Now, Bluet, you mustn’t ever brag.”

“What’s brag?”

Splash, splash.

“And Bluet, you mustn’t ever tell a lie.”

“What’s tell a lie?”

Splash, splash.

Laura banged on the door. “Let me in! I have to get ready too!”

They let her in. There were all the girls — tall Shelley too, naked and splashing. And they had Ranny, so little and sweet still. There was water everywhere, even dotting the fireplace like beads on a forehead. Bluet was in the center of the big pedestaled bathtub and they were squeezing washrags over her and putting soap on her hands, which she stuck forward for them. Bluet, her long hair pinned up in a topknot, was very serious today, at the same time slithering like a fish.

“And Bluet,” said Laura comfortably, “you mustn’t ever steal.”

“Don’t *you* tell me,” said Bluet gently, “just Dabney,” and they all dashed her with water.

Finally, people began to come out in the halls or downstairs dressed. “Orrin! You look like a man!” cried Ellen. “Oh, the idea!”

“Mr. Ranny growin’ up too, in case nobody know it,” said Roxie. “Miss Ellen, did you know? That little booger every mornin’ befo’ six o’clock holler out de window fo’ me, ‘Roxie! I need my coffee!’ and make me come right up.”

“The idea!” said Ellen.

When the clock struck for seven, Laura in her flower-girl dress took the pipe out of the hat in which she had hidden it, and stood in the flower-filled hall with it until she saw George come through there. She followed him and confronted him at the water-cooler on the back porch. Lizards were frolicking and scratching on the wire outside, being gazed at from inside by the old cat Beverly. Nobody else was around.

Bringing it slowly from behind her sash, she gave the pipe to him very slowly, inching it out to him to

make the giving longer. At first he did not seem even to understand that he could take it, for she was so ceremonious.

“I wanted to give you a present you really wanted to get, so I kept it away from you awhile,” explained Laura. He bent his handsome head. He listened to her closely — that was the way Uncle George always listened, as if everyone might tell him something like this. “I wanted to surprise you,” she said.

“Yes, honey.” He kissed her right between the eyes. He took the pipe. “Thank you,” he said. “You’re growing up to be a real little Fairchild before you know it.”

She was filled with happiness. “Is there any other thing I could give you after this, for a present?” she asked finally.

Instead of saying, “No,” he said gently, “Thanks, I’ll let you know, Laura.”

More happiness struck her like a shower of rain. She looked at him dazzled. “Tonight?”

“It might be later,” he said. He pulled her hair a little then, her curls. When she waited shyly, he put the pipe in his mouth, lighted it, puffed out a strong cloud, and nodded his head at her to show her the pipe was nice to get back.

Then they both had a drink of water out of the spigot, he drinking from the tarnished cup, she from the ridgy glass.

“Why is smoke coming out of the hall chimney?” asked India, walking in the side door. She had been trying out her shepherdess crook.

“Smoke?”

In the hall Roy in his everyday clothes lay on the floor painting with water colors. Six or eight pictures — he finished them rapidly — were laid around the stove where his fire dried them as quickly as possible, though the heat did curl the older ones up tight.

“Roy!” cried Dabney in tears. “I’m going to get married in this house in fifteen minutes. Everybody will perish from the heat!”

“It was already as hot as it could be,” said Roy. “This fire feels cool to me.”

“Do you want your papa to stop Dabney’s wedding to give you a switching?” asked Ellen. “I thought you were all in your white suit.”

“I’ll be there when you look for me,” said Roy agreeably.

“Then run!”

“I thought you loved me,” said Dabney. She and Shelley and Mary Lamar were all three in tears.

“Shelley, hush crying, who’ll be next?” said Ellen, and Bluet came up and cried loudly.

“My God, girls!” shouted Battle, taking a step sideways. “Stop your tears! Can’t raise you, can’t even marry you, without the shillelagh all over the place.”

“What is the picture of, Roy?” asked India in practical tones.

“Lady Clare being hanged by the pirates. That’s her tongue sticking out.”

"Well, now, it's through then," said Ellen. "Run! Make Orrin part your hair. — It's the first time he's ever wanted to use the paints, as far as I know, Battle."

49

THE bridesmaids came all of a company and flew upstairs to Shelley's room to get into their bridesmaid dresses, with Vi'let and Pinchy to put them over their heads, warm from the iron. "Ever'body git a crook," said Little Uncle, mincing it over and over, where they gathered in the upstairs hall. "Got you a crook, missy? Here a pretty one for you," as if shepherdess crooks were the logical overflow from Fairchild bounty.

Old Partheny had come up just at the time she pleased — the time for Dabney to be putting on her wedding dress and be ready to stamp her foot at the way it looked — and now appeared at the head of the back stairs clothed from top to bottom in purple. She went straight and speaking to nobody to Dabney's closed door and flung it open. "Git yourself here to me, child. Who dressin' you? Git out, Nothin'," and Roxie, Shelley, and Aunt Primrose all came backing out. The door slammed.

Downstairs, with all the boys in white suits gallantly running about, the family, gathering in the parlor around Ellen and Battle, greeted the arriving families of the wedding party and too early arriviers for the reception from the more distant plantations. Aunt Mac and Aunt Shannon came in on Orrin's arm, one at a time. Aunt Mac wore her corsage of red roses and ferns on the shoulder opposite the side with her watch, so she could keep up with things. Aunt Shannon proceeded uncertainly and yet with pride, her little feet in their comfort slippers planted wide apart, as a year-old child walks, her hot little hand digging into Orrin's arm. White sweet-peas were what Aunt Shannon wore, and she liked them.

"It's time we were sitting down, now, as many as can," said Ellen, and all at once sank, herself, into one of the straight chairs before the altar.

All the windows were full of black faces, but the family servants stood in a ring inside the parlor walls. Pinchy stole in, all in white, and she looked wild and subdued together now in that snowiness with her blue-black. Maureen went up to her and gave her a red rose from her basket, not being as a flower girl able to wait. Partheny stood at the front of all the Negroes, where the circle had its joining, making the circle a heart. Her head was high and purple, she was thistle-like there, and perhaps considered herself of all the Negroes the head and fount. Man-Son, Sylvanus, Juju, more than that were all in the hall, spellbound and shushing one another. Aunt Studney, wherever she was, was keeping out of sight.

Uncle Pinck, who was laughing at something, hushed suddenly. Mr. Rondo had taken his place, and music began. The groomsman entered, and then

people leaned backwards from the doorway, so that everybody could see what came down the stairs.

In twos the bridesmaids began coming, then entered and arranged themselves in front of the boys, fanning out from Howard's altar, deep to pale, dark to light in their pairs, fading out to Shelley, who entered trembling and with excruciating slowness, her sleeves aquiver. Their crooks they held seriously in front of them in their right hands, each crook crowned with Memphis flowers tied on with streamers.

India came in, throwing petals, and Maureen, then Laura came in down the little path between people where she was supposed to walk; at last she was out before everybody, one of the wedding party, dressed up like the rest in an identical flower-girl dress, and she scattered rose petals just as quickly as India, just as far as Maureen. Did it show, that her mother had only died in January? Mary Lamar, in place at the piano, played in that soft, almost surreptitious fashion of players of wedding music.

It was Shelley that Ellen was watching anxiously. Ever since Dabney had announced that she would marry Troy, Shelley had been practicing, rather consciously, a kind of ragamuffinism. Or else she drew up, like an old maid. What could be so wrong in everything, to her sensitive and delicate mind? There was something not quite warm about Shelley, her first child. Could it have been in some way her fault? Ellen watched her anxiously, almost tensely, as if she might not get through the wedding very well. Primrose was whispering in Ellen's ear. Shelley would not hold her shepherdess crook right — it should be straight in line with all the other girls' crooks — look how her bouquet leaned over. Like a sleepy head, Ellen thought rather dreamily in her anxiety.

"Crook like the others, dear," whispered Primrose from her front chair. She made a quick coaxing motion with her little lacy mitts (she had indulged herself with a pair just like the bridesmaids').

Shelley with a face of contrition held her shepherdess crook like the others. Aunt Primrose had such an abundance of small, hopeful anxieties — the mere little ferns and flowers of the forest she had never guessed could be! Shelley was glad to hold her crook right.

Troy came in from the side door, indeed like somebody walking in from the fields to marry Dabney. His hair flamed. Had no one thought that American Beauty would clash with that carrot hair? Had no one thought of that? Jim Allen blinked her sensitive eyes.

Robbie looked up at George, who had entered with Troy and stood up beside him, listening and agaze at his family. In the confusion she had been seated a little toward the back. There was no one looking at him — except a bridesmaid to primp for a moment, push at a curl, or long-legged Laura that smiled — there was no one seeing him but herself.

George was not the one they all looked at, she thought in that moment, as he was always declared

to be, but the eye that saw them, from right in their midst. Long ago they had seized on his sensitivity to love, for he loved love — she could not really, yet, tell whether they loved love or not — and they had used it. He was to be all in one their protector and their conscience — he was to look through them as well as to the right and left of them, before and behind them, watching out for and loving their weaknesses. And so he did. But she understood something a little further — that there was unlimited sweetness in him perhaps, but no forfeiture. And that he did not want her, Robbie, like the others. He wanted her blindly — just to hold. All would be dark — Robbie was back where she had first known that, back when he came in the store, home from the war, a lonely man that noticed wildflowers.

He turned his head a little now and glanced at her with that suddenness — curiosity, not quite hope — that tore her heart, like a stranger inside some house where he wanted to make sure she too had come, had really come. It was all right with her now, she thought, rising a little on her chair as if she would stand up, looking over Aunt Tempe's hothouse corsage and meeting the dark look. Somehow it was all right. They were in the one place.

There was a groan from upstairs, as at a signal given perhaps by Mary Lamar's rising music, and Battle, his skin fiery red against his white clothes, brought Dabney down and entered with her on his arm.

In the early morning, climbing out of bed, Dabney had looked out her windows, walked around her room; at her door she had looked out and down the sleeping hall, out through the little balcony under its ancient awning. There were soft beats in the air, which she dreamily identified as her father's sleeping snorts. The sun, a red ball down East Field, sat on the horizon. Faint bands of mist, in the fading colors of the bridesmaids' dresses, rose to the dome of clear sky. And that's me, she had thought, pleased — that little white cloud. She had got back in bed and gone back to sleep. And she felt she had not yet waked up, though Partheny had just come up to her and seemed to shake at everybody and everything in her room, wild old nurse — the way a big spider can shake a web to get a little straw out, seeming to summon up all the anger in the world to keep the lure of the web intact.

"Never more beautiful!" whispered Primrose.

That is what will always be said about a bride, thought Tempe, suddenly agitating her fan. And they all look dead, to my observant eye, or like rag dolls — poor things! Dabney is no more herself than any of them.

Ellen looked at Battle as he sat down beside her, and took his hand.

Ranny in his white satin walked in on some kind of artificial momentum, bearing the ring on the pillow, never looking behind him though everyone was murmuring, "Sweet!"

Then the women put their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Mr. Rondo married Dabney and Troy.

50

ONE little glass of champagne and I don't know bee from bumble!" cried Aunt Primrose. "And neither do you, Jim Allen!" India sprang up between them and joining hands swung the ladies off. Dr. Murdoch, smiling handsomely, merged with the champagne drinkers over in the fern corner, where Uncle Pinck welcomed him raising his glass.

"Well — it's over, the wedding's over. Did you hear how old Rondo threw in his prayer, 'Lord, I know not many people in the Delta love thee?'" Battle said, stretching himself up and then slapping Mr. Rondo's back as if he were congratulating him.

"Cut the cake! Cut the cake! Cut the cake!" cried Ranny running through.

"I'm tired of the cake! All day long in front of us!" glowered Roy. "Cut it and get it over."

Dabney was brought in and given the knife, and she cut the first slice. Then the bridesmaids and all rushed to cut after her. "I'm cutting the ring!" India cried, and sure enough, she did. "I'm the next!"

"Here comes the picture taker, Aunt Tempe!" For Tempe had said she had taken the liberty of giving permission to the Memphis paper to send down. Now she said, "Mercy!" and clutched her hair. "Oh, we're all flying loose!"

Battle wanted the photograph taken of the whole family, not of simply the bride and groom. Taking absolute charge, he grouped his sons and daughters around him the way he wanted them. "Get in here, Ellen!" he roared through the room.

They posed, generally smiling. "Say cheese," Aunt Primrose reminded them, and said it herself.

"Now we're all still!" cried Battle. "I'm still!"

"Domesticated." People still pointed at Battle Fairchild after twenty years of married life, as if he were a new wonder. Ellen stood modestly beside him, holding some slightly wilted bridesmaids' flowers in front of her skirt. She herself, it occurred to Ellen as she stood frowning at the hooded man with his gadget, was an anomaly too, though no one would point at a lady for the things that made her one — for providing the tremendous meals she had no talent for, being herself indifferent to food, and had had to learn with burned hands to give the household orders about; or for living on a plantation when she was in her original heart, she believed, a town-loving, book-loving young lady of Mitchem Corners. She had belonged to a little choral society of unmarried girls there that she loved. Mendelssohn floated for a moment through the confused air like a veil upborne, and she could have sung it, "I Would That My Love . . ."

The flashlight went off. Just as it did, Ranny saluted.

"That was almost a good one," said the photographer. "Another picture of the same pose, except the little gentleman that saluted. Everybody looking at the bride and groom."

"I'm holding it!" Battle cried, and the light flashed for the picture.

Ellen looked at the bride and groom. Then Battle was giving her a kiss. George and Robbie danced off, the group broke, and more and more people were arriving at the house. They had better be standing at the door.

Everybody for miles around came to the reception. Troy said he did not know there could be so many people in the whole Delta; it *looked* like it was cotton all the way. The mayor of Fairchilds and his wife were driven up with the lights on inside their car, and they could be seen lighted up inside reading the Memphis paper (which never quite unrolled when you read it); in the bud vases on the little walls beside them were real red roses, vibrating.

Shelley's heart pounded as she smiled; indeed this was a grand occasion for everybody, their wedding was really eventful. Lady Clare came down once — pitiful indeed, her spots all painted over with something, and for some reason in a nightgown with a long tear. "I'm exposing you! I'm exposing you all!" cried Lady Clare fiercely, but was rushed back upstairs. More champagne was open, the buffet supper was carried out, and all started being served under the trees.

Then Dabney changed from her wedding gown to a going-away dress and the new Packard was brought up to the door. Dabney began kissing the family and the bridesmaids all around. When she kissed Aunt Shannon, the old lady said, "Now, who do you think you are?"

A brown thrush in a tree, still singing, could be heard through all the wild commotion, as Dabney and Troy drove away, scattering the little shells of the road. Ellen waved her handkerchief, and all the aunts lifted theirs and waved. Shelley began to cry, and Ranny ran down the road after the car and followed it as long as it was in hearing, like a little puppy. Unlike the mayor's car that had come up alight like a boat in the night, it went away dark. The full moon had risen.

Then the party nearly all moved outdoors, where the lanterns burned in the trees. "I hear the music coming," said Laura, coming up and taking Ellen around the knees for a moment. The band came playing — "Who?" coming out over the dark and brightening fields above the sound of their rickety car — a little river band, all very black Negroes in white coats, who were banjo, guitar, bass fiddle, trumpet, and drum — and of course saxophone; that was the owner. Horace flagged them down with his flashlight. Howard showed them their chairs, which he had fixed by the dance platform like a place for a select audience to come and watch a performance of glory. The dancing began.

At midnight, Shelley came in by herself for a drink of cool water. On the back porch the moths spread upon the screens, the hard beetles knocked upon the radius of light like an adamant door. She drank still swaying a little to the distant music.

Only that morning, working at the wedding flowers with Dabney, she had thought to herself, hypnotically, as though she read it in her diary, "Why do you look out thinking nothing will happen any more? Why are you thinking your line of trees the indelible thing in the world? There's the long journey you're going on, with Aunt Tempe, leading out, and you can't see it now. Even closing your eyes, you see only the line of trees at Shellmound. Is it the world? If Shellmound were a little bigger, it would be the same as the world entirely." Perhaps that was the real truth.

But she had been dancing with George, with his firm though (she was certain) reeling body so gayly leading her, so solicitously whirling her round. "Bridesmaid," he called her. "Bridesmaid, will you dance?" She felt it in his cavorting body — though she danced seriously, always moved seriously — that he went even among the dancers with some vision of choice. Life lay ahead, he might do anything.

She followed; she herself had a vision of choice, or its premonition, for she was much like George. They played "Sleepy Time Gal," turning it into "Whispering." Only the things had not happened to her yet. They would happen. Indeed, perhaps she would not be happy either, wholly, and she would live in waiting, sometimes in terror. But Dabney's marriage, ceasing to shock, was like a door closing to her now. Entering into a life with Troy Flavin seemed to avow a remote, an unreal world — it came nearest to being real for Shelley only in the shock, the challenge to pride. It shut a door in their faces. Behind the closed door, what? Shelley's desire fled, or danced seriously, to an open place — not from one room to another room with its door, but to an opening wood, with weather — with change, beauty. . . .

There was a scratch at the back door, and Shelley unlatched it. Her old cat, Beverly of Graustark, came in. He had been hunting; he brought in a mole and laid it at her feet.

51

IN THE music room, with some of the lingering guests there, Tempe and Primrose sang two-part songs of their girlhood, arch, full of questions and answers — and Tempe was in tears of merriment at the foolishness she had lived down. Primrose with each song remembered the gestures — of astonishment, cajolery — and Tempe could remember them the next instant. The sisters sang beckoning and withdrawing like two little fat mandarins, their soft voices in gentle, yielding harmony still. But soon Tempe, who had only come inside looking for her fan, was back where the dancing was.

Ellen strolled under the trees, with Battle some-

where near, looking among the dancers for her daughters. The lanterns did not so much shine on the dancers as light up the mistletoe in the trees. She peered ahead with a kind of vertigo. It was the year — wasn't it every year? — when they all looked alike, all dancers alike smooth and shorn, all faces painted to look like one another. It was too the season of changeless weather, of the changeless world, in a land without hill or valley.

How could she ever know anything of her own daughters, how find them, like this? Then in a turn of her little daughter India's skirt as she ran partnerless through the crowd — so late! — as if a bar of light had broken a glass into a rainbow she saw the dancers become the McLeoud bridesmaid, Mary Lamar Mackey (freed from her piano and whirling the widest of all), become Robbie, and her own daughter Shelley, each different face bright and burning as sparks of fire to her now, more different and further apart than the stars.

She saw George among the dancers, walking through, looking for somebody too. Suddenly she wished that she might talk to George. It was the wrong time — she never actually had time to sit down and fill her eyes with people and hear what they said, in any civilized way. Now he was dancing, even a little drunk, she believed — this was a time for celebration, or regret, not for talk, not ever for talk.

As he looked in her direction, all at once she saw into his mind as if he had come dancing out of it leaving it unlocked, laughingly inviting her to the unexpected intimacy. She saw his mind — as if it too were inversely lighted up by the failing paper lanterns — lucid and tortuous: so that any act on his part might be startling, isolated in its very subtlety from the action of all those around him, springing from long, dark, previous abstract thought and direct apprehension, instead of explainable, Fairchild impulse. It was *inevitable* that George, with this mind, should stand on the trestle — on the track where people could indeed be killed. And she saw how it followed, the darker instinct of a woman was satisfied that he was capable of the same kind of love. Indeed, there danced Robbie, the proof of this. To all their eyes shallow, unworthy, she was his love; it was her ordinary face that was looking at him through the lovely and magic veil, little Robbie Reid's from the store.

George made his way through the dancers now, sometimes caught up by one, sometimes not. Ellen thought that everything he did meant something. Not that it was symbolic — with all her young-girl love of symbols she could scorn them for their meagerness and her fallible grasp — everything he did meant something to him, it had weight. That seemed very rare! Everything he lost meant something. Of course. She did not need to know each little thing about him any more — to be a mother to him any more.

She recognized him as far from kin to her, scarcely

tolerant of her understanding, never dependent on hers or anyone's, or on compassion (how merciless that could be!). He appeared, as he made his way alone now and smiling through the dancing couples, infinitely simple and infinitely complex, stretching the opposite ways the self stretches and the selves of the ones we love (except our children) may stretch; but at the same time he appeared very finite in that he was wholly singular and dear, and not promisingly married, tired of being a lawyer, a smiling, intoxicated, tender, weather-worn, late-tired, beard-showing being. He came forward through a crowd and anybody's hand might beckon or reach after him. He had, and he gave, the golden acquiescence which Dabney the bride had in the present moment — which Ranny had. "Are you happy, Dabney?" Battle had kept asking her over and over. How strange! Passionate, sensitive, to the point of strain and secrecy, their legend was *happiness*. "The Fairchilds are the happiest people!" They themselves repeated it to each other. She could hear the words best in Primrose's gentle, persuading voice, talking to Battle or George or one of the little boys; or to Laura.

"Will you dance this with me, Ellen?" George asked. He hummed the tune — "Linger Awhile."

"Don't you dare, Ellen," said Battle. "Do you want to kill yourself?"

Clumsily, with care, she put up her arms and took hold of his. She pressed his arms tenderly a moment, as if she could express it, that he had not been harmed after all and had been ready for anything all the time. She loved what was pure at its heart, better than what was understood, or even misjudged, or afterwards forgiven; this was the dearest thing.

"I would always dance with you as quick as anything," she told him. She felt lucky — cherished, and somehow *pretty* (which she knew she never was). There were some people who lived a lifetime without finding the one who relieved the heart's overflow. She bore a little heavily on George's arm. They danced silently. She would not know in her life, or ask, whether he had found the one. She was his friend and loved him. But starting new, she thought as the waltz played and they moved by a tree where a golden lantern hung, and without one regret for her life with Battle, she might have been the one. There was the mistletoe in the tree. It was like a tree, too — a tree within a tree.

"You're tired," he said.

"No, not tired, I haven't danced in a long time, I guess, and when now again?"

They danced, the music progressed, changed, and slowed. It was "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot" — it was good night.

THEN they were waiting for Dabney and Troy to come back, and for George and Robbie to go, for Laura to go — three days.

The first morning, they were all beating their aching heads, Battle and George groaning out pitifully, waked up by Ranny and Bluet with the birds. Mary Denis telephoned from Inverness that Baby George had gained an ounce, and asked, Did Dabney get off? Mary Lamar was driven home. The house was more or less silent, and Uncle Pinck sat meditating all alone out by the sundial.

Ellen in the morning cool walked in the yard in her old dress, her scissors on a ribbon around her neck, and one of the children's school gloves on in case she wanted to poke around or pull much.

"Howard! Start the water running out here. Let it run from the open hose, soak everything." She reached down and pulled up, light as down, a great scraggly petunia bush turned white every inch. In those few days, when she had forgotten to ask a soul to water things, how everything had given up, or hung its head. And that little old vine that always wanted to take everything had taken everything — she pulled at a long thread of it and unwound it from the pomegranate tree.

The camellia bushes had all set their buds, choosing the driest and busiest time, and if they did not get water they would surely drop them, temperamental as they were. The grass all silver now showed its white roots underfoot, and was laced with ant beds up and down and across. And in just those few days, she must warn Battle, some caterpillar nests had appeared on the pecan trees down in the grove — he would have to get those burned out or they would take his trees.

Toward the gate the little dogwoods she had brought in out of the woods, or saved, hung every heart-shaped leaf. She knew the little turret buds were going brown, but they were beyond help that far from the house — they would have to get along the best they could waiting for rain; that was something she had learned. Dabney loved them, too. A bumblebee with dragging polleny legs went smotheringly over the abelia bells, making a snoring sound. The old crape myrtle with its tiny late old bloom right at the top of the tree was already beginning to shed all its bark; its branches glowed silver-brown and amber, brighter than its green. Well, the cypresses in the bayou were touched with flame in their leaves, early to meet fall as they were early to meet spring and with the same wild color. The locust shells clung to the tree trunks, the birds were flying over every day now, and Roy said he heard them calling in the night.

And there was that same wonderful butterfly, yellow with black markings, that she had seen here yesterday. It was spending its whole life on this one abelia.

The Elaeagnus had overnight, it seemed, put out shoots as long as a man. "Howard, bring your shears too! Did this look this way for the wedding? It's a wonder Tempe didn't get after us for that."

The robins fed like chickens in the radius of the hose. A whole tree was suddenly full of warblers —

strange small greedy birds from far away that would be gone tomorrow. The Shellmound bluejays fussed at them furiously. Old Beverly opened his eyes, closed them again. A Dainty Bess that wanted to climb held a cluster of five blooms in the air. "I can't reach," Ellen remarked firmly. She needed to take up some things that would go in the pit for winter; she wanted to flower some bulbs too. When, when? And the spider lilies were taking everything.

Her chrysanthemums looked silver and ragged, their few flowers tarnished and all their lower leaves hanging down black, like scraggly pullets, and Howard would have to tie them up again too. "Howard, remind me to ask Mr. Battle for three or four loads of fertilizer tomorrow." The dead iris foliage curled and floated wraith-like over everything. "Howard, you get the dead leaves away from here and be careful, if I let you put your hands any further in than the violets, do you hear?"

"I ain't goin' pull up anything you don't want me pullin' up, no'm. Not *this* time."

She looked at the tall grass in her beds, as if it knew she could no longer bend over and reach it. What would happen to everything if she were not here to watch it, she thought, not for the first time when a child was coming. Of all the things she would leave undone, she hated leaving the garden untended — sometimes as much as leaving Bluet or Battle.

"Now those dahlias can just come up out of there," she said, pausing again. "They have no reason for being in there at all, that I can see." She wanted to separate the bulbs again too, and spread the Roman hyacinths out a little under the trees — they grew so thick now they could hardly bloom last spring. "Howard, don't you think breath-of-spring leans over too much to look pretty?"

"Yes, *ma'am*."

"Howard, look at my roses! Oh, what all you'll have to do to them."

"I wish there wasn't no such thing as roses," said Howard. "If I had my way, wouldn't be a rose in de world. Catch your shirt and stick you and prick you and grab you. Got thorns."

"Why, Howard. You hush!" Ellen looked back over her shoulder at him for a minute, indignant. "You don't want any roses in the world?"

"Wish dey was out of de world, Miss Ellen," said Howard persistently.

"Well, just hush, then."

She cut the few flowers, Etoiles and Lady Hillingdons (to her astonishment she was trembling at Howard's absurd, meek statement, as at some impudence), and called the children to run take them in the house. Bluet and Ranny and Howard's little boy had three straws down a doodlebug hole and were all calling the doodlebug, each using a separate and ardent persuasion.

In the house she could hear India and Roxie laughing in a wild duet, Roxie turning the ice cream, and at an upper window Aunt Shannon singing. Poor Lady Clare was calling that she was going to drop her

comb and brush out the window if nobody came to make her look pretty and sweet. Shelley had taken Maureen and Laura with her to Greenwood for the groceries — they were out of everything. (Should she keep Laura? Billie McRaven was solid and devoted, but he had *no imagination* — should she take Laura and keep her at Shellmound?)

Aunt Mac, driven by Little Uncle, had set off to Fairchilds for the payroll, as she had decided to wash and iron it this morning — too much had happened, said Aunt Mac, and it seemed a little cool. Ellen had no idea where Roy and Little Battle had gone, racing out by themselves; she hoped and prayed they were all right and on the place. But Dabney. If only she could see Dabney, if Dabney would be home soon. The time that she had wanted to stand still in the garden, waiting for her to catch up, if only it would fly and bring Dabney home. Memphis for three days even *sounded* like Forever.

She might go see what the men wanted for dinner. They were gone, except for poor Pinch, but she would go stand at the empty icebox and see if something would come to her. Battle, after having the bell beat on, had addressed a back yard full of Negroes that morning, all sleepy and holding their heads. "This many of you all are going over to Marmion today, right now — start in on it. Men clear off and clear out, women do sweeping — and so forth. Want you all to climb over the whole thing and see what has to be done — I imagine the roof's not worth a thing. Don't you go falling through, and skittering down the stairs — haven't got the time to fool with any broken necks. Miss Dabney wants Marmion *now*. Take your wagons, shovels, axes, everything — now shoo. Orrin, you go stand over this. — I believe we can do it in three days," he said to Ellen.

"Three days!"

"Sure. I could get it done in one day, if I could spare that many Negroes — all but the fine touches!"

"It is hard on you," she had said, watching him sink groaningly into his hammock.

"The weather's liable to change any day now," he agreed, shutting his eyes. "Then the rains."

George had wanted to plunge straight into fishing again, set off for Drowning Lake down the railroad track, and wanted Robbie to go with him — the minute he was out of bed. George — men — expected a resilience in women that exasperated Ellen while she wanted to laugh. Robbie had reached up and rapped him over the head — he stood in his pajamas in the kitchen casually taking a ham bone from Roxie's fingers. Robbie made him take her to Greenwood after breakfast, to buy her a little dress and some kind of little hat, saying that then they might fish somewhere, if he had to fish and it wasn't too late. He would tolerate exactly that treatment, that was what he wanted, and they went off cheerfully together, in Tempe's car.

Pinchy, passing by, looked at Ellen stupidly. When Pinchy was coming through, she had not looked at

her at all, but simply turned up her face, dark purple like a pansy, that no more saw her or knew her than a pansy. Now, speaking primly, back in her relationship on the place, she was without any mystery to move her. She was all dressed up in her glittering white.

"Pinchy! Where are you going, Pinchy?"

"To church, Miss Ellen," said Pinchy, with a soft, lush smile. "*This is Sunday!*"

Sunday! What has come over Aunt Mac? Ellen wondered, stricken. She'll never forgive herself when she gets to the bank. Or us! We have every one lost track of the day of the week.

53

LAURA liked to go along for the groceries, because in the Delta all grocery keepers seemed to be Chinese gentlemen. The car moved rapidly through the white fields toward Greenwood. A buzzard hung up in the deeps of sky, as if on a planted fish-pole. Not another living creature was in sight.

When Shelley got the groceries from a nice Chinese man who immediately unlocked the store for her even though it was Sunday, she saw Mr. Rondo forlorn on a corner and invited him to ride back to Fairchilds; something or other had delayed him, they could not follow other people's profuse talk, and he wanted by all means to get to church. He insisted that Maureen was the very one he wanted to sit by, though she did not want him to pat her, it was plain to see.

"Ah," said Mr. Rondo from the back seat, "the Yellow Dog!" as if he knew that subject interested the Fairchilds.

The track ran beside them on its levee through the fields and swamps, with now and then some little road, like the Shellmound road, climbing over the track to go off into the deep of the other side. Laura and Maureen waved at the Dog as it came down, going back to Yazoo City. The engineer looked out of his window.

"Mr. Doolittle," said Mr. Rondo.

"Mit-la Doo-littla can-na get-la by!" called Maureen.

Laura looked up at Shelley, her head with the band around it, as if she thought so much that she had to tie her brain in, like Faithful John and his heart and the iron band. It was good that Shelley had not that kind of heart too.

At that moment, with no warning, Shelley took one of the little crossing roads and drove the car up over the track in front of the Yellow Dog, and down the other side. "If you tell what I did, Laura," she said calmly, after she let out her breath, "I'll cut you to pieces and hang you up for the buzzards. Are you going to tell?"

"No," said Laura, before she was through. Shelley's desperate qualities, out of the whole family, were those in which she unreservedly believed.

"I hope you won't speak of this, Mr. Rondo."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Or Papa'd break my bones," Shelley said deprecatingly.

With her chin high, she drove along this side of the tracks where no road followed, taking the ruts, while the wildflowers knocked up at the underside of the car. It had struck her all at once as so fine to drive without pondering a moment onto disaster's edge — she would not always jump away! Now she was wrathful with herself; she despised what she had done, as if she had caught herself *contriving*. She flung up her head and looked for the Dog.

"Run home, Miss Shelley Fairchild!" called Old Man Doolittle.

Oh, horrors, he had stopped the Dog again! There it waited on the track, before the crossing, as if politely! How patronizing — coming to a stop for them a second time. Who on earth did Old Man Doolittle think he was, that he could even speak to a Fairchild out of that little window! The Yellow Dog started up again and came on by, inching by, its engine, with Mr. Doolittle *saluting*, and four cars, freight, white, colored, and caboose, its smoke like a poodle tail curled overhead, an inexcusable sight.

"Damn the Yellow Dog!" cried Shelley. "Excuse me, Mr. Rondo."

"Quite understand," said that foolish little man; even Laura knew he would have been the last person knowingly to let prudence, and respect for the spoiled young ladies of Shellmound, be damned, and on a Sunday morning.

They rode, one way or another, into Fairchilds. "Is that Aunt Virgie Lee?" cried Laura.

Shelley slowed the car down and spoke to Virgie Lee. Usually she would have tried to pass without seeming to notice — the wild way Virgie Lee looked in the face, her cheeks painted red as if she were going to meet somebody, and in the back, with her hair tied up in a common rope.

Virgie Lee Fairchild, shaking her hair, going along in the ripply shade of the corrugated iron awning over the walk, rustled a green switch in their faces. As a matter of fact, she was going toward the church, fighting off the dogs — the Baptist Church.

"Go away! Go away! Don't tamper with me! Go home to your weddings and palaver," she said throatily. In her other hand she carried a purse by its strap (the way no lady would), a battered contraption like a shrunken-up suitcase. She might never end up in church at all. When she swung the purse and danced the leafy branch, her long hair seemed to move all over in itself, like a waterfall.

Maureen leaned out over the side of the car and laughed aloud at her mother.

The sight and sound of that so terrified Laura that she flung herself over the back of the seat and threw her arms around Maureen as if to pull her back from fire, and held her, calling her as if she were deaf, "Maureen, Maureen!"

Virgie Lee, who had never stopped for them,

emerged in the naked sun of the road and went on, her black hair seeming if possible to spread in the morning light, growing under eyes that hardly believed it, like a stain.

"You see! She'll have none of us!" said Shelley, in her light voice that had the catch in it.

Mr. Rondo, probably remembering he had already been asked not to mention one thing, looked polite, taking the shortest glance at Virgie Lee. If he seemed to recognize her at all, it was as a Baptist. Shelley whirled off up the street and across the bridge, and they put Mr. Rondo down at the Methodist stile, where he thanked them and took out his watch, which, Laura told Shelley, seemed to have stopped.

54

POOR Ellen," said Tempe, clasping her softly, her delicate, fragrant face large and serious as it pressed Ellen's close. "This has nearly killed you. I know! But child, it's what mothers are for." They embraced in the kitchen, with Ranny pulling his mother's skirt — only a baby still.

"Tempe, I couldn't have done it without you." It was true, and she held Tempe the longer for being tired, from everything, from waiting — from mentally taking out shrubbery, from trying to make Howard love roses, from trying to make Bluet not want chicken pox or anything else because Lady Clare had it, from letting Aunt Mac get clear to the bank on a Sunday morning. Look at me, am I sorry for myself? she thought, shaken, seeing a mist in Tempe's eyes.

Aunt Mac as a matter of fact had long since returned from her trip, without announcing whether it was successful or not. She came sitting as straight as she sat going out, in the pony cart under its wide flounced umbrella, and alighted at the carriage block without the slightest remark or notice of the world. She made her way into the house, Roy running up from somewhere like a flash, with a cut on his foot bleeding (he was the most *courteous* of her boys!), and escorting her, holding her elbow on the flat of his hand as if on a fine tray. No word would ever be said to *her* about money! Sunday money or any other kind.

Battle woke up, Jim Allen and Primrose were driven home, and the boys who had stayed over from the dance last night ate breakfast and departed, Red Boyne leaving Shelley a wild note which India read out loud. George and Robbie — who had gone off hours ago to buy a little dress and hat — came back in two cars, with the joke between them that it was Sunday. "We bought a car, though!" said Robbie. "The man opened up everything for George, and sold him a Hudson Super-Six." Shelley and the children came in starved from Greenwood, but bringing groceries from some charitable man, thank goodness.

Then Ellen was saying, catching the little girl in the

hall, "Laura, there's something to tell you. We want you to stay, to live with us at Shellmound. Until you go to Marmion, perhaps. Would you be happy? Your papa would listen to reason, he hopes you'd be happy too. India would be glad. Something's got all the curl out of your poor hair!"

The visit, the round-trip ticket on the Dog, had been just a premonition — now they told her what would really be. Shellmound! The real thing might always dawn upon her slowly, Laura felt, hanging her head while Aunt Ellen sadly stretched a straight strand of her hair out on her finger. That feeling that came over her — it was of having been cheated a little, not told at once. And so she answered over-soon, over-brightly, "Oh, I want to! I want to stay!" Then she cried, "But I don't want to go to Marmion!"

"Marmion'll be yours, you know, when you want it. I reckon some day you'll live there like your Aunt Ellen here, with all your children," said Uncle Battle, looking around Aunt Ellen and stepping out from behind her.

"I will?" said Laura. "It's big — isn't it?"

"Now, Battle, that's all too complicated to think of now, here in the hall," said Aunt Tempe passing by. "You let Dabney have Marmion now, she wants it!"

"Besides — do you ever trust Virgie Lee not to flare up?" Aunt Ellen seemed to brood for a moment; her fingers went still in Laura's hair. "She'll have none of us now, but —"

"Did you have a dream about Virgie Lee?" Uncle Battle laughed.

Laura felt that in the end she would go — go from all this, go back to her father. She would hold that secret, and kiss Uncle Battle now.

Uncle Battle laughed and gave her a little dressing on her skirt. "Big? You'll grow, Skeeta," he said. "But no need to hurry."

And there was Aunt Shannon.

"Aunt Shannon," said Battle gruffly, sent in. His softened voice was always hoarse; India listened as she passed with her doll. "There's a plenty of everything. There's a plenty all around you. All in the world to eat, no need at all hiding bread crusts in your room. And nobody is dreaming they could get you or harm you. I'm here. See me?"

She nodded her head, gently and then sharply, and regarded him; India leaned in the door. "My little old boy," she said, and patted him. "Oh, you have a great deal to learn. Oh, Denis, I wish you wouldn't go out in the world unshielded and unprotected as you are. I have a feeling, I have a feeling, something will happen to you."

"If it isn't the Reconstruction, it's things just as full of trouble to you, isn't it?" Battle said softly, letting her pat her little hand on his great weight, holding still. He changed the level of his voice. "I'll stay, Aunt Shannon. I'm here. Here I am."

"Good-bye, my darling," she said.

55

It was the first night Dabney and Troy were back, and George's and Robbie's last night at the place. They would have a little family picnic.

"I don't see a bit of use trying to sit down to a big supper tonight, after all we've been eating, wedding food, company food. We'll just have a little picnic," said Ellen at the dinner table.

"Come to the Grovel!" cried Primrose. The aunts were on hand at Shellmound for the welcomes and good-byes, of course.

"Marmion!" said Battle. "By God, it's not too hot for a barbecue. Not if we keep good and away from the fire."

"Troy loves a barbecue," said Dabney gravely. It was Tuesday. They had just been away three days, on account of the picking.

But it was too hot for a barbecue, as could be seen by four o'clock, and they took a cold supper.

"Let's try out your new car, Dabney," said Orrin. "See how it takes the ruts. I'll drive."

"Oh, you will? Child, no. Robbie, you have a new car too." She turned an earnest look on Robbie.

"We just got it in Greenwood, on Sunday," smiled Robbie.

But they went in buggies and wagons when the time came, prevailed on for the sake of the tangles and brambles across the river.

"You know, old Rondo's quite a fellow," said Battle. "Let's invite him on the picnic!"

"No, then we'd have to go to church some Sunday," Ellen pointed out. She said she had better stay home and keep Aunt Mac and Aunt Shannon company, and poor Lady Clare, who would know something was going on, but Battle and George would not hear of that. Ranny and Bluet went nicely to sleep at dark (Bluet still wearing her wedding shoes in bed part of the night) never knowing about any of it, though Lady Clare tore some of her red hair as she watched them go, pulled it out by the roots to see a picnic start off without her, and screamed that she would tell her papa.

It was a starry night — truly a little cool: that was hard to believe! Laura and India, in the back of the buggy with the food, rode at the head, Little Uncle, invisible, driving. A little black horse-mule was pulling them. They dangled their feet over the track, looking at the rest of the procession. With them rode a freezer of ice cream, the huddled napkins of chicken, turkey, and sandwiches, the covered plates with surprises, the boxes with the caramel and the coconut cakes and Aunt Tempe's lemon chiffon pie. The jug of iced tea was somewhere — they could hear it shake and splash.

It was a beautiful night. "Still powder-dry!" called Battle, out into it. "How much longer?" They were taking the plantation road into Fairchilds, to cross the river and follow the old track to Marmion. Cotton was everywhere, as far as the sky

— the soft and level fields. Here and there little cabins nestled, far away, and dark as hen roosts. In some wagon they were singing "Some Sweet Day."

Laura was sleepy, very sleepy. By night the Delta looked just like a big bed, the whiteness in the luminous dark. It was like the clouds that spread around the east for the moon, that the horses walked through and the buggies rolled over.

"The bayou ghost didn't cry once at Dabney's wedding," said Shelley's voice as they went by trees. "Did you notice her not crying, anybody?"

"If she held back, us Fairchilds consider that as lucky as you'd want." That was George.

"Listen — is that the crying now?"

But it was some night bird.

Dabney kept telling of how they went to New Orleans, not Memphis, and fooled everybody.

"We watched the river, the sea gulls."

"It's the same river, Memphis and New Orleans," said Laura, opening her eyes and speaking from the back of their leading buggy. "My papa has taken me on trips — I know about geography." But in the great confines of Shellmound, no one listened.

The night insects all over the Delta were noisy; a kind of audible twinkling, like a lowly starlight, pervaded the night with a gregarious radiance.

Ellen at Battle's side rode looking ahead; they were comfortable and silent, both with their great weight breathing a little heavily, in a rhythm that brought them sometimes together. The repeating fields, the repeating cycles of season and her own life — there was something in the monotony itself that was beautiful, rewarding — perhaps to what was womanly within her. No, she had never had time — much time at all — to contemplate, but she knew. Well, one moment told you the great things; one moment was enough for you to know the greatest thing.

They rolled on and on. It was endless. The wheels rolled, but nothing changed. Only the heartbeat played its little drum, skipped a beat, played again.

"Is all of this Shellmound?" called little Laura McRaven.

"Remains to be seen!" called Battle gayly back.

From the last wagon came a chorus that started at Dabney's high pitch and changed in the middle: —

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair!"

They were crossing the river, rolling across the bridge, which groaned only lightly under their buggy wheels and the hoofs of the little horse-mule.

"Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June,
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd on noon."

They went through the tangles and brambles, singing, and India took Laura around the waist — they held each other in.

"My secret is," India said in her ear, "I'm going to have another little brother before very long, and his name shall be Denis Fairchild."

Another wagon began its soft singing: —

"Oh, ye'll tak' the high road an' I'll tak' the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye."

"My secret is," Laura murmured, "I've been in Marmion before ye. I've seen it all afore. It's all happened before." They leaned their heads together.

"But me and my true love will never meet again —"

They're singing to Uncle George that his wife has left him, Laura thought sleepily but open-eyed. And to Dabney that she and Troy will never meet again. It was a picnic night. All secrets were being canceled out, sung out. Uncle George's wagon came in view. Robbie and Maureen and George made a jolted but steady triangle, with little black boys hanging on and spilling off and catching up behind. And George was left still the adored one for the picnic, loved by the whole long procession with a love going farther than the love for Dabney though she was the girl and the bride.

The picnic was to tell Dabney hello but George good-bye. She gazed back at him, a figure in white clothes, face and throat dark by the starlight and in the brambly road — looking up at that moment as if something wonderful might happen to him tonight, where he was going in the wagon. Maureen, now in all contrariness tame as a pigeon, squatted at his knee. She was *mostly* gentle, Laura dreamily realized. It was only now and then that she showed what she could do — just like most people. And Uncle George was singing — not "Loch Lomond," or "Some Sweet Day," but something. He was not really singing any song that she knew. It was something different and playful. He could not carry the tune — or he was improvising. It was that. She listened to it.

That picnic night she felt part of her cousins' life — part of it all. She was familiar at last with that wonderful, special anticipation that belonged to the Fairchilds, only to the Fairchilds in the whole world. A kind of wild, cousinly happiness surged through her and went out again, leaving her on India's shoulder.

She heard Uncle George's soft tune climb and fall, learned it — and then he changed to a whistle, just like a bird.

Marmion's grove rose up ahead, but Laura was asleep.

56

THEY had eaten everything they could, everything there was, and lay back groaning on the plaids and rugs. Battle had indeed cleared all the brambles away; it was a picnic place now by the riverside. There was a smell of cut green wood. And a smell of smoke — Howard was wafting it gently over them from a distant fire, aided by six or eight. George lighted his pipe to drive away the mosquitoes Tempe could tell were still after her. The dogs had the bones, those good for them and not, and worked contentedly

by the water, now and then lifting up, listening. Overhead, showing it was the first cool night on the Delta, the Milky Way came out and wound like a bright river among the stars.

Troy handed a muscadine to his wife, like a present, and she gave him a weak tap and lay still with it in her teeth. Troy wore a new seersucker suit whose stripes in the house had seemed as vibrant as if lightning were playing around him, but out here he looked like any other man in an old costume. Somebody sighed deeply. Once somebody said, "Too bad Pinck had to go to Memphis *today*." Little Battle was asleep, his cheek on his fist. Roy sat wordless, his gaze passing with the pure contact of starlight over all around. Orrin wandered off, first one way, then another, whistling like a whippoorwill.

"Did you all know Rowena wanted to be buried over here?" Jim Allen said once, out into the night. "Well, she did. But she wasn't."

"Wake up, Laura!"

"Oh, let her sleep."

"George," said Battle from where he lay on Ellen's blanket, "did I ever hear you say what you'd do if you came back and took possession of the Grove again?"

"Sure — I'd change things."

The silence drifted.

"Why, George," Tempe remarked, she alone sitting erect, and wielding her own little fan, "that's where Primmy and Jim Allen Fairchild are counting on living. If you came back, would you run your sisters away?"

There were little sounds never far away — the river and the woods. Their picnic had scared up the peafowls and peacocks, very fierce, long since gone to the wild, and now and then they ran in the viny ways to the river. The tower of Marmion was there over the trees.

"Let's go in," said Shelley, rising up. "Who wants to go in Marmion?"

"Nobody!" said Battle. "You can't go in. I've had that door locked for just such as you."

"Oh, if I took over, they could stay with us as long as they enjoy it," George said. "Or I could build them their own house near-by. Or they could move in Shellmound — Dabney'll be here, and Orrin soon off to school — old Shelley'll not be long with us, I imagine," and he gave her ribbon a touch and it came off.

"I think you'd be *right* to, George," said Primrose, trying to make her voice carry. "And it's been such a responsibility!"

"Further than cotton, I might try fruit trees, might try some horses, even cattle," said George, smiling in the star light.

"You're crazy, man," Battle roared delightedly.

"Who knows, I might try a garden. Vegetables!"

"Vegetables!" They all cried together. "What would the Delta think?" Tempe demanded.

"And melons where all that sand was deposited on the bottom there."

"Is it what Robbie wants?" asked Shelley.

"Robbie wouldn't want any at all, I'm afraid," George said. "Robbie's our city girl born."

"I'd probably hate it," said Robbie dreamily. She laughed softly where she lay on her back beside him, looking up at the sky. The lady moon, with a side of her hair gone, was rising.

"George," said Primrose, her voice shaking a little. "I forgot to tell you until now — there are rats at the Grove."

George laughed out. "Afraid to tell me!" He got up from Robbie's side and walked over to where Primrose sat on her little stool to keep "the damp" from her. "Primmy. Yes, I know, it has rats, and a lot of things — a ghost to keep you awake, and also it's the place Denis was going to come back to and enjoy a long, voracious old age and raise a houseful of healthy offspring. Now what if I want in, and others out, even you, Primmy?" He spoke softly.

"George!"

"George said, What if he took the Grove?" Tempe called to Jim Allen.

The Grove? Robbie was thinking. Well, for her, it would be that once more they would laugh and chase by the river. Once more she and Mary Shannon, well-known as that star Venus, would be looking at each other in that house. Things almost never happened, almost never could be, for one time only! They went back again, started over.

"Robbie," said India, "are you going to have a baby?"

"India!" said Ellen, shocked. "What do you know about babies?"

"I won't tell you," said Robbie in a clear voice, still lying on her back, one arm flung out, looking up at the sky.

Battle laughed uproariously.

"Excuse my back, please, ma'am," said Troy to Tempe. He pivoted around and kissed Dabney. "Do we have to kiss in front of your whole family from now on, Dabney, now that we're married?" He set her up straight again like something he had knocked over and was putting back so that no one could tell the difference.

"Yes!" She looked on him beaming, maternally — to tease him.

How quickly she had known she loved Troy! Only she had not known how she could reach the love she felt already in her knowledge. In catching sight of love she had seen both banks of a river and the river rushing between — she saw everything but the way down. Even now, lying in Troy's bared arm like a drowned girl, she was timid of the element itself. Troy set her up again, and she smiled, looking at him all over and around him, up at the two rising horns of his parted hair.

They had fooled everybody successfully about their honeymoon, because instead of going to the Peabody in Memphis they had gone to the St. Charles in New Orleans. Walking through the two afternoons down streets narrow as hallways, they had had to press back

against the curb, against uncertain dark-green doors, to let the streetcars get through. The streetcars made an extraordinary clangor at such close quarters, as they did in the quiet of night, and some of them had "Desire" across the top. Could that have been the name of a street? She had not asked then; she did not much wonder now.

"Old Georgie. If you took possession of the Grove, you'd change it, eh?" said Battle. Ellen was leaning against him; she rubbed his arm tenderly. "Well — Shellmound's open, Prim, bear it in mind."

"Uncle Denis would never do this," said India dramatically.

"India," said Ellen, "you don't even remember your Uncle Denis, and why are you so wide-awake? Laura's asleep."

"No I'm not!"

"Well, Denis wouldn't," said Tempe. "Selfish, selfish! Spoiling the picnic. I don't understand George — he was always supposed to be so unselfish, unspoiled, never do anything but kind things. Now listen, he's as spoiled as any of us!"

"Oh, foot, Tempe," said Primrose. "Can't you listen to man-talk without getting upset? Can't you listen to George and Battle talking?"

"What would Jim Allen think?" Battle said, yawning.

"She hates rats." Primrose laughed breathlessly. "We're two old maids, all right!"

"Well, *take it then!*" said Jim Allen all at once.

Ellen sighed. Poor deaf sister, she could not listen to herself, hear how grudging she sounded.

"I'd let George build Jim Allen and me a little house quick as anything," said Primrose. "And furniture — there's enough beds and all in the attic for a world of houses here."

"Your night light will be gone," said India. "Dabney broke it for good, carrying it away."

There was another silence, but gentler, more restful.

"Come back, George," said Robbie.

"Bless your hearts, Primrose," said George. He kissed her and Jim Allen.

"It's got rats!" said Jim Allen, and she sank back, restfully, as if there were comforts, after all, in a little spitefulness.

"But I don't understand George at all," Tempe began again, as if George himself were not there, and he kissed her too. "You just want to provoke your sisters, you're just teasing."

"It's his house," said Ellen. (Had she started interfering with the Fairchilds again — this far along? She sounded to herself for a moment like herself as a bride.)

"But I didn't dream he wanted it," Battle said. "'Here, take the Grove,' he said to the girls, when they wanted to fool with a house. Did that sound like he wanted it?"

"Why not?" said Primrose proudly. "Anyway — he only said tonight 'If — then maybe.'"

"Oh, my." Dabney yawned in luxury. "I'm glad that he doesn't want to take Marmion away from me."

"Shame on you, pussy," said Troy sharply, and she was quiet.

"Watermelons and greens!" Tempe still fumed softly. "Sisters out in the cold. George, sometimes I don't think you show the most perfect judgment." Then they both laughed gently at each other.

"Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me —"

They began to sing, softly, wanderingly, each his way. But Jim Allen, whose voice rose strongest, stretched tilted on her small plump elbow on the grassy blanket, was looking at Robbie Reid as if she were for the first time quite aware that her brother was married — not hopelessly, like the dead Denis, but problematically, not promisingly!

"Oft, in the stilly night —"

"I like your idea, George," Troy said with deliberation through the song. "Growing greens and getting some cows around. I love a little Jersey, more than anything."

George with his left-handed throw put pebbles in the Yazoo. "We'll keep in touch."

One great golden star went through the night falling.

"Oh!" cried Laura aloud. "Oh, it was beautiful, that star!"

"I saw it, I saw it!" cried India.

Dabney reached over and put her arm around her, drew her to her. "Yes. Beautiful!" India smiled faintly, leaning on Dabney's beating heart, the softness of her breast.

Then, "Oh, India, you still look so tacky!" cried Dabney breathlessly. "I thought you'd be changed, some! Oh, *Mama*, look at her!"

"Stand still, India," said Ellen. But India darted off and ran to look in the river. She stood showily, hands on hips, as if she saw some certain thing, neither marvelous nor terrible, but simply certain, come by in the Yazoo River.

Laura lifted on her knees and took her Aunt Ellen around the neck. She held her till they swayed together. Would Aunt Ellen remember it against her, that she had run away from her when she fainted? Of course Aunt Ellen would never find out about the rosy pin. Should she tell her, and suffer? Yes. No. She touched Aunt Ellen's cheek with three anxious, repaying kisses.

"Oh, beautiful!" Another star fell in the sky.

Laura let go and ran forward a step. "I saw that one too."

"Did you?" said somebody — Uncle George.

"I saw where it fell," said Laura, bragging and in reassurance.

She turned again to them, both arms held out to the radiant night.

(The End)



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

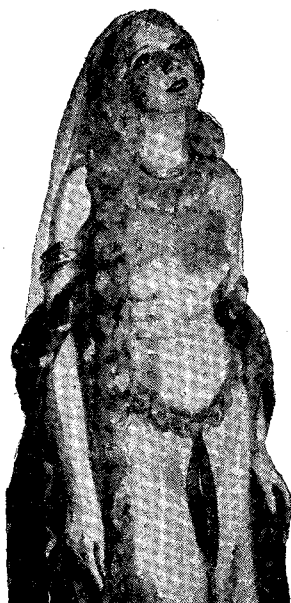
AWARDS FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

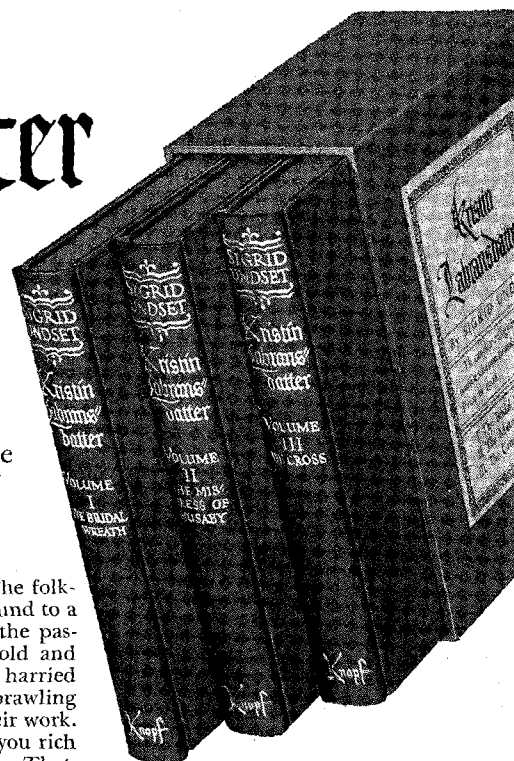
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts



Free to new members of the Book-of-the-Month Club

Kristin Lavransdatter

BY SIGRID UNDET
In Three Volumes • Boxed
Retail Price \$7⁵⁰



—a great historical novel which won for its author the Nobel Prize for Literature and which seems to be the most deeply enjoyed of all the books distributed by the Club in twenty years.

“**H**ERE ARE THE VIKINGS in their homes as well as upon the seas — barbarians becoming Christians; and here is a winsome child amongst them, such as you might delight in and be proud of as her knightly father was of little Kristin. This is how she grew up and loved madly and sinned, and broke her father's heart, though he would not say so; and how she quarreled with and loved again her charming, irresponsible husband, and how she bore many children to

him and what happened to them. The folkways of the time are here as background to a story as modern and as ancient as the passions of humankind. People grow old and die in this book; little girls become harried mothers, puling infants become brawling warriors. Long years pass, and do their work. This is a book, in short, that leaves you rich in memories, as Time itself does. That, surely, is the supreme test of a work of fiction.”—From Book-of-the-Month Club News.

THE KIND OF BOOKS CHOSEN BY THE CLUB'S FIVE JUDGES

Begin your subscription **WITH ANY ONE OF THEM**



ARCH OF TRIUMPH
By Erich Maria Remarque
Price to members
\$2.75



BRIDESHEAD REVISITED
By Evelyn Waugh
\$2.50



MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON
By Jim Corbett
and
THE SNAKE PIT
By Mary Jane Ward
(double selection)
Combined price to members
\$3.00



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Price to members
\$3.00

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A44
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive free the three-volume edition of KRISTIN LAVRANDATTER, boxed. For every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name.....
Please Print Plainly
Address.....
City..... Postal Zone No. (if any).....
State.....

Begin My Subscription With.....
(choose one of the selections shown above)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

TO JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

SIGNING and mailing the coupon enrolls you. You pay no fixed sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and obligate yourself for no fixed term. You pay for each book as you receive it, no more than the publisher's retail price, and frequently much less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.)

As a member you receive a careful pre-publication report about each book-of-the-month (and at the same time reports about all other important new books). If you want the book-of-

the-month, you let it come. If not, you specify some other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing."

With every two books-of-the-month you buy, you receive, free, a valuable book-dividend. Last year the retail value of books given to Club member was over \$9,000,000.

Your only obligation as a member is to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period, and you can cancel your subscription any time after doing so. (Prices are slightly higher in Canada.)

*A Unique Addition
to Smoking Pleasure*

For those who are more than ordinarily selective in their smoking habits, Parliament's attractive and efficient filter mouthpiece affords a unique addition to smoking pleasure. This trim and beautifully-made cigarette is also extra gentle in taste and aroma. Truly a typical Benson & Hedges value.



A Product of
Benson & Hedges

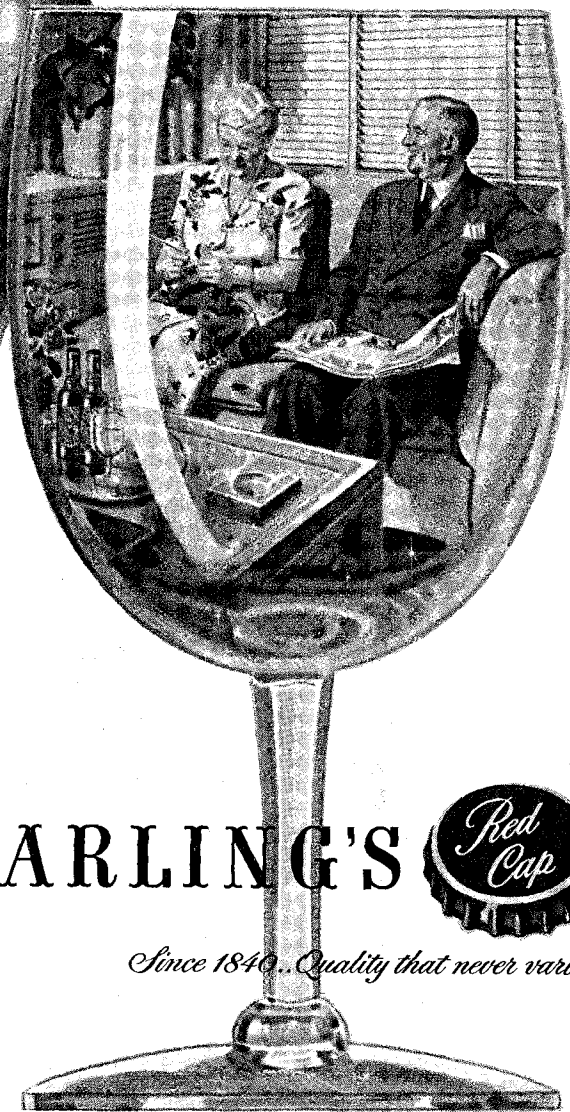
A name that means more than a firm or
a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCENT THOSE *Precious*

Moments OF REAL LIVING

It takes a lot of work and worry to make the wheels go 'round... and there's mighty little time for rest and recreation. Highlight your precious leisure moments with a well-told tale, a bit of savored food, and the sparkling friendliness of Carling's Red Cap Ale. This mild, mature beverage, a favorite for more than a hundred years, will help you ease the strain of making a living... help you make a life *worth* living.



CARLING'S  ALE

Since 1840... Quality that never varies

BREWING CORP. OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, O.